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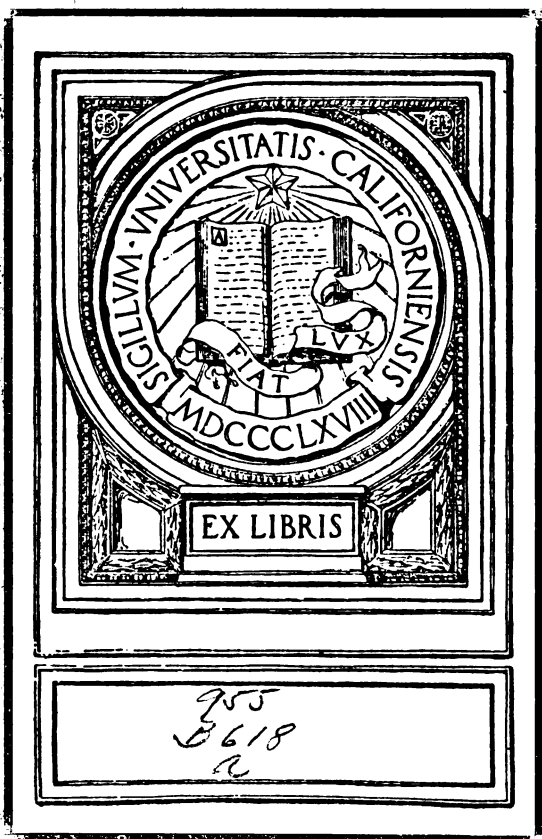
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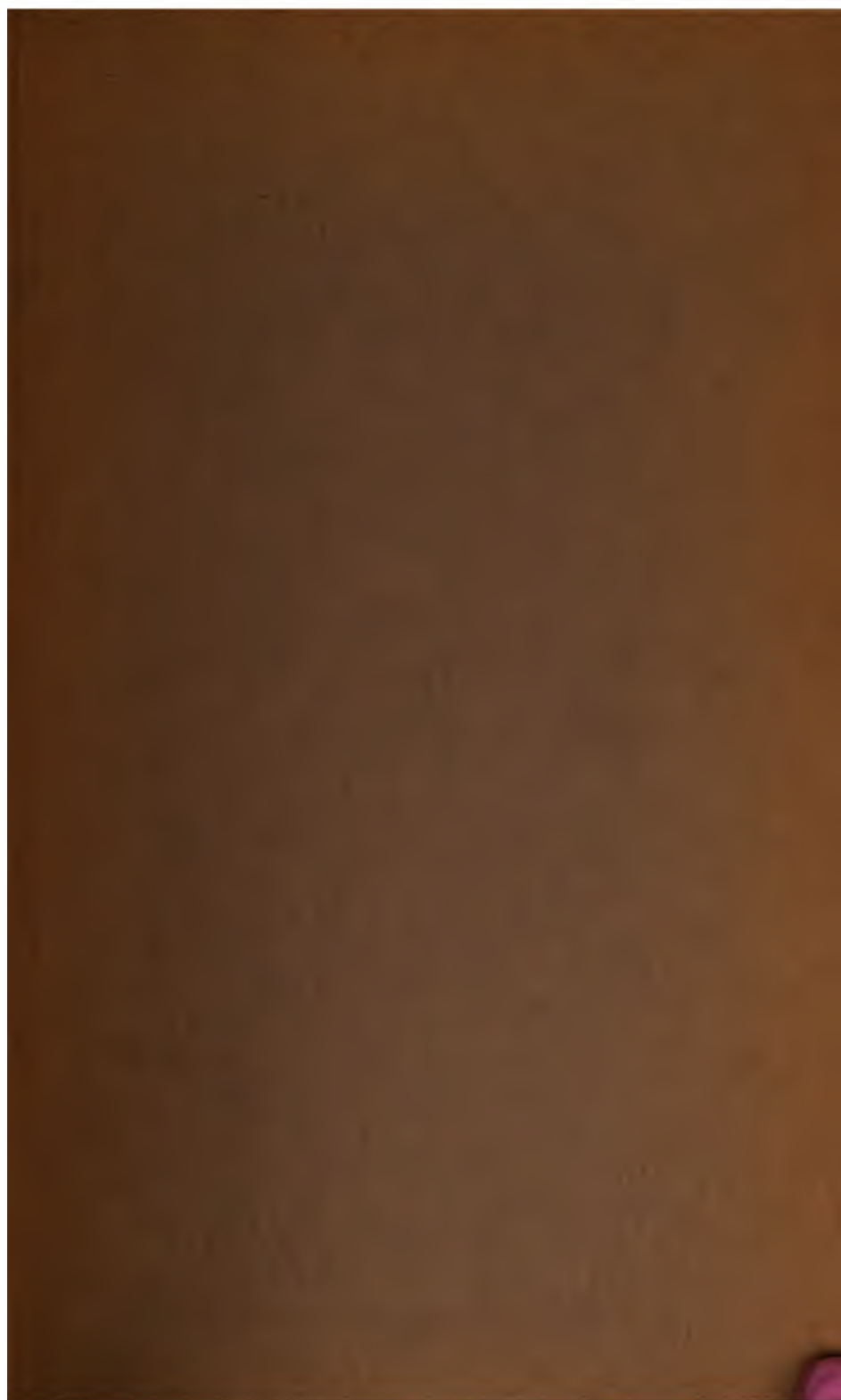
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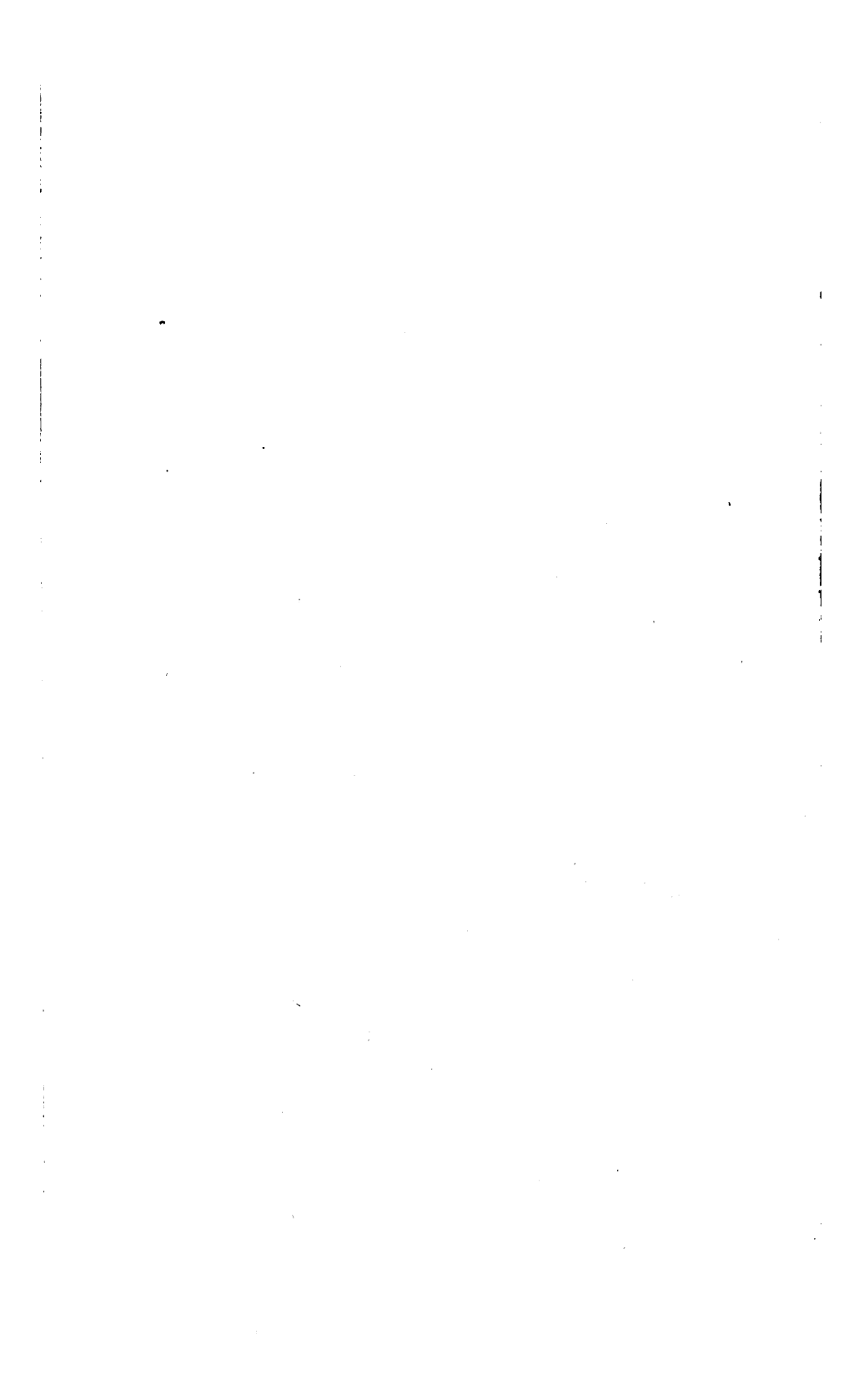
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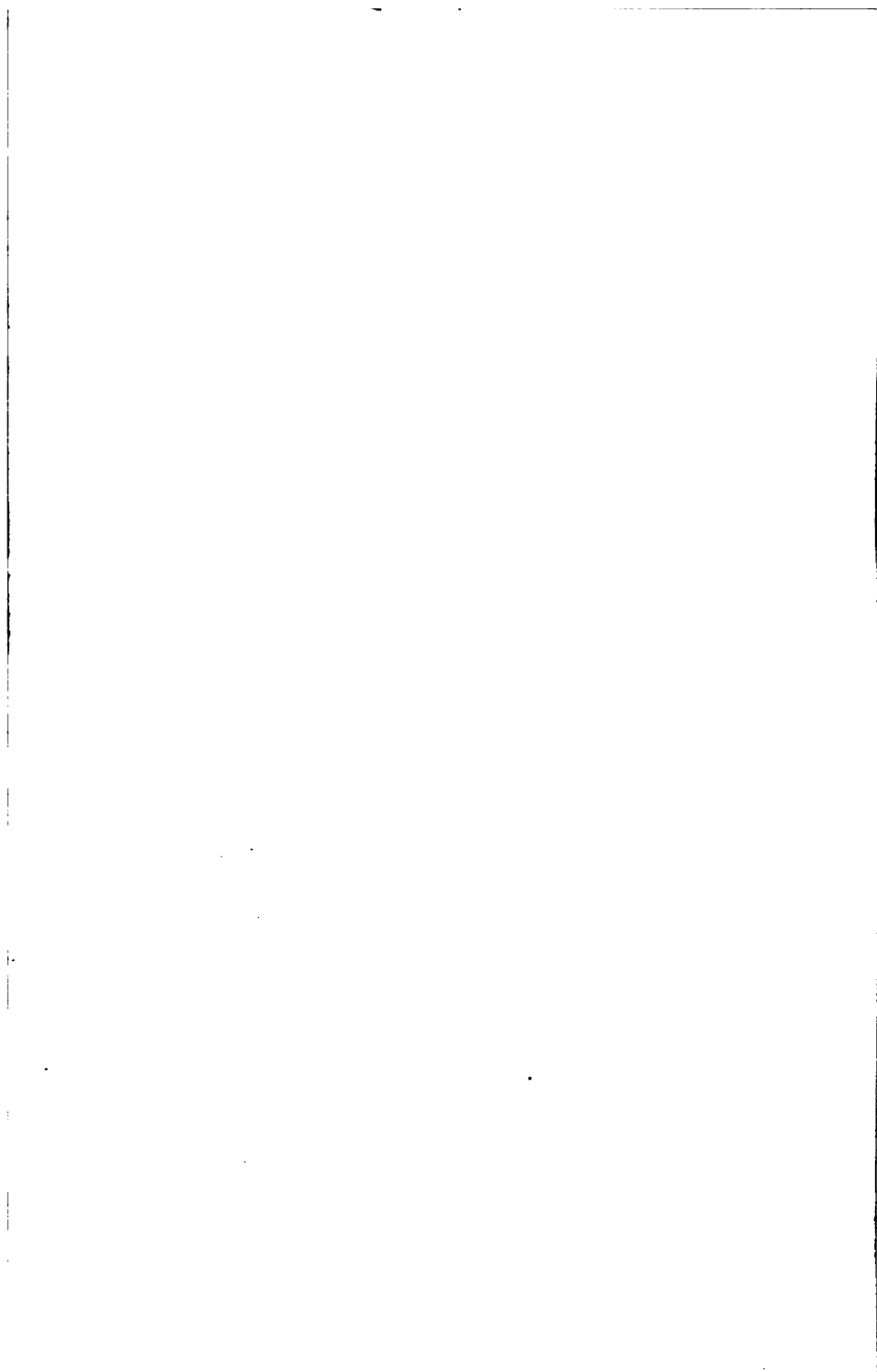
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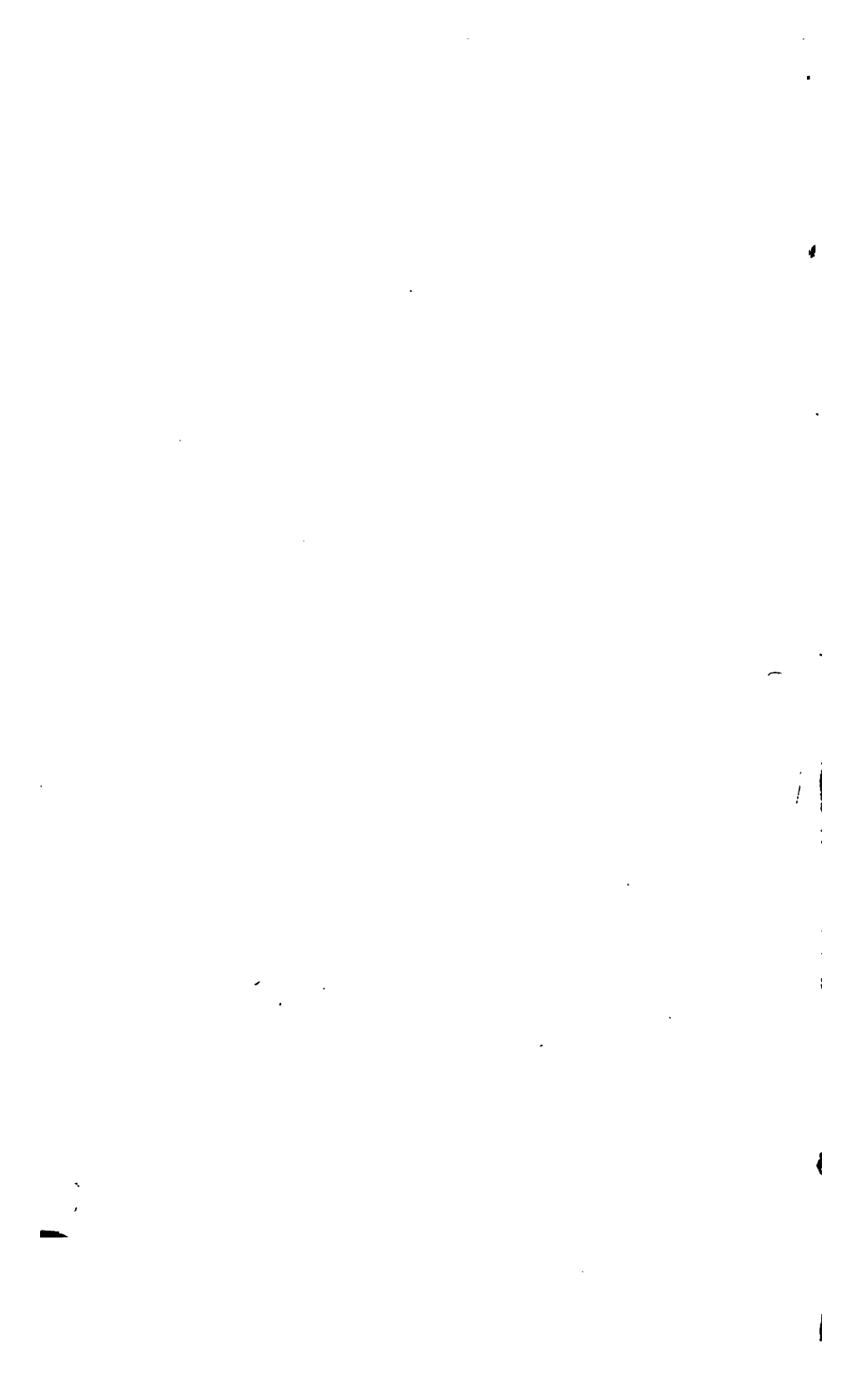












THE ADVENTURES  
OF  
ROBIN DAY.

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

BY

ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD, M. D.

AUTHOR OF

"CALAVAR," "THE INFIDEL," "NICK OF THE WOODS," &c.

—Of most disastrous chances;  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history.

OTHELLO.

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1877.

TO: MR. J. EDGAR HOOVER  
DIRECTOR, FBI

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it did not keep me as dry and snug as was desirable, preserved me, at least, from being swallowed up by the raging billows. In other words, I was cast ashore in a wreck—"name unknown," as the gazettes say, from which I was taken, a puny little bantling of some twelve or fifteen months old, half famished and half drowned, the only living creature, save two ducks that were soaking in a coop, and a broken-backed cat in the forecastle, that escaped.

The particulars of this eventful catastrophe, there were many good reasons why I, though so much interested in knowing them, should never succeed in making myself perfectly acquainted with. The scene of disaster was in the neighborhood of Barnegat, a place famous in the annals of shipwreck; and the vessel, there was little doubt, contained a rich freight of rum and sugar, and other West Indian products, which it was manifestly nobody's business to know how to account for. Besides, it was thought not improbable that the wreck of this particular schooner was owing less to the fury of the storm than to the instrumentality of the people of the coast—land pirates, as they have been called from time immemorial—who were often accused in past days, as sometimes in the present, of setting up false beacons, to decoy unsuspecting mariners to their ruin. I have even heard it said, there was a rumor at the time that the crew of the unfortunate vessel (whose disappearance could not be otherwise accounted for), had met with foul play from the wreckers; which, if true, was a better reason than all for their keeping a veil of obscurity over the whole affair. But this rumor, after all, had no better foundation than surmise, and a disposition on the part of malicious people to explain the disappearance of the crew, which was undoubtedly a very remarkable feature in the shipwreck, in the most unfavorable way. It was more charitable to suppose they had been suddenly washed from the deck by some furious billow, which had carried away every thing above board; and that I owed my preservation to being left nestling in the highest berth in the cabin, whence I was plucked by my robber preservers.

Another reason why the particulars were never known, was that no one interested ever made inquiry. No agent or emissary of owner or underwriter, as far as I could learn, ever visited the spot to investigate the circumstances attending the wreck, or attempted the recovery of the property lost: which, I suppose, was be-

cause the news of the disaster never traveled more than a dozen miles from the scene, and then only among people, who, whatever cause they might have to report the worst of it among themselves, had too much interest in the preservation of coast privileges—the uninterrupted enjoyment of flotsam and jetsam—to invite the interference of strangers and law officers. As for myself, I think the reader will allow, I was entirely too young to trouble myself in the matter ; or, indeed, to know anything about it. Who were my parents, or whether I had any, were questions which, as they concerned nobody, so nobody cared to inquire. But, I believe, it was generally thought among those who had the first charge of me, I must have been the son of the ship's cook, as I had an inordinate love of good eating, with a judgment in dainties which could only be expected from one who had been indulged in the fat of the caboose ; besides showing, when I grew a year or two older, an extraordinary tact in roasting crabs and fiddlers, oysters and sand-eels, and such other stray edibles as I could lay my hands on.

My earliest recollections go back to some such scenes ; and I have a vague remembrance that I lived a life of famine in a miserable hut by the sea-side, with an old beldam, who used to wear a sailor's tarpaulin hat and pea-jacket, and was, as I have been since informed, a very Semiramis among land-pirates, and had not only been engaged in robbing, but had been the actual cause of, more wrecks than any man on the coast. She had a wretched little starveling pony, whose legs she used to tie together of nights, and, having hung a lantern to his side, send him stumbling along the beach ; in which operation, the motion of the lantern rocking up and down, had the appearance, to persons on the sea, of a light from a vessel sailing along the coast ; and thus was undoubtedly sometimes the cause of the observers driving on shore before they dreamed they were nigh it. Of this circumstance I have the better recollection as I myself was frequently sent out, especially in bitter stormy nights, when such stratagems was most practiced, to keep the said pony to his duty, by whipping him up and down the sands ; an employment in which if I at any time failed, by dropping asleep from cold or fatigue, or sneaking away under a sand-hill, to shelter me from the winds, I was sure to be rewarded with such a drubbing as kept me in memory of my fault for a week after. I am pretty confident, indeed, it was with an eye to my fu-

ture usefulness in this line of employment, that old Mother Moll (for by that name they called her), after helping herself to such other valuables in the wreck (which she was one of the first to enter) as she could lay hands on, deigned in like manner to add unlucky *me* to her share of plunder, and carry me to her hovel; where, first under the name of Sammy September—a title given me by the wreckers, in memory, I suppose, of the month of shipwreck, and, next, under that of Robin Rusty, which became, at last, the more frequent appellation—I had the satisfaction to be cuffed about from morning till night, and from one year's end to the other, until rescued by a change of fate from her intolerable clutches.

She had the greater need of some such assistant, as the only other being over whom she had any control, a reprobate son, called Isaac, or Ikey, was now grown a huge, hulking hobbledohoy of fourteen, was waxing day by day more restive and intolerant of authority, and betraying every evidence of a manly inclination, sooner or later, to give her the slip, and set up in the world for himself. He was, assuredly, a most graceless and abandoned young scoundrel—a worthy son of such a parent; and I have a recollection of his communicating to me one day, which he did with much apparent satisfaction, his expectation in about one year more, of being able to trounce, or, as he expressed it, to “lick,” his mother; an idea, which, I must confess, was infinitely agreeable to my infant fancies, as it associated the prospect of my being able, in course of time, to do the same thing myself, and thereby requite some of the million afflictions which Mother Moll was in the daily practice of dispensing on my own cheeks and shoulders. I had this addition, however, to the conception, and the pleasure of it, in my own case; inasmuch as I hoped that the day which should see me able to settle accounts with Mistress Moll, would find me in a condition to award the same justice to her son Ikey; for I know not which used me most cruelly, from whom I received the greatest number of daily drubbings, or which of them I most heartily detested.

It was to the excess of severity of this she-barbarian and her savage son that I finally, at the age of about seven years, owed my escape from their hands; for their cruelty being observed by others of the wreckers, excited a kind of indignation and pity even among them; and one of them, a fellow named Day, though

better known under the nickname of Duck, which he himself commonly accepted and acknowledged, the skipper and owner of a shallop, the *Jumping Jenny*, in which he carried wood, oysters fish, and sundry other articles of merchandise, including at times, the plunder of the wreckers, to New York and other places, interfered one day in my favor ; and, having tried more amicable means in vain, seized me and carried me off by force. It is true, that he afterwards, in a fit of generosity, sent the old beldam a cask of rum, which he had, in the beginning, offered as the price of my ransom, and which she was now glad to receive as a compensation in full for her loss.

It was for this reason, I suppose, that my humane deliverer ever after chose to regard me as his property, an item of his goods and chattels, bought at what he always assured me was a price infinitely above my value, a movable which nobody could doubt his right to do with whatever he pleased.

Having settled this point to his satisfaction—and, perhaps, also, to mine, for I never dreamed of disputing it—he proceeded to deport himself accordingly ; and the end was, that, before I had been a month in his employ, I was convinced that the servitude I had endured under Mother Moll, infernal though it might be called, was a kind of paradise, compared with the purgatory of bondage to which I was now reduced by my generous and tender skipper.

The first thing the tyrant did, after getting me on board, was to appoint me to the honorable office of ship's cook ; an appointment which I doubtless owed in part to the talents I had already displayed in that line, while living with Mother Moll, though more, perhaps, to my being the only person of the whole crew—or rather of the ship's company, for crew there was none, there being, besides the captain, only one other man on board, and he called himself the mate—who could be spared for such a duty. Nor should I have been in less danger of the appointment, had my talents been inferior, or my years even fewer ; the only qualifications for the office being that I should be old and strong enough to hold up the end of a frying-pan, and of sufficient experience to know, as captain Duck said, a potatoe from a pig's foot. The appetite of my noble captain being extremely artless and unsophisticated, never aspired beyond the two simple dishes of a boil and a fry, as he was used to call them ; and the preparation of these was always the same, no matter what might be the variation in the

materials, which were only determined by the contents of the larder. If a boil were ordered, all my duty consisted in tumbling into the pot, along with a sufficiency of water, a specimen of every eatable on board, fish, fowl, and flesh, salt and fresh, beans, peas, pumpkins and potatoes, clams, oysters, onions, and what not, and boiling away at a furious rate, until the signal was given for serving up, by the skipper roaring to me, "dinner! you son of a cook's jackass!" If a fry, the operation was equally simple, as nothing was to be done but to throw the same articles into the pan, with a pound or two of slush, and keep up the fire until the mate, in his turn, gave the signal by suddenly whisking the pan out of my hands, and as suddenly kicking me over into the lee scuppers.

When I was first made acquainted with the office to which my skipper's generosity assigned me, I must confess my youthful spirits danced with joy; for having been fairly starved under Mother Moll's ministry, nothing could be more agreeable to my desires than a post which assured me, *ex officio*, of a full dinner every day. But on this occasion, as on a great many others that have befallen me, I reckoned entirely without my host; being soon forced to the disagreeable discovery that my duty, as understood by Captain Duck, was to cook dinners, and not to eat them. My captain was indeed a brute, and a much worse one than old Mother Moll; who, though savage enough, had her seasons—few they were and far between—of good humor. His apparent humanity in snatching me from the dragoness, was, at bottom, the same feeling that induced the latter to take me from the wreck; that is, he had occasion for my services; or perhaps he *was* humane at the moment; for all persons are capable of pitying distresses not inflicted by themselves, but by other persons. But be that as it may, it is certain that such touches of human feeling never visited his breast again; and that during the whole term of five years or more, that I remained in his power, there was no tyranny or cruelty that a despot could exercise at the expense of his most helpless slave, which he did not make me suffer. One would have thought that my destitute condition, a miserable little vagabond child without a single kinsman or friend I could call my own, would have sometimes awakened his sensibilities, and procured me better treatment; but I am rather inclined to think my destitution

only made him give a greater loose to his ferocity, since there was no one left to call him to account.

As a temper of such unmitigated barbarity is, fortunately, so uncommon in the world that some will feel disposed to doubt its existence, it is incumbent on me to explain the secret of his character, which was reduced to that extreme pitch of brutality only, I believe, by indulgence in strong liquors. The fellow, in short, was a sot, and had been all his life; not indeed that he ever appeared to the world in a state of positive intoxication; for that was a point no liquor could bring him to; but, as he was always drinking, so his potations kept him constantly in a condition of sullen fury, like that of the Malay who is smoking opium for a *muck*, and may, one knows not how soon, burst out into a frenzy of rage and murder.

In this frame of mind, it may be supposed, he would as often have vented his anger upon the mate as upon me; and this I have no doubt he would have done, had not this useful officer, who was his cousin, been a great two-fisted fellow, who made no difficulty of knocking him down and drubbing him into his senses, when the wind lay in that direction; by which means it happened that the skipper was forced, in spite of himself, to confine his operations entirely to me.

The particulars of his cruel usage I have no desire to enter upon; but their effects were such, that at the beginning of my thirteenth year, which was the last of my bondage, I was a wretched little stunted thing, to appearance not more than nine years old, a picture of raggedness, emaciation and misery, a creature with no more knowledge, intelligence, or spirit than a ferryman's horse, or a sick ape; which latter animal, I have often been told, I much more resembled at that time than a human child. In fact, the brutality of my skipper had made me almost an idiot: it had killed my spirit, and stupefied my mind; and such was the gross darkness in which I had been suffered to grow up, that I was ignorant even of the existence of the Great Being, the refuge of the orphan, and the avenger of his wrongs. I had never even heard his name, except in the execrations with which my tormentor coupled it a thousand times a day.

## CHAPTER II.

*An adventure of a goose and a gander, with what happened thereupon to Robin Day.*

Such a creature was I, as wretched and as hopeless, when the business of my master carried him, one Summer's day, to a certain great town in New Jersey, situated upon a river, where we cast anchor in the morning; and I, without troubling myself with any thoughts of shore, which it was seldom my lot to visit, fell to work at my vocation in preparing my master's dinner, in the course of which I had occasion to murder a venerable old gander that had been squalling in the coop, in expectation of his fate, for the last two days. This execution being over, and not without five or six hearty cuffs, which my patron gave me for performing it bunglingly, I sneaked away to the bows, where, perched upon the bowsprit, I began, in the process of plucking the animal, to distribute a shower of feathers over the tide.

This operation, as it chanced, attracted the attention of a knot of schoolboys who were playing, some of them, on a wharf hard by, while three or four others were busking about in a batteau, to which they had helped themselves; and, whether it was that there was something more than usual of the ludicrous given to my employment by my uncouth appearance, or that the urchins were ripe for mischief, they forthwith began to salute me with a battery, first, of jokes and sarcasms; to which they afterwards added an occasional volley of pebbles and oyster shells. This was a proceeding that caused me no surprise, for I had been too much accustomed to unkindness all my days to expect any thing else; and, I may also add, that such was the indifference to bodily pain into which I had been beaten, and so stupefied within me were all the ordinary instincts of self-preservation, that although I was once or twice hit by the missiles cast at me, and in danger of faring still worse, I neither removed from my perch, nor intermitted a moment in my task.



My insensibility, or want of courage, as it doubtless appeared, gave additional edge to the malice of my persecutors; and those who were in the batteau, having taken in a sufficient supply of small shot—that is to say, of the pebbles and shells as aforesaid—ventured to push into the stream, for the purpose of attacking me nearer at hand, which they did with infinite zeal and intrepidity; and one little fellow of ten years old, that seemed the greatest imp of all, the most voluble in railing and the most energetic in attack, succeeded in planting upon the top of my forehead the ragged edge of an oyster shell, by which I was cut to the bone, and my face in a moment covered with blood. This, indeed, stung me to resentment, for the anguish of the wound was very great; but so sluggish were the movements of all my passions that I had scarce proceeded to a greater length in the expression of my rage than by turning a haggard look of reproach upon the assailant when an accident happened which changed the current of my feelings. The little reprobate who had immortalized himself by so capital a shot had given such energy and strength to the cast that he lost his balance, pitched forward, and at the very moment I looked down upon him, plumped, with a dismal shriek, into the river, which was deep, and the current strong. It was evident the little dog could not swim; and such was the terror which the catastrophe caused among his companions that they lost the only oar they had in the boat, and were incapable of rendering him any assistance.

In the meanwhile, the hero of the scene, whose disaster I regarded with sentiments of complacency and approbation as being nothing more than he deserved for the unprovoked injury he had done me, sank to the bottom, whence in a moment he came whirling and gasping to the surface, and was swept by the tide against the sloop's cable, which he attempted to seize, but without success, for though he had hold of it for an instant, he was not able to maintain his grasp. In this state of the adventure, the little fellow was immediately under me, where I sat on the bowsprit; and as the tide swept him from the cable, he looked up to me with a countenance of such terror, and agony, and despair, mingled with imploring entreaty—though, being on the point of strangling, he was neither able to speak nor to cry out—that I was suddenly struck with feelings of compassion. They were the first human emotions, I believe, that had entered

my bosom for years. And such was the strength of them that before I knew what I was doing, I dropped into the river—gander and all—to save the poor little rascal from drowning.

Such a feat did not appear to me either very difficult or dangerous, for I could swim like a duck, and had had extraordinary experience in the art of saving life in the water ; not, indeed, that I had ever performed such service for anybody but myself, but in my own case I had almost daily occasion, for nothing was more common than for Skipper Duck to take me by the nape of the neck and toss me overboard, even when on the open sea, though the mate always threw me a rope to help me on board again, except when we were becalmed, or at anchor, in which cases he left me to take care of myself. In the present instance, however, as it proved, the exploit was not destined to be performed without difficulty, for dropping down with more hurry than forecast, right before the stem, and with a force that carried me pretty deep into the water, I was swept under the shallop's bottom, which, in the effort to rise to the surface, I managed to strike with my head with a violence that would undoubtedly have finished me had not that noble excrescence been in those days of unusual thickness. The shock was, however, sufficient to stun and confound the small quantity of wits I possessed, and to such a degree that I lost my hold of the gander, which, up to this moment, I had clutched with instinctive care ; besides which, I was swept, before I had time to recover myself, along the whole of the sloop's bottom ; and this being pretty well studded with barnacles, young oysters, and the heads of old nails, I had the satisfaction of enjoying as complete and thorough a keelhauling as was ever administered to any vagabond whatever, my jacket, shirt and back being scratched all to pieces. Of this, however, as well as of the loss of the gander, I was for a time quite unconscious, being confused by the shock my head had suffered ; and the moment I succeeded in passing the rudder and reaching the surface, I had all my thoughts engaged in rescuing the boy, who had now sunk two or three times, and was, I doubted not, sinking for the last time, for he was quite insensible, when it was my good fortune to reach and seize him by the collar.

The batteau had, by this time, been borne by the tide against a projecting wharf, whither I easily swam with my charge ; and then giving him up to his companions, who had now, by dint of yelling, brought several men to their assistance, I took to my heels,

hoping to regain the sloop before Captain Duck, who had gone ashore, should return and discover my absence. My only way of getting on board was that in which I had departed, namely, by swimming ; and to this I betook me, by running a little up the stream and then leaping again into the river.

My haste, however, was vain, the worthy skipper reaching the vessel an instant before myself ; and when, having clambered up by the hawser and bobstay, I succeeded in jumping on deck, I—who was in such a pickle, what with my clothes torn to shreds, and dripping with water, and the blood trickling down my face, as the reader cannot conceive—found myself confronted with my tyrant face to face. He gave me a horrible stare of surprise, took one step forward so as to bring me within reach of his arm, and exclaimed :

“You draggle-tailed tadpole ! where have you been ?”—which question he accompanied with a cuff on the right cheek that tossed me full a fathom to the larboard.

“Please, sir,” said I, in as much terror as my stupidity was capable of—“overboard, sir.”

“Overboard, you son of a tinker’s cowbell !” cried my master, giving me a cuff with the other hand, that sent me just as far starboard ; “what have you been doing overboard ?”

“Please, sir, saving boy’s life, sir,” returned unhappy I, beginning to be conscious of the enormity of my offense.

“Saving a boy’s life, blast my fishhooks !” ejaculated Skipper Duck, knocking me again to larboard : and here I may as well observe that this was his usual way of conversing with me, or rather of pointing his conversation, his stops being usually but three, a cuff to the right and a cuff to the left, which he alternated with extreme regularity, at every other speech ; and a full period used at the close, by which I was laid as flat as a flagstone. “Saving a boy’s life !” cried the Skipper, boxing me as aforesaid : “I wish all the boys were in Old Nick’s side-pocket, roasting ! Where’s the gander ?”

The gander ? ay, *where* was the gander ? The question froze my blood. I remembered the loss. By this time the gander was a mile down stream, if not already lodged, in divided morsels, in the capacious jaws of a hundred catfish.

The skipper noticed my confusion, and his face of a sudden became small, being puckered by an universal frown, that began at

forehead and chin and the two ears, and tended to the center, carrying these several parts before it, till all were blended in a knot of wrinkles scarce bigger than his nose. He stretched forth his hand and took me by the hair, of which I had a mop half as big as my whole body, and giving his arm a slow motion to and from him, like the crank-rod, or whatever they call it, of a locomotive, just as it is getting under way, and making my head, of course, follow in the same line of traverse, thundered in my ears—

“The gander ! you twin-born of a horse mackerel ! where’s the gander ?”

“Please, sir,” I spluttered out, in a confusion of intellects that was with me extremely customary—“boy was overboard—jumped overboard to save him——”

“D—n the boy !” quoth my honest master ; “where’s the gander ?”

“Please, sir, jumped overboard,” I repeated ; “got under the keel ; knocked head—senses out, and—and”——

“And the gander ? blast my fish-hooks ! the gander ?”

“Please, sir ; couldn’t help—’most drowned—lost it !”

The skipper’s eyes rolled in their sockets, and he turned them to heaven, as if to invoke thunder-bolts of vengeance on my guilty head. Then taking a quid of tobacco, to compose his nerves, he made me a speech, importing, first, that he had bought me of old Mother Moll at the price of a ten-gallon keg of rum ; secondly, that I was not worth the tenth part of a sous-marquee, or ten scales of a red herring ; thirdly, that I was the ugliest wall-eyed, shock-headed son of a ship’s monkey he had ever laid eyes on ; fourthly, that he had always said I would come to the gallows, without even the grace of arriving at the yard arm ; fifthly, that he had borne as many of my dog’s tricks as mortal man could ; sixthly, that the loss of the gander was the most atrocious piece of cold-blooded knavery he had ever heard of, for which hanging was too good for me ; and seventhly and lastly, that as it was his duty to take a father’s care of me, he would forthwith proceed to give me the handsomest trouncing I had ever had in my whole life, blast his fish-hooks. And this oration, which was interlarded with more profane execrations than I desire to repeat, being ended, he kicked and dragged me along into the cabin ; where, seizing up a rope’s end, he fell to work upon my half-naked body with a vigor that, I think, would have ended in his killing me outright, had not

fate sent me assistance in the person of a friend—it was the first one I ever had—whom the accident of the morning had gained me, all unknown to myself.

The little boy whom I had saved from drowning, was, as it happened, the son of a worthy and wealthy gentleman a physician of that town, who chanced to be nigh at hand, when I landed the little fellow on the wharf ; and being drawn thither, among others, by the cries of the children, had the happiness to find his child already restored to his senses, and suffering no inconvenience from the catastrophe, except a good ducking and a hearty fright. He took pains to inform himself on the spot of the particulars of the accident, which a little inquiry among the boys soon put him in possession of, including all the circumstances of the attack, as well as of my instrumentality in saving the graceless urchin ; and he was pleased to express as much approbation as surprise at what he called my magnanimity—a word, by the by, which, when he afterwards delivered it into my own ears, filled me with consternation, as, from its bigness, I supposed it must mean something very horrible. Nay, his feelings becoming more interested, when he discovered from what a wretched looking little imp (for, it seems, I had passed him, while running up the wharves, and he had noticed my squalid appearance) the good act had proceeded, he determined to visit the shallop on the instant, to do me reparation for the injuries I had received, as well as to reward me for my humanity—which word also, when he pronounced it, struck me as a very terrible one, though not so awful as “magnanimity.” He accordingly procured a boat, and in company with several other persons immediately came on board, the visit being for me the most opportunity in the world, as the honest skipper was thrashing me, as he expressed it, “within an inch of my life,” and was, indeed so enwrapped in the business that he was entirely unconscious of the entrance of the visitors into the vessel and the cabin, until my new friend, shocked and enraged at his brutality, brought it to an end by suddenly knocking him down with his cane.

My miserable, wretched appearance—for, besides my starveling looks, the blood was still streaming over my face—and the inhuman tyranny to which he thus saw me exposed, operated to such a degree on the benevolent feelings of this most excellent man, that he determined to release me from my skipper’s clutches altogether, which he immediately effected, by carrying me ashore to

his own house, where he dressed my wounds and had me washed and clothed in decent attire.

Nor did his good offices rest here, for having questioned me, and discovered what a friendless creature I really was, and how much I had suffered from the cruelty of the skipper, his indignation was roused to such a pitch that he proceeded to lodge an information before a magistrate, who immediately granted a warrant for Duck's apprehension, and he was in a few hours laid by the heels in the common jail; when, being tried, he was mulcted in a heavy fine and punished also with a month's imprisonment. And this punishment not seeming severe enough to certain worthy citizens, whose choler had been exceedingly inflamed by the developments of his cruelty that took place at the trial, the skipper was no sooner released from prison than they carried him aboard his own vessel, where, after subjecting him to the process of keel-hauling, administered in a much more regular way than had happened in my case, they shaved his head and tarred and feathered him from top to toe, and then ordered him to get under way, never to appear again in their waters, under pain of being hung from his own cross-trees, an injunction which, I believe, the scoundrel very faithfully observed, for I never heard of his being again seen in that neighborhood.

As for me, the events of that day had, although I knew it not, operated an entire and thorough change on all my future prospects. I had gained a friend and protector, who was as able as he was willing to repair the mischiefs I had suffered in body and mind, and to guard me for the future from wrong and outrage. And all this was, as I may say, the result of my own action—of the indulgence of a natural feeling or instinct, of the laudableness of which I was entirely ignorant. I had done a good act, and—like the young Pawnee Indian,\* who saved the life of a female captive, without knowing he had done a good deed, until his Christian rewarders told him so—I did not know it. And for this reason, I certainly deserved neither credit nor recompense; but I would that all good actions were as well rewarded.

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\* *Petelesharoo*, son of *Latelesha*, or the *Knife-Chief*, head of the Pawnee-Loups, who cut from the stake, where his nation had devoted her to the flames, a Paduca, or Ietan girl, and carried her in safety to her own tribe, for which heroic act he was presented with a medal by the young ladies of a seminary at Washington. The young savage, in returning his thanks, declared, with great simplicity or good manners—for the assertion looks very much like a stretch of politeness—that he "did it in ignorance," and "did not know that he had done good, until his sisters, by giving him a medal, told him so." See Morse's *Indian Reports*, and, also, Long's *Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*.

## CHAPTER III.

*Robin Day begins his education, and advances in the opinion of the world.*

MY patron, Dr. Howard (for that was his name), was not content with merely releasing me from bondage and punishing my tyrant, but carried his goodness still further. The few hints I was able to give him in relation to the shipwreck led him to indulge a kind of hope that my parents were perhaps living, and that I might be restored to their arms ; in consequence of which he not only instituted inquiries into the circumstance, but even paid two different visits to the coast, where he made every effort to sift the affair to the bottom. His exertions were, however, of little avail ; the reasons for silence which I had mentioned were still in operation, and kept every man's memory under lock and key. No one of those interested as actors in the scene had the slightest knowledge or recollection of the affair ; there were a great many wrecks, they said, on their coast, and they could not pretend to remember them, or to say who came ashore on them ; they knew in general, no such personage as little Robin Rusty, though some professed to have heard the name, and some believed there had been a boy so called, whom old Mother Moll had picked up somewhere ; they had never troubled themselves to ask where. In short, they were determined to hold their tongues, and all the information that my patron ever succeeded in acquiring was obtained from persons living at a distance from the scene ; and, indeed, the further they were off, the more they seemed to know of the matter. The only difficulty was, that no two agreed in telling the same story, from which, as well as from the thousand manifest falsehoods and contradictions with which the relation was overburdened, it was clear these worthy personages had gained their intelligence from their own imaginations, and in reality knew nothing more than the inquirer himself.

He might, perhaps, have gained all the information he sought,

from the old beldam, Mother Moll, who was now grown decrepid and helpless with age, had been long abandoned by her vagabond son, and was dragging out existence in the most hopeless poverty ; but she had reached the period of dotage and mere oblivion, and was incapable of rendering him any assistance. It was with the greatest difficulty she could be made even to remember my name ; and when she did, and was questioned particularly concerning me, she, by some unaccountable perversion of association always confounded me with her son Ikey, whose history, including all his monkey tricks, and sometimes mine with them, his sundry rebellions against the maternal authority, and final desertion of her, she was very willing to tell, so long as her memory served ; but that was never long. She seemed to have some glimmering recollections of the wreck, but they were not such as could be turned to profit ; and as to the date, which she sometimes threw twenty years back, and sometimes but a few months, nothing of the least account could be gained from her.

All that my patron, therefore, learned, after every inquiry, was no more than what he knew before ; namely, that there had been a wreck, and that I had come ashore in it ; but of the exact period of the catastrophe, of the name and character of the vessel, of the fate of the crew, and other—the most interesting and important particulars—he knew nothing. The discouragement which he suffered did not, however, prevent his making the only other effort that remained. He drew up a brief account—if account it could be called—of the occurrence, and caused it to be inserted in several of the newspapers of the day, in hopes it might attract the eye of some one interested, and thence lead to further developments that might finally bring my parentage to light. But the effort resulted in nothing. Some few persons, merchants who had lost vessels, and others who had been deprived of friends, wrote to him for further particulars, which he had not to give ; and there the matter dropped. Whatever might be my good qualities, nobody thought me worth claiming.

In the meanwhile, neither my protector's inquiries nor their failure of success troubled me in the least. I had arrived at a fate which satisfied all my youthful longings, inasmuch as I had plenty to eat and drink, could take my fill of sleep whenever I wanted it, and had no fear of an hourly drubbing. In the enjoyment of these blisses, and in the kitchen corner, whither my



instincts and ambition both carried me, I should have been content to pass my existence, contending for nothing but the warmest rug and the hugest cast-bit, with no rivals but Towzer the house dog and Tabby the tom cat. A nobler strife and competitors more distinguished were subjects that entered neither into my desires nor thoughts. I was entirely of opinion that the life of a scullion in a rich man's kitchen was the happiest that human being could lead—a life for a skipper, or the gods themselves.

This groveling disposition there were some who considered an inborn one, a characteristic of a naturally low and vulgar spirit, though I am very well convinced it was all owing to Skipper Duck and his villainous treatment; and certain it is, had any nobler feelings ever existed in my bosom, they could not have survived the long course of debasing cruelty to which I had been subjected. The truth is, it had resulted in quenching every spark of intellect and spirit I ever possessed, in stultifying, in stupefying, in reducing me to a condition very little above that of a mere animal; so that, I verily believe, my old prototype of Cyprus, he that was

Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute,  
So well his name did with his nature suit,

was the Seven Wise Masters of Greece all in one body, compared with me, whom everybody agreed in considering not merely a dolt and blockhead of unusual barrenness, but a kind of Orson, or Wild-boy Peter, on whose nature, as on Caliban's, "nurture could never stick," and every effort at instruction must be entirely thrown away.

And in this opinion, I am sorry to say, my benevolent patron also joined, after he had worn out his patience in the vain effort to awake my dormant faculties, which he declared were of so low an order as to be incapable of any cultivation, and so, in despair, left me to myself, to my own enjoyments, and in the honorable office—the only one he deemed me fit for—of scullion and turn-spit, my cooking abilities, though sufficient for the purposes of Skipper Duck, not being, in his opinion, brilliant enough for the appointment of Commander-in-Chief of the culinary department in his household—which was, indeed, very capably filled by an old negro, whom we called Don Pedro, a slave from one of the Spanish West India Islands.

Thus consigned to contempt, and given over as a case of hopeless stupidity, I must have remained among pots and pattypan, an ornament of the kitchen for life, had it not been for the good offices of two other friends who were not so willing to desert me. The first of these was Nature, who, having been outraged in my person for years, and, in fact, driven out of it, now returned, and having nothing to oppose her, save the craziness of the mansion, began a course of renovation, which, though slow and at first imperceptible, was destined sooner or later to make itself manifest. The second was my patron's son Tommy—his only son, and therefore a spoiled one—to whose exploit with the oyster-shell I owed my advancement. The little gentleman, who was my junior by at least three years, though my equal in size, and infinitely superior in everything that marks the intelligent being—such were the advantages of a parent's love and care—was by no means the malicious and wicked imp his unprovoked attack on me seemed to declare, but, on the contrary, a very amiable and generous boy, although wild and prankish, and easily led into mischief, as most boys are. Perhaps I should say, as most boys *were*, for the juveniles of the present generation, as I have observed, are a much more manly and rational race than their predecessors of the last, the difference resulting, I suppose, from a better system of education. The boys of my day, I declare, were the greatest scoundrels conceivable; quarrelsome, vindictive and cruel oppressors of one another and of every living thing that was too weak to resist them; in short, Neroes and Domitians in miniature. And those who were not born with these happy characteristics hastened to get inoculated with them, as nothing was held more contemptible, because evincing a babyish, cowardly spirit, than a peaceable temper, and tenderness to cats and dogs. My little friend Tommy was of a mixed class, having been born with spirit enough to adventure into every excess, and yet with milder and kindlier feelings that, if carefully governed, might have made him the best of boys; and he was of just such a character as to be able, at any moment, to enter with enthusiasm upon the torture of a tabby cat, and burst into tears, the next, at the sight of her dying agonies.

The little fellow's best feelings had been enlisted by the service I rendered him by plucking him from the water; and his father had made him aware—if, indeed, his own conscience had not—of

the meanness and cruelty he had been guilty of in attacking such a poor, inoffensive vagabond as I; and the end was, that Master Tommy was anxious to repair the mischief he had done, and do me some important service in return. He straightway contracted a fiery friendship for me, which he showed in a thousand different ways; and especially by cramming me with oranges and sugar-plums, and other infantile luxuries, such as had never before blessed my lips; and, what was better still, by appointing me his chief playmate.

It was Anaxagoras, I think, the philosopher of Lampsacus, who, being asked at his death-hour, by the magistrates of the city, what he wished to be done in commemoration of him, desired they would give the boys a holiday on the anniversary of his death, and let them play over his grave. This sentiment is generally considered as proving that Anaxagoras must have been an uncommonly amiable old gentleman, who had spared the birch in his school, and was determined the boys of Lampsacus should be as happy after his death as before. To my mind, it proves a good deal more, and shows that the philosopher was a philosopher in earnest, who knew the influence of childish play—because an institution of Nature herself—in expanding the powers of the childish mind; and therefore aimed, in his festival, as much at the improvement as the happiness of his youthful heirs. Of the justice and truth of this remark I am the more strongly persuaded, as I believe I can trace the first efforts of expansion in my own spirit to the influence of boyish sports; and I am convinced that I learned more by playing leap-frog and cock-horse with Master Tommy Howard than by thumbing all the hornbooks and primers his father ever put into my hands.

It must be recollected that the sports of childhood—those first and truest sources of enjoyment, of health and of happiness—were vanities I had never known, nor even dreamed of, all my tender years having been passed in captivity and servitude, and every hour and moment devoted to some infernal drudgery as killing to the mind as the body. The smile and laugh of happy vacancy, the shout of merriment, the whistle, the song, the uproar of play, were music that had never visited my ears, which were, indeed seldom invaded by anything, except abusive language and the hard palms of my honest skipper. I was now, for the first time, to be made acquainted with such joys, and the delight

I experienced from them was only equaled by their happy effects on my benighted spirit. The change was speedily manifested in my visage and person, the former of which gradually lost the look of stupefaction that had hitherto marked it, while the latter took a sudden start, and grew out of the similitude of a starved ape, which it had first borne, though, I must confess, as far as stature is concerned, I have not even yet entirely got over the effects of my early sufferings. A still better evidence of the transformation that had been effected was soon shown, for little Tommy, now taking upon himself the office of a schoolmaster, ambitious to succeed in an exploit which his father had pronounced impracticable, I was actually, through his instrumentality, taught to read, and that before the good doctor dreamed that the attempt had been made to teach me ; and, indeed, the first intimation he had of the miracle was when Tommy carried me in triumph before him to display the fruits of his skill and enterprise.

The work of regeneration thus commenced by the son, the parent was determined it should not languish for want of encouragement on his part, and the result was that, in a short time, I was translated from the kitchen to his study, and from thence to a public school, where it was my good fortune to make such progress as entirely satisfied my patron, who from that moment treated me rather as a child than a poor dependent on his charity. And there unhappily occurred, soon after, an event which, while it brought mourning into his family, advanced me to a still higher niche in his affections. This was nothing less than the death of poor Tommy, who, to the eternal grief of his parents, and myself—for I loved him with all my heart—having now learned to swim a little, was drowned while bathing with other boys in the river. How the catastrophe happened was not known, as none of his companions were by him at the moment, and, indeed, he was not missed by them until they had finished their sports and gone on shore to dress, when the sight of his clothes reminded them of his disappearance; nor was his body ever recovered. He was, as I have mentioned, an only son—I might almost have said, an only child, for, though Dr. Howard had another, a daughter, who was a year older than Tommy, yet she was, and, from her youth up, had been, of so frail a constitution that nothing but her father's skill and extreme care seemed to keep her alive, and few believed her term of existence could extend to many years.

The death of Tommy was, therefore, almost as heavy a blow as if he had been, in reality, an only child; and it plunged his father into a kind of despair that lasted several months, after which he gradually recovered his spirits, and began to treat me with uncommon marks of regard, transferring to me in a great degree the affection which had once been lavished on his son. In this he was imitated by his wife, an excellent woman, who had always distinguished me by her favor, and now carried her benevolence to such a pitch that, as I have been told, she once even proposed they should adopt me as their child, and give me their name; and, although the good doctor did not altogether consent to carry the matter so far, I was treated by them both as if the act of affiliation had really occurred, and also by the world at large—that is to say, the people of our town, who all considered that my fortune was now certainly made. My name was so far changed as to make it read Robin Day, instead of Robin Rusty; the Day, I presume, having been borrowed from my skipper.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Three years at school under the ancient system of education ; with an account of Robin's rival, the heroic Dicky Dare, and the war of the Feds and Demies.*

In the meanwhile, I accommodated myself to the change with surprising readiness; and, as I grew older, I assumed the deportment and gradually took upon me all the airs of a rich man's son, bearing my honors and the favors of my protectors with as much grace as if I had been born to them; and this presumption, as it was indicative of a gentlemanly spirit, and had the good fortune to be backed by a gentlemanly little body—for I was grown, as everybody said, quite a pretty little fellow—served the purpose of endearing me still further to my pseudo parents, who suffered me to fume and pout, to swell and strut, to play the impertinent and tyrant, and indulge all the other humors of a spoiled child, yielding to them with as much dutiful submissiveness as if they had been my parents in reality. And, certainly, so long as my good patroness lived—which, unhappily, was not long, for she died suddenly of an affection of the heart, in but little more than a year after her son—even Tommy himself had not been more effectually humored to the top of his bent.

But, however bravely I bore it in my patron's house, there was one place where my pretensions were not so readily submitted to; that is, at school, in which the only way to obtain supremacy, I found, was to fight for it and drub down all opposition.

As I have represented the associates of my boyhood in no very amiable colors, as being neither Cupids nor cherubs, such as the poets delight to picture them, it may be supposed my delineations were meant to apply to my schoolmates especially, which is very true, only that the picture was then only half drawn, being a sketch designed only to embrace those general characteristics which I supposed would apply to the whole race of schoolboys all over the continent. My own particular associates at school were

individuals of a genus as much worse than the boys in general of that day as the latter class was worse than the boys of this ; in fact, a set of such imps and scapegallows as would now be considered fit only for a house of refuge, in which opinion I think the reader will agree when he has followed me through a few more chapters, although I shall speak of no more of their rogueries than are necessary as parts and illustrations of my own history.

In the first place, then, they were all sons of Ishmael, at war with themselves and everybody else ; and firmly persuaded that, as courage was by far the highest and noblest of all human attributes, so strife and battle were the most delightful of human enjoyments. No new comer was allowed the freedom of the school until he had undergone a sound drubbing, which was commonly inflicted the first day of his appearance ; and I remember well how greatly I was astonished, on my first day, when, at the breaking up of school, a manikin of about my own size, whom I had never seen before, suddenly marched up to me and scratched my buttons (which, it appears, was a signal of defiance to mortal combat), and, upon my replying only by an innocent stare, fetched me a cuff that sent me sprawling ; a feat that was instantly rewarded by shouts and cries, from some, of, "Hurrah, Jim ! give it to him handsome !" while others roared out, "Fair play ! Let him up !—Hurrah for the monkey-faced little fellow !" meaning me, for there were some who heroically took my side of the question, and encouraged me to get up and fight like a good fellow. This was a piece of advice I was compelled to take whether I liked it or not, or otherwise be trounced without making resistance, and, accordingly, I fell to work with great spirit, and had the satisfaction, after half an hour's combat, yard and yard arm, as the sailors say, of coming off second best—that is, of being flogged until I could stand up to be beaten no longer.

But, although thus vanquished, I gained a great deal of credit by the constancy with which I endured the pommeling, and, the more particularly, as I refused at the last moment to "holler enough," as my adversary, with great magnanimity, bawled at every blow ; and when the affair was over, I was complimented on all sides as being "a knotty little feller, that had the game in him, and would be good fight some day or other," and encouragingly assured that I had only been whipped "because I did not know how to fight," which was very true, as, from never having been

in boys' company, I had never been in combat before in my whole life.

As for the credit I gained by enduring the beating so well, and not obeying the charge to cry enough, I am not so certain I deserved it, for, as to the latter point, the words were to me heathen Greek all, and I did not understand what was required of me; and as to the former, I had been so hardened to drubbing in the hands of my skipper (which was the only benefit I ever derived from the villain), that I cared no more for it, unless when it came in excess, than from the puffing of the winds.

The callousness or indifference to the pain of cuffing, gave me, with the honorable nickname of Sy Tough, which the boys presently bestowed upon me, an infinite advantage over all my schoolmates, as I soon discovered; and, as my only deficiency was a lack of knowledge and skill in the art pugilistic, which, praised be my comrades, they gave me every opportunity to acquire, by engaging me in one battle at least, every day, I had the satisfaction, before my first quarter was out, of drubbing master Jim, my first antagonist, to his heart's content, and, in a few months more, of extending the same favor to three-fourths of all the boys in school, so that I came to be looked upon, in time, as a young Julius Cæsar, a hero, a paragon of schoolboys.

How, as my disposition was naturally pacific, and as averse from squabbling and contention as could be desired, I ever came to be engaged in so many battles as it was my fate to fight—and, I think, for three years, they must have averaged at the rate of at least one-and-a-half each day—I am scarce able to say; but I believe the chief cause was that my schoolmates so willed it, there being a standing conspiracy among them to get up a battle whenever it was possible, each and every one of them, though not always fond of fighting in his own person, being delighted when others could be driven into it. This passion was especially observable among the bigger boys, who were never so well content as in setting their juniors by the ears; and, indeed, I have known them so bent upon their purpose that, when they found it impossible, by fair means, to engage a pair of reluctant belligerents in affray, they did not hesitate to flog them into it.

With this class of worthies, the leaders of the school, it was my fate to become a favorite; and they proved their affection by engaging me in a never-ending round of conflicts; which, from my



simplicity, ignorance, disregard of fisticuffs, and, above all, a natural facility of being led by the nose, was no very difficult task.

In this way it happened that, in the course of two or three years, I had been involved in battle with every soul in the school (which varied in number from fifty to seventy boys) that could be considered, in any degree, a suitable antagonist; and, as the toughness and insensibility to pain I have mentioned gave me an advantage that no one else possessed, I usually came off victor, until, at last, there was but one other boy of my own degree who was able to dispute the palm with me.

This was master Richard, or Dicky Dare, the son of an old captain of the Revolution, who had infused into his son's heart the spirit, not merely of a soldier, but of a whole regiment, and filled his head with drums, trumpets, ambition, glory and other martial trumpery, to such degree that there was no room in it for anything else. He was about my own age—*i. e.*, about the age I was supposed to be—though somewhat taller and stronger, so that I should never have been able to contend with him for superiority, had it not been for the above mentioned toughness; and he had, like myself, under the direction of the seniors, drubbed all the rest of the school. Nothing remained then for our leaders but to pit us against each other, and, as neither was found the better man, to incite us to the tug of war as often as possible. In this latter particular they succeeded so well that, after awhile, one battle a day between us became a matter of course, and was as regularly expected by the whole school and ourselves at the breaking up in the morning as the dinners that were to follow it. And this kind of diversion we practiced daily, to the infinite delight of our comrades, for more than a year, until, in fact, we, in our turn, had become big boys, and leaders and masters of the whole herd, which, like conquerors, we divided between us.

Nor let it be supposed that during this long period of strife, there was any peculiar animosity or ill feeling betwixt my rival and me; on the contrary, we drubbed one another into mutual friendship in less than a month after the rivalry began, after which we continued to fight because it seemed to be expected of us, and because, from having fallen into the habit, we had come to consider it as very good pastime. Nor, when we ceased, as after a time we did, to pommel one another, did we leave it off from disgust of combat, but only that we might organize a plan devised

by the martial Dicky, and recommence hostilities on a grander scale.

My rival, although pronounced by the master the greatest block-head in school (and truly, he never knew a lesson that I, out of my friendship had not drilled into him), was, nevertheless, the soul of honor and generosity, and a prodigious genius into the bargain, nature having intended him to rule the million, and trample nations under his feet, though an unfortunate accident caused him to leave the world before his work was completed. The military spirit, which, it was said, he had inherited from his father, and which had hitherto been indicated only by a love of fisticuffs, was beginning to blaze out its nobler attributes ; ambition, the love of rule, and a desire and resolution to fight his further battles, not with his own hands merely, but with the fists of his inferiors. He was determined to organize his adherents, who made up one half the school, into an army, of which he was to be general ; and he desired me to do the same with mine ; with which forces, after having disciplined them to our minds, we should fight our battles like true soldiers.

The notion was as agreeable to our adherents as to ourselves, and, in a very brief space, behold us, to wit, General Dicky Dare, and General Sy Tough (for by that sobriquet my schoolmates always preferred to distinguish me), each at the head of his trainbands, all in Coventry uniform, tag, rag and bobtail, with shingle swords and broomstick muskets, banners of old paper-hangings, and full bands of music—for, in truth, every soul, the generals only excepted, was musician as well as soldier—in which old kettles and frying-pans contended with conches and tin horns, and fifes and pitch-pipes with penny whistles, jews-harps, and comb organs. In such array, and all eager for the battle, we were wont to meet, of Saturday afternoons, on the school-house green ; and, having saluted each other with a preliminary shower or two of pebbles and potatoes, march gallantly up to the charge, and to it pell-mell like brave fellows ; so that the plain of Troy and Donnybrook fair were mere nothings in comparison. And such battles, fought with extreme rancor, and at an expense of numberless broken heads, and, once or twice, a broken bone, we never could give over, until the towns-people, who by no means encouraged such excesses, fell foul of us with switches and horsewhips, and so routed both armies together.

Such interference we deemed a great hardship, as the sport was in great vogue among us, and the more particularly as we had dubbed our parties, respectively, Feds and Demies—that is, Federalists and Democrats—in imitation of the grown children, our fathers of the country at large, and thought we had as much right as they, under the above titles, to knock one another on the head. But the enemy, or the armed intervention, prevailed ; switches and horsewhips were weapons we could not resist, and both armies, having been effectually routed half a dozen times, were finally disbanded, to the unspeakable grief of my great rival, General Dare, who mourned his discomfiture in sorrow and humiliation, but was too great of soul to despair. His spirit was, indeed, not to be vanquished by one rebuff, and his genius soon supplied, in a new undertaking, a nobler field of fame than that from which we had been driven.

## CHAPTER V.

*The patriot Dare preaches the doctrine of schoolboys' rights, and the young Republicans strike for freedom.*

THE seminary of which I have spoken under the disparaging name of school, enjoyed the nobler title of Academy, to which it had the better right, as its affairs were administered by Trustees, who never troubled their heads about it, and was intended to indoctrinate boys in all kinds of learning, from spelling in two syllables up to Pons Asinorum and *Hic-hæc-hoc*. The only difficulty, as some esteemed it, was that the task of dispensing these multifarious subjects of education was made the duty of one single teacher, there being neither assistant nor usher in the school; but the duty was, after all, no great matter in a country where it is every man's business to be a jack of all trades, and capable of turning his hand to anything.

The worthy person to whom was committed this weighty charge, I have not yet spoken of, nor do I now think it necessary to say anything more of him than that his name was Burley, his nickname Old Bluff, and that he was a very good sort of person, who was so occupied in horsing and trouncing his scholars all day long, that he had little time left for anything else, and in particular, none at all for directing their studies.

This latter circumstance, as we had the true schoolboy detestation of hard lessons, endeared him very greatly to our affections; though there was a good deal of grumbling on account of the trouncing; so that, to balance matters fairly, as he lost as much good will by one peculiarity as he gained by the other, he may be said to have occupied a very doubtful place in our regards. Unfortunately, however, he chose to side with the town's people in their opposition to the warlike pastime just mentioned, which he professed to consider a very outrageous irregularity, disreputable to the school and to him, its master, and calling for the severest measures to put it down. These measures involved, of course, a

prodigious amount of flogging; of which, though all had their proportion, a principal share fell to the commanders in chief of the two armies—that is, to Dicky Dare and myself. The school had been ever a Babel; but it was now Pandemonium itself, nothing being heard from morning till night, but the thwacks of the birch and ferule, and the yells of infant innocence. Inexpressible were the terror, the confusion, the lamentation that prevailed; and broken spirits and broken hearts, and tingling palms and smarting backs, were the lot of all.

In this exigency, the genius of General Dare, whose soul only grew the bigger under oppression, and whose ambition took a higher flight for every ignominious elevation upon a schoolmate's back, devised an expedient, than which nothing could have been better contrived to obviate every difficulty, to free us from present pangs, and secure us from all future tyranny. Taking advantage of our assembling together, one morning after school—alas, assembling no longer to fight or play, but to mourn our sufferings and invoke execrations on the head of our tyrant—he invited us to follow him into a neighboring graveyard (a favorite place of meeting, whenever we had any mischief to concoct), where, mounting upon a gravestone—a proper rostrum for an occasion so solemn—doffing his hat with a graceful courtesy, and puckering up his visage with the zeal for the public good, of a veteran stump-orator, he began to harangue us in the following terms:

“I tell you what, boys and fellers,” he cried, jumping *in medias res* with the directness of a Spartan, “there’s no two words about the matter, and the long and short of it is, Old Bluff is the biggest old tyrant that ever was, and treats us like slaves and Guinea niggers; which is a thing quite unbearable and scandalous; because as how, this is a free land, and we are free people, as good as any body else; and its agin all law and constitution for any body to treat any body like a slave, except the niggers; which is because the niggers is slaves, and not free people. Now I’ll tell you what, by Julius Cæsar, I’ve been considering about school-keeping and flogging the boys; and I’ve just made it out, they ha’n’t no right, no how, to do no such thing in America; because as how, we haven’t no kings here, but Presidents, which is make by the people, and is the people’s servants, and hasn’t no right to hang people, and cut off their heads and flog ’em; because how, they ain’t kings, but Presidents; and its just the same thing with school-

masters, for all of their cutting up like kings, for they *ain't* kings, but only Presidents. Now, you see, this is a free land, and a republic, which is all freedom and equality; and the people isn't ruled over by nobody, like England, and Rome, and Greece, and them foreign parts; but they govern themselves; and when there's anybody to be punished for kicking up, why the people tells the President, and he gives it to 'em. And so it's just as clear as coffee it ought to be the same thing in a school; for *we're* the people, and Old Bluff's only the President; and Old Bluff hasn't no right to give it to any of us, until *we* say so; because as how, we're free-men, by Julius Cæsar! and we ought to govern ourselves!"

This doctrine, which was worthy a child of the republic, was highly acceptable to the boys, and they agreed, *nem. con.*, that Old Bluff had no right to flog them; but, nevertheless, it was sagaciously argued, he *did* flog them; and how were they to help themselves?

"Why," said our Demosthenes, with a proud and resolved look, "just do as our dads did before us; for if it hadn't been for them, we wouldn't have had no Presidents over us at all, but kings. For you must know, we was once slaves, and old King George, he was king over us; and he carried on as he liked, and cut off heads, and horsed and flogged the people, and all that, just like Old Bluff. Well, you see, the old folks couldn't stand that, and they turned about and they licked him;—father, he was one of 'em, and he has told me all about it till I'm tired of it, he makes such long stories about it; they trounced the old feller; it was what you call the Revolution. And ever since that, there's been no more kings to flog us, but only Presidents. And so here's just my idea: if Old King Bluff won't stop trouncing, why we'll have a Revolution too, and we'll turn on him and give it to him—thump him, the old rascal! thump him like thunder!"

Thump him! thump Old Bluff! The idea was at first too great for our conceptions, and made us look aghast. But the spirit of the young patriot, who had delivered the last words with terrible resolution, was not to be checked. "Thump him's the idea, my fellers!" he resumed; "and we can do it just as easy as the old folks thumped King George; because as how, he's but one man, and we're sixty-four: (sixty-four's the number, for I was counting you over, all the mourning;) by Julius Cæsar! were enough to

eat him up. All we want is the pluck ; and if we've only got that, what's one feller of a man among us ?"

In short, the young hero made it apparent to the meanest of our capacities and the weakest of our hearts, that nothing could be easier than for sixty-four boys, of whom at least a dozen were full sixteen years old, and two or three, like himself, nearly a year older, to bring our tyrant to a reckoning for all his manifold oppressions and acts of cruelty ; and having debated the matter over again twice or thrice, to determine upon a plan of proceedings, it was at last unanimously resolved to begin a revolution forthwith, for the purpose of dethroning the despot, or reducing him to the level of a mere president of the school, and establishing our rights upon a firm republican basis, to endure for ever.

This resolution, which the democratic reader cannot but approve, we had an opportunity to put into practice the very next morning, when our tyrant, unconscious of the mine about to burst under his feet, proceeded to begin the business of the school in his usual way ; that is, by calling up for punishment an unlucky little culprit, whom he judged most worthy of his favor at that moment. Upon this the patriotic Dare, who had offered himself for this trying duty, rose behind his desk, and catching up a pewter inkstand of some two pounds in weight, addressed the astonished autocrat as follows :

"I tell you what, Old Bluff !—that is, Mr. Burley !—we have a sort of resolved, all of us, that this here eternal horsing and thumping is not the sort of thing we can stand any longer ; because as how, this is a free country, where the people is all free republican people, and we boys is as free people as any body else, and will fight for our rights like our fathers before us. And so don't touch that boy ; for we won't stand such doings no longer ; we won't, by Julius Cæsar !"

This address, and the menacing attitude which all the boys, thus encouraged by their patriot leader, immediately assumed, each grasping at some weapon or other, a slate or book, or whatever he could pick up, seemed to have actually pertified the pedagogue, who turned pale, and sat down, staring around him as if in a dream ; of which the lad whom he had called up took advantage to sneak away to his bench ; while the insurgents, not doubting that their tyrant was actually—to use their own elegant word—cowed by their display of resolution, began to resume their seats,

uttering murmurs of felicitation and triumph. The sound awoke the master from his trance; he sprang up, and grasping his birch, called out in a most furious voice—"You Dickey Dare-devil, what's that you? Come here, you villain, and I'll trounce you."

"I won't be trounced," said Dickey Dare, "except by a vote of the boys; for I goes on the popular principle, and——" But Dickey had no time to finish his sentence, for Burley immediately rushed forward to seize him, which Dickey was fain to avoid by leaping over his desk to the floor; where, being closely followed, he let fly his inkstand, by which he did great damage to the head of one of his schoolmates, without, however, hurting the master, and then dropping like a log on the floor, whereby the autoract, whose legs he dexterously seized upon, was suddenly overturned, with a shock that left him for a moment quite breathless. "Now, fellers!—them that ain't cowards, fall on!" cried the hero to his fellow conspirators; who, having been somewhat horrified by the sudden rally of the enemy, now recovered courage, and rushed upon him pell-mell; so that when he recovered from the shock of his fall, not Gulliver himself, waking from his first nap in Lilliput, was more multitudinously overrun by the bodies, or more hopelessly secured in the toils of his pigmy foes.

"Bang away," roared General Dare, the patriot; "down goes all tyrants! Freedom and equality for ever! All them that's got sore bones, pay him up old scores."

Horrible were the din and confusion that now prevailed; and horrible also, for a moment, were the struggles of the down-fallen monarch; who, however, being somewhat troubled with an asthma, became after a time completely exhausted and incapable of further resistance; upon which Master Dare demanded handkerchiefs to bind him securely; which being effected, this incomparable putter-down of tyrants snatched up a birchen twig, and dispensed, with uncommon coolness, a dozen thwacks upon the victim's shoulders. Nor did he rest here, but passing the rod from hand to hand, compelled every member of the new born republic to administer, in like manner, the same number of blows, which were, in general, laid on with exceeding good will. This being accomplished, he called for three cheers; after which we all took to our heels, leaving the deposed ruler to his meditations.



The result of this exploit exceeded our most sanguine expectations. We had our misgivings, when it was over, as to its effect upon the good people of the town, especially upon our parents and guardians; who, we feared, might espouse the enemy's interests, and exact a terrible retribution. But, as our good fortune would have it, Burley was by no means a favorite of the people, his manners being stiff and disagreeable, and his severity in school occasionally made the subject of remark and disapproval; and his misadventure, which was indeed surprising and ridiculous enough, excited much more mirth than commiseration. The disgrace of the thing, added to this want of sympathy, and the impossibility of obtaining any satisfaction or reparation—for he was ashamed to carry his complaints before a magistrate—drove the poor fellow half mad; so that he packed up his effects, and in two days decamped from the town, without any one knowing whither he had gone.

## CHAPTER VI.

*The Academy is converted into a Republic ; and how it prospered under its Presidents.*

THE exploit was productive also of another effect extremely advantageous to our schoolboy interests. It set the town people to discussing the merits of the flogging system of education, which, being now brought under consideration for the first time, was pronounced by the majority entirely unsuited to the character and genius of a republican people, whose children, it was demonstrated, ought to be brought up with the highest ideas of personal independence and honor of freedom and equality, which the tyranny of the rod must inevitably beat out of their tender spirits. To subject them to the sway of a despot in youth, was to prepare them for slavery in their riper years, to render them the ready prey of any designing demagogue who might aim at the liberties of the people. In short, this question (there being a minority opposed to the new doctrine) produced a furious ferment in the town, and would, I doubt not, in time, have resulted in an entire change in the State Government, for it was fast assuming a political aspect, when it was put an end to by the minority yielding the point, and agreeing with the others that the Academy should thenceforth be governed on republican principles—that is, that there should be no more flogging.

In pursuance of this resolve, a new teacher was sought for, capable of administering *Hic-hæc-hoc* on the new system, and a worthy personage, who had previously made application for the vacancy, and was willing to try the experiment, was engaged, and forthwith entered upon his presidential labors.

The experiment, in his hands, lasted only a fortnight, for, whether it was that he was at heart opposed to the system, or that we were as yet too young in liberty to know how to enjoy the blessing in moderation, it is very certain that, at the expiration of the second week, he summoned the Trustees together, assured them

that the republican system of schoolkeeping was all moonshine, and declared that unless he was permitted to resort to the *ultima ratio pædagogorum*, i. e. the birch, to maintain his authority, he must give up his charge altogether; and, as he was as resolute in his demand as the Trustees were in refusing it, the controversy ended in his immediate abdication.

A new teacher was soon obtained, who warmly approved of the new principle, and averred that, from his experience, boys were more easily, as well as more profitably, governed by appealing to their pride and good sense than to their palms and shoulders—that the rod, which always left the memory and taint of dishonor, or any kind of bodily punishment, did more harm than good—that he had never trounced a lad in his life, but, in extreme cases, had found that exposing the culprit to the ridicule of his playmates was sufficient, and, indeed, the most effectual punishment that could be inflicted. And this kind of punishment he proposed to administer by means of a fool's cap or ass's head, I know not which he called it, (but I remember it had long ears with little bells all over it), to be clapped on the offender's head; and this, the Trustees, after he had displayed it for their inspection and admiration on his own head, (which, I think, it must have become exceedingly), agreed he should be permitted to introduce into the school.

The first trial was unfortunately made upon the poll of General Dickey Dare, for some slight offence—I believe, whistling Yankee Doodle in the midst of a recitation, of which he was growing tired—who took it in great dudgeon, and, indeed, flung it out of the window, a freedom that the President, forgetting his horror of all bodily punishment, resisted by a furious box on the ear. This outrage, the more intolerable, as all now knew that the Trustees themselves had espoused our cause, and forbidden flogging *in toto*, was instantly avenged by a volley of inkstands from all quarters of the room, by which the aggressor was so amazed and terrified that he immediately leaped out of the same window that had given exit to the foolscap, which, with himself, was never more seen in the Academy.

The next teacher obtained met the views of all concerned, being a very amiable, indolent personage, who agreed the more readily to adopt the republican system, as he had just brains enough to perceive it would save him a vast deal of trouble. He seemed

very well content we should do as we pleased, get our lessons when we liked, and as we liked, come in and go out, laugh, talk, play, fight, or do anything else just as we thought proper; a degree of forbearance that won our entire love and respect, which we were accustomed to show by peppering him, whenever he was in a brown study, with potato popguns and showers of ripe elderberries; by emptying the ink bottle on his chair when he appeared in white trowsers, and strewing it with pin caltrops when in brown; and by sundry other innocent tricks, wherewith tender juveniles delight to show their affection. These little freedoms, it is true, sometimes drove him into a passion, when he scolded at us with great energy and emphasis; but they gave him no disgust to the school, in which he might have perhaps remained the president to this day, had it not been for a discovery made by some busy bodies, which brought his administration to a close, after six months' sway, and wrought somewhat of a change in public opinion on the subject of the new system.

The discovery was, that, under the said system, learning was at a stand-still, the boys having actually advanced in nothing but mischief during all that period. The system was again brought under discussion; the minority who had originally opposed it, repeated their denunciations; and, after another squabble, which, this time, bade fair to shake even the National Government (so hot, furious, political and patriotic were the passions it excited), our enemies prevailed, and schoolboy rights and schoolboy glory fell forever.

It was now urged, that the best way to bring up the boys of a republic in detestation of tyrants, was to put tyrants over them during their school days, and thwack them into a thorough appreciation of the horrors and inconveniences of oppression. In short, it was agreed that the Ancien Régime should be restored, and the birch used as before; or, at least, so far as was necessary to help us along with our books and keep us on our best behavior.

In coming to this resolution, our enemies (for so we now considered the Trustees, and all who took part with them), forgot the lessons of history and experience; which teach, that, however easy it may be to enslave a people who have enjoyed freedom so long as to be tired of it, it is by no means easy to subjugate those who have just come to a taste of it. Had they pondered this truth a little, they would have saved themselves a good deal of

surprise at what befell, upon the third day of the reign of the new master they had appointed to rule over us ; when that indiscreet personage, having flourished his rod for the first time, was valiently set upon by General Dare and the rest, and ejected from the premises, after having suffered a castigation ten times more severe and wholesome than any he could have ever designed to inflict.

Another teacher was obtained, and with a like result ; and then another, whose reign was as briefly and ingloriously brought to an end ; by which time, the Trustees, who were now unanimously of opinion that the democratic system had ruined us, and were resolved to leave no means untried to flog us into submission, began to perceive a difficulty in obtaining masters—those whom we had driven from the chair having united in representing us as such a set of bloody-minded young desperadoes, nay, of incarnate imps, that others of the race were filled with terror, and declined having anything to do with the school ; and, in fact, there was an interregnum of two months during which we happy republicans enjoyed a famous holiday.

## CHAPTER VII.

*A conspiracy against the liberties of the infant Republic; and President M'Goggin is elected to rule over it.*

At the end of this space, the Trustees succeeded in engaging the services of a personage, who, I verily believe, was procured for the sole purpose of testing the efficacy of the *brutum fulmen*, of subjugating us by main force; for he was an illiterate, vulgar dolt, an Irishman just caught, who professed, as he said himself, to teach nothing but "r'ading, writing, 'rithmetic, and dacent manners;" although, in other respects, the very man the Trustees wanted. His name was M'Goggin. He was six feet high, and limbed and shouldered like a Hercules; and, indeed, of such strength and activity, that, had he been set at the business for which he was best qualified—that is, canal-digging—I have no doubt he would have cut through the Isthmus of Panama in a month, without any assistance. He had an ugly look, too, about the eyes, which, besides being of the color of a cat's, were overshadowed by a pair of brows of such a bigness and appearance that they looked like two stuffed rat-skins stuck on with glue; and his complexion was of the hue of sole leather, plentifully besprinkled with freckles of the size of half-dimes. To add to his demerits, he was entirely incapable of fear, and had such a natural love of a row, that, when informed by the Trustees of our character and doings, and the probability, or indeed, certainty of his soon being embroiled with us, he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, and declared we were "swate little divils," and that "we should get along very well together."

I remember very well the impression which the first view of this destined enslaver produced upon the scholars; and it was none the weaker for some hints of his qualities which had begun to circulate among us. We were assembled at the Academy door, comparing accounts, when the new President was pointed out by one who had seen him before, crossing the street to a turnstile,

which led into the schoolhouse green, through a fence full five feet high. We all pronounced him a giant, and some one said he looked as if he could "walk over the fence like nothing;" a declaration, which, though made in jest, was justified by the event; for the gentleman, neglecting the stile, either because he did not see it, or scorned to pass by a mode so humble and commonplace, suddenly leaped into the air and over the fence, without so much as laying his hands upon it; which, indeed, he could not do, both hands being occupied by two mysterious-looking bundles, the nature of which, at that distance, we could not make out. The facility with which he performed this wondrous feat, as if it were a matter of every day's occurrence, and the appearance he had in the air so like a fiery dragon or a flying dromedary, struck a kind of terror into the youthful republicans, who looked upon one another with blank visages; and then, as Mr. M'Goggin drew nigh, slunk away silently into the school, and betook them to their seats.

In a moment more, M'Goggin entered; and we then saw that the two bundles he carried were composed of goodly birchen twigs, there being at least a gross of them altogether; and this sight, it may be supposed, did not banish the chill of our first impressions. These odious emblems of rule, carried on his shoulders like the fasces of a Roman lictor, he bore to the master's desk, situated on a platform; which having ascended, he turned upon us the light of his countenance, and roared, (for his voice was like the bellow of a bull,) in tones that made the glasses rattle, and, I might almost add, some of our bones into the bargain—"Good morrow till ye, ye spalpeens! I'm your masther and t'acher. Get up and make me a bow, to show your good manners."

Now whether it was that there was electricity in his tones, or that we were all willing to prove we were well bred young gentlemen, it is very certain that every soul in school, at these words, bounced up and fell to scraping and ducking with the utmost civility; which being done, the invader, dropping down upon his chair, roared out again, before we could follow his example and resume our seats, which we were about to do—"Stand at aise! as ye are, ye rapperees, 'till I lay down the law till ye!"

In this, also, he was obeyed; though I cannot say any of us actually stood at our ease, but, on the contrary, we remained casting wild and anxious glances one upon another, as if doubting whether we had not of a sudden got some dangerous nondescript animal, in-

stead of a new preceptor, among us. But the gentleman gave us no time for pondering. "Now, ye blackguards!" he cried, "listen to my spache, and remimber it every letther; and him that doesn't belave me, I'll have the skin of him. D'ye hear, ye vagabones! Now, thin, I'm tould ye're an illigant set, of divil's imps, one an' all, that knows nayther manners, nor obadience, nor dacency of behavior; but, arrah, ye divils, look me in the face, till I tell ye what I am of *meself*, that is the Masther over ye!"

Every eye was at once obediently turned upon the gentleman, who with furious voice, and hideous contortions of countenance, like a bulldog taking physic, continued:

"Be the powers, I'm nothing at all at all, only jist the gentleman that will bate the wickedness out of ye! D'ye hear *that*, ye rapsCALLIONS?"

And with that, Mr. M'Goggin, whose ire seemed to rise at the sound of his own voice, jumped up again; and flourishing his birches, a whole bundle at a time, again burst forth: "D'ye want to be licked, ye divils? I'm tould ye're grand fighting ganiuses. But d'ye want it? Does any of ye want it? If so, spake; spake up like big little fellows, any of ye; for, be me sowl, I'm itching to begin wid ye!"

This harangue, or rather defiance, for it was nothing less, the horrid fellow concluded by marching round the room, and prying into every countenance, as if for the purpose of finding some one disposed to try conclusions with him; and it is wonderful with what pacific modesty every eye was cast to the floor, the moment Mr. M'Goggin stood before its possessor. Even General Dicky Dare, who we thought could face Old Nick himself, was observed to become so studious and intent upon a sum he was working on his slate, as the gorgon passed, as to be quite unable to lift his eyes up to it. In short, we were all very peceably inclined that morning, and stood the challenge with patience—because, as we agreed, as soon as we got out of school, Mr. M'Goggin was a stranger, and it was not worth while to quarrel with him at the first introduction. Besides, as we also concluded, it would be just as well to wait a while, to know what sort of person he was.

In this particular, Mr. M'Goggin did all he could to gratify us, by laying open his characteristics as fast as possible. I should rather say, his characteristic, for he had but one; and that was a raging desire to get an opportunity to trounce some of us. He



sat upon the watch all day long, birch in hand, threatening, fifty times an hour, if a boy did but look up, or scratch his head, or drop a book, or stir on his seat, or do, in fact, any thing at all, to "bate" him, if he did that again; and as we were all too intent upon the study of his characteristics, as above, to think of giving him such an opportunity of quarreling with us, it so happened that, for five whole days, to the infinite astonishment of the whole town, we were the best behaved boys that were ever seen in a school-room.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*President M'Goggin converts his government into a despotism : the patriots rise in insurrection, and strike a terrible blow for freedom : the effects of the great battle between the oppressor and the oppressed.*

ON the sixth day, the usurper waxing weary of his close application, and deeming his power perfectly established, began to relax somewhat in his vigilance ; and in the afternoon took occasion to pay a visit to a house across the way, that he had hired for the reception of his family, which, with the assistance of an old negress whom he had taken into his service, he was now fitting up for his residence. We took advantage of his absence to relax a little ourselves, being as tired as he of the stupidity of the five former days ; and not knowing in what better way to amuse ourselves, we got up a little fight between two of the juniors ; and this gradually setting some half dozen others by the ears, there presently arose a prodigious uproar, which reached the auditories of M'Goggin, and brought him immediately back. As we had warning of his return, the fray was over, and we were all at our seats, diligently poring over books and slates, before he entered ; which he did with thundering step, bellowing, as he snatched up a bundle of his birches—"Who's been fighting ? Tell me, ye villains, and I'll give it till 'em !"—a question which, being addressed to the whole school, no one felt himself called on to answer.

Seeing this, and having repeated the question a second time without effect, M'Goggin strode to the door, locked it, and deposited the key in his pocket ; and we were thus shut up with the tiger, with no possibility of escape ; a horrid situation ; but its very desperateness began to infuse a kind of courage into the breasts of many of us. Then stepping back to his platform, he cried out again, with a most ferocious look—"Arrah, ye little divils, ye don't think I'm now going to tache you a lesson ! Look

upon me face ! I intend to ask you the question one after another, and him that doesn't answer, be the powers, I'll have the soul of him ! And, be me faith, I'll begin with the biggest of ye."

And with that he stepped to Dicky Dare, (who being now driven to the wall, exchanged glances with me, full of martial meaning and resolution,) and demanded—"Who's been fighting, ye spalpeen ?"

"Why, really," responded Dicky, modestly, (but I observed he stole his fingers towards an inkstand; and I did the same, besides winking invitingly to others to make ready,) "I have been so busy with this here problem, I can't pretend to say any thing about it."

"Ye lie, ye vagabone !" cried the tyrant; an expression that the insulted general immediately retorted by calling him an "Irish black-guard," and throwing the contents of the inkstand into his face ; while, at the same moment, down came, like the tail of a comet, whisking a world out its sphere, the whole bundle of switches upon Dicky's head, whereby, as he afterwards said, he got six dozen stripes all in one. "Hurrah for freedom and school boys' rights !" roared Dicky, making the inkstand follow the ink. "Come up to the scratch, boys, and we'll trounce the black-faced beggar in no time;"—a call that was responded to by some twenty or thirty of us, who felt that the case was desperate, and that we must fight now or yield for ever. But more than half our republicans, I am ashamed to say, were under such terror of the oppressor's looks, that they sat still, giving us no assistance whatever.

And now came the tug of war—the crashing of the bundled birches on heads and shoulders, the rattling of inkstands against breast, wall and window—the shout, the cry, the rush, the scuffle, the squeak and groan, the thump, the kick, the slip, the tumble, the sound of rending garments—for it was a Kilkenny business, and coats and jackets went to pieces, if they did not utterly vanish in dust and smoke. Never did twenty patriots rush to the attack of their country's foe with nobler intrepidity than we; never did twenty bulldogs more valiantly leap upon the throat and back of armed rhinoceros or Hyrcan tiger. In short, we did wonders, but the greatest wonder of all was, that we did wonders in vain; for in five minutes space there was not a soul of us that was not put *hors de combat*. Valor, patriotism, the love of liberty and glory, could do nothing against a foe like Mr. M'Goggin; who, having snatched up General Dare as General Dare would

have snatched up a kitten, and slung him round by the leg, in a circle, as a slinger whirls his sling, whereby myself and seven others were laid flat, and Dicky, who unfortunately slipped through his fingers, lodged on the top of a bookcase that contained the school library—caught up another combatant, whom he hurled like a cannon ball at the heads of the rest, disabling four, as well as his missile, and ended by demolishing the others in the usual Irish way, that is, by knocking them down with his fists.

This ending, however, was, with him, only the beginning ; for, having now rendered the whole of us comformable, he recurred to his birches, and flogged us—alas ! no longer resisting, in a manner that is quite indescribable. In short, he entirely used up his bundle of six dozen upon us ; and this being done, he appropriated the remaining fascis to the others, the non-combatant members of the confederacy, whom he trounced with great regularity and impartiality, one after the other, till he had gone over the whole school. In half an hour we were a vanquished people—all vanquished, all subdued—dreaming no longer of our rights, but of our backs—crest-fallen, heart-fallen, chop-fallen, without the courage left us even to indulge the hope of vengeance.

But vengeance was, nevertheless, in store.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Robin escapes from slavery, and begins to be a young person of promise.*

At the time of M'Goggin's appearance and usurpation, I was, or (for the matter was by no means certain) was supposed to be very nearly seventeen years old ; an age at which the reader may be surprised at finding me still a schoolboy.

To explain this circumstance, I may observe, first, that boys in my day, and in that country, were not supposed to reach the years of discretion so soon as they do now ; it being no uncommon thing to see gawky fellows of eighteen or nineteen, with mown chins and bass voices, sitting at the desk in school, as simple as their neighbors, or playing shinney on the green with all the zeal and abandon of boyhood. This undoubtedly arose, in a great measure, from the defective system and means of education ; but in part also, from the negligent way in which boys were brought up by their parents ; who, having their heads full of their own business, were usually glad to delegate all charge of them, with all the trouble, to ill-rewarded and incompetent schoolmasters.

When boys were intended for college, greater pains were indeed taken to find them good teachers, who inspired them with early manliness ; but in the common schools, where the majority of lads were to finish their education, the masters being such ignoramuses as I have described, they were commonly left to themselves, and remained, to all purposes, boys, until their education, or rather the period assigned to it, was completed ; when, being taken away from school, they immediately became men, the change being effected, like that from day to night in tropical regions, without any twilight, or gradual merging of the one into the other. The manner of the transformation was as ridiculous as its instantaneousness was striking. A neckcloth and a pair of high-heeled boots were put on ; and then the wearer suddenly amazed his friends by beginning to talk grammar—that is, by saying, for “them fel-

lers" "those fellows;" for "me and him," "he and I," &c.—using big words, and trouncing all the boys, his associates of the day before, who accosted him with the old familiar nickname of friendship, instead of saluting him by the honorable title of *Mis-ter*.

There was the additional reason for my remaining so long a schoolboy, that I was more than twelve years old before I began my education, and was, at that period, as I have mentioned, several years behind my age, as it respected the growth of both mind and body. It is true, that, having once taken a start, I was soon on a par, as to intelligence, with other boys of my age, and, in some respects, even advanced beyond them; but I was certainly, like the rest, a mere boy, so long as I remained at school—and, indeed, as the reader may perhaps think, for a good while afterwards.

From what I have said of the anxiety of parents to escape the charge and trouble of their children, it will not seem very surprising that little was done on their part to abate or punish the excesses into which we were driven by the belligerent and democratic spirit prevailing amongst us. There was, undoubtedly, great commotion among them at every new flogging and expulsion of the master they had set over us; at such times they scolded us with great energy, expatiated upon the enormity of the offence, and even threatened us with the terrors of private castigation;—nay, sometimes, even vowed they would give us up to the civil authorities, to be punished for riot and assault and battery. As for expelling us the school, that was never talked of, for the excellent reason that, as every one of us hated school more than anything else in the world, so expulsion would have been esteemed the greatest favor they could have bestowed on us. It is very certain that, whatever they did to bring us back to reason, they failed to effect their purpose.

In my own case, I must confess that the share I had in all these excesses was very disagreeable to my good patron; who, although immersed in the cares of his laborious and harassing profession, was yet at pains to watch over me as much as he could, to admonish me of the folly and wickedness (for so he called it,) of my behavior, and, pointing out the peculiar impropriety and heinousness of it in my case, to exhort me to such modesty of deportment and devotion to my studies as my peculiar situation made the

more imperatively necessary. Such discourses had their effect only for a time; for, whatever were the virtuous resolutions I framed, and the promises I made him, I was sure, so easily was I led away by the example and incitements of my schoolmates, to be as bad, in a week or two, as ever.

This incorrigibleness, and the disappointment of the hopes he had once indulged of my growing up worthy of his care and affection, his disgust of my boisterous conduct, and indignation at my folly, gradually undermined me in his regards; and the alienation was the more rapid, as well as excusable, because he had now an object upon whom nature impelled him to lavish all his richest affections.

His little daughter of whom I have spoken—her name was Nanna, derived, I believe, from some Swedish ancestress on the maternal side—as one whom, from her infirm constitution, every body almost daily expected to see fall into the tomb, began, about the period of her mother's death, to exhibit symptoms of returning health; which being taken immediate advantage of by her skilful parent, she was in a few months, to his own inexpressible joy and the amazement of every one else, restored to complete health. The development of her faculties, her rapid advance in beauty, grace, sweetness of disposition—in everything that could warm the heart, and inflame the pride of a doting father, were indeed surprising; and at the time of which I speak—that is when I reached what was supposed to be the verge of my eighteenth year—she was a creature, being nearly fifteen years old, whom no one could look upon without interest and admiration. She was the loveliest of creatures; and I, who had, from habit, grown to regard her as, and and to call her, a sister, was as proud of her beauty as was my patron, her father himself. It was not, therefore, unnatural, having such a being, his own offspring, to love, that he should love me less; and whatever pain I felt at the change in his affections—for, boy as I was, I perceived there *was* a change—I ceased to regret it, when I thought that he had taken from me only to bestow on Nanna. However, I do not intend to be sentimental.

It could not be otherwise than that such a being, with whom my daily and hourly intercourse was that of a brother, should, sooner or later, exercise a strong and happy influence, even without knowing it herself, over both my manners and my feelings; and it is to the commencement of that influence, more than to the re-

monstrances of my patron, that I date the first improvement in both. So true it is that the silent, and even unsuspected, influence of woman sways the heart more strongly to virtue and manliness than the wisest admonitions of sages.

I felt this influence for the first time, when rushing into the before mentioned battle with President M'Goggin; which, indeed, I entered into with no small degree of reluctance; though as M'Goggin was such a champion as I had never before broken lance with, I cannot, for the life of me, say whether there was not quite as much deterring influence of another kind—*videlicet*, a fear of the consequences. But that battle over, I am very certain, I began to experience the unmixed influence of Nanna in the feelings that followed; for I was ashamed of myself for having got such a flogging; whereas I never remember to have experienced any shame after a flogging before, the whole gist of the grief, in such cases, lying only in the pain of the blows.

And I felt that influence still more strongly in a desire that immediately seized me to leave the school; and that, not merely for the purpose of escaping similar humiliations for the future, of which, I confess, I had no little dread, but that I might begin a course of reform and amendment in my life and manners, which, I had a vague notion, I could not so easily do, while remaining a boy at school. In this feeling, I took advantage of a lecture my patron gave me on the subject of this last and greatest, the M'Goggin battle, to assure him I was sorry for my ill-déeds, and desirous to live a new life more in consonance with his wishes; and in fine, begged him, as that was a necessary preliminary, to take me from M'Goggin's hands and from school.

To this he consented; and then, having endeavored to impress upon my mind a sense of my peculiar situation, as one which, (putting his own kindness, and the dependence I might place on it out of the question,) should make a youth of spirit eager to embrace every means of securing his own independence; and assuring me that he did this, not by way of hinting an intention of withdrawing his protection, which he should continue to me, until my own misconduct rendered it impossible, which he hoped, notwithstanding all that had passed, should never be the case: having done this, I say, he offered to my choice either to go to college, (after having spent one year in careful preparation at some distant and secluded school;) which having passed through, he



would then advise with me as to my future course; or to enter his office, and there, while striving as far as possible by my own diligent efforts, to repair some of the deficiencies of my education, to be instructed by him, by and by, in his own profession, and thus be prepared for future usefulness in the world. Either of these plans, he said, I was free to adopt; and, in either, he would give me all the assistance I could expect from a parent; but, whichever might be my choice, he would expect of me a promise of such diligence and good conduct as it was both a parent's right and duty to expect.

My first inclinations were very clearly in favor of the first named proposal; for I thought, from what I had often heard, there must be grand fun at a college: and, in fact, in the midst of all the solemn admonitions and exhortations upon the necessity of soberness and diligence which my benefactor was giving me, my imagination was most easily seduced by the ideas of sport and frolic. To the college, therefore, I felt strongly inclined; and I was about to say so, when (and I know not why such a consideration should enter my brain) I was struck with the thought that Nanna would not be there; and as it was but a step in the process of association to remember that Nanna would be where I was, I immediately resolved upon the latter proposal; at which, I thought the good doctor looked a little gratified. I promised all he wished as to diligence, good behavior, &c.; and should have promised the contrary, or any thing else, just as easily. In fact, I was not at all accustomed to trouble myself with doing things upon reflection, in those days.

The school was left, and in two or three days, I turned man; that is, I put on the boots and neckcloth as aforesaid; astonished the grammar and the dictionary, as well as the neighbors, with the elegance of my phraseology; and should have been happy to comply with the last requisite of transformation, and trounce all my schoolmates for calling me Sy Tough, instead of Mr. Robin Day, had I not been afraid—not of angering my patron, for, really, I forgot him in the premises—but of grieving the gentle heart of Nanna; who, by some means or other, became, about this time, inextricably involved in every net of ratiocination my brain attempted to weave.

There was but one regret I felt at leaving the school; which was, that I was in debt to Mr. M'Goggin for a trouncing, without

the means of making payment ; and, indeed, I hated the villain so heartily for having been the first to make me feel ashamed of myself, that it was only owing to the secret influence and oft recurring thought of Nanna that I did not obey the impulse I felt to pelt him with stones, whenever I chanced to meet him in the street—especially as the odious wretch never passed me, without the insulting salutation—"Good morrow till ye, ye vagabone : ye'll come to the gallows, ye divil !"

I wish I had not felt so vindictive, as it would have saved me a deal of trouble, and, in particular, the trouble of writing my adventures ; but it was fated I should have satisfaction of President M'Goggin for all his injuries.

## CHAPTER X.

*The unconquerable Dare organizes a new conspiracy, and the tyrant is at last stormed in his citadel and overthrown.*

HAVING got the mastery of the schools, M'Goggin, the most inveterate of despots, with the consent and approbation of the Trustees and townsfolk, continued to exercise his authority in a way that was designed to annihilate every vestige of liberty, and make the late republicans slaves indeed. From their own accounts, he flogged every soul at least once a day, some of them twice or thrice; and as for General Dicky Dare, whose dullness at learning still kept him at school, and whom the tyrant chose to consider the "sowl of every mischief," he, from his own representation, got a flogging once an hour.

But Dicky's soul was all of iron; and, like that noble metal, the more it was hammered the harder it grew. Besides, the country was now at war with Great Britain; and the accounts continually coming to his ears of battles lost and won, of deeds of valor by sea and land, on the yawning billow and in the imminent deadly breach, had kindled his martial spark anew; and, notwithstanding his daily drubbings, he was more of a soldier than ever, full of plots, and stratagems, and treasons. He bore his own pangs with heroic patience, being engaged, all the while, meditating a capable and wide revenge; and the pangs of his schoolmates he beheld even with satisfaction; for, as he said to me, his friend and confidant, like a statesman and patriot,—“Though they are a pack of cowards, you can even thump cowards into bravery, by Julius Cæsar; and by and by, Bully M'Goggin,” (which was his honorable title in private,) “will trounce them up to the sticking point.”

In this, General Dare prophesied aright; for in six months' time, M'Goggin's cruelty had driven the boys into such a frenzy of desperation and hatred, that there was not one of them who would not have murdered him in cold blood—provided any one should have shown them *how*, and made them, as they called it,

free of the hangman. This pitch of fury was what General Dicky meant by his elegant expression, "the sticking point ;" and the moment they reached it, he invited them, now ready for any extremity, to join him in the execution of a plan of revenge he had long digested, and which may be considered a monument at once of his genius and his wrath. And in this great design, for my sins, Dicky invited me to join him, drawing, in such agreeable colors—alas, I had drawn it a thousand times before—such a ravishing picture of the bliss I must enjoy in paying M'Goggin all his dues, that even Nanna's image, though it fluttered through my head as often and as sweetly as ever, could not entirely banish it from my thoughts. Nevertheless, I had the grace to refuse assisting in the scheme, and to repeat the refusal over and over again, until the moment for executing it had come ; and then—But after all, I went only to enjoy the scene as a spectator ; which is, however, the way in which many other persons go into a squabble.

The day which was to witness this grand proof of a school's revenge, and of Dicky Dare's genius and resolution, was at the close of April, and the year, 1813 ; a period rendered the more auspicious to the design by the ferment into which the people of the Middle States were thrown by the visitations of sundry British fleets to their waters ; Admiral Cockburn being at that moment employed with all his forces in the Chesapeake, robbing farmers' henroosts, and Admiral Beresford attempting the same thing, though with no great luck, at the mouth of the Delaware. The news of these gallant forays had just reached our town, which was kept in a furious commotion by the passage through it of sailors and soldiers on their way to the scene of action ; and still more by the patriotic efforts of its citizens, who, having no better way to show their zeal, mustered three or four companies of volunteers, who killed the British without stirring from home, and kept the town in a terrible tumult, day and night—but particularly at night—by firing off cannons, and sometimes their heads and arms ; while the juniors and rabblement at large imitated them, as far as they could, by burning tar-barrels, firing fifty-sixes—that is, not fifty-six pound cannons, but fifty-six pound weights—well rammed with gunpowder, and blowing their eyes out with squibs and popguns. Nothing could be more favorable to the scheme of revenge than the nightly recurrence of these disorders ; and

this the great contriver and conspirator, Dicky, knew full well. And, fortunately, the hubbub on the night in question was even greater than usual.

M'Goggin's house, which, I mentioned, was near the Academy, was in a sequestered part of the town, there being but few other dwellings, and those of the meanest order, near. It was built on a large lot, in which M'Goggin had established a kitchen garden, well stored with potatoes ; and there was an attempt at flowers and fruit trees near the house, which stood a little back from the street, and was a small and very old and ugly cottage-looking building. Immediately before the door was a clump of four Lombardy poplars, ancient and decaying, that stood, in a square, two on each side of the path, and had been taken advantage of by some romantic dweller of former days to construct a kind of rude alcove, by nailing strips of board on the sides, and throwing a few beams across, by way of roof ; which, in Summer, was usually shaded by vines of gourds and squashes. At the gate, immediately in advance of the poplars, was a locust tree. On the right hand was a cowhouse, and, on the left, a pig pen ; and, on the whole, the cottage was quite romantic enough looking for Mr. M'Goggin.

The happy individuals who, with Mr. M'Goggin, shared this peaceful abode, were an old negro man, whom he worked half to death among his potatoes, and an ill-favored woman that he called his wife, but whom every one else considered his slave, as he was said to be very savage to her, and to make as great a drudge of her as the negro. Indeed, the boys had a story that he sometimes beat her ; but, though many believed it, no one knew this for certain. He had, besides, a great bulldog, which he starved, to make him ferocious, and therefore the better guard over his potatoes.

The removal of this dangerous ally of the tyrant we considered a necessary preliminary to the attack on the master ; and this Dicky effected, the night preceding the explosion, by training him off with a piece of meat tied to a string, until he had thrust his neck into a noose ; by means of which he was dragged to a horse-pond, and there drowned, amid the rejoicings of the whole band of conspirators. This being done, the youthful general, upon whose shoulders fell the execution of every task that had the inconvenience of being attended with danger, climbed up the locust tree at the gate, and with a saw, cut out two small notches, which

he then plastered over with clay, to prevent their being seen next day. The object of this manœuvre, which concluded all the preparations required, will be presently seen.

It was not till after ten o'clock on the following night that the conspirators assembled on the scene of action, prepared to carry their vengeful plot into full execution. They came marvelously well provided with ammunition—that is, with pebbles and brickbats, and some, I fear, with more dangerous weapons. The pebbles and brickbats were chiefly in the hands of the younger boys, whom General Dicky, having long and laboriously drilled them for the enterprise, now proceeded to station so as to surround the house, and particularly to command the front and back doors. There was a troop of older boys armed with fireballs (the General called then grenades,) made of oakum dipped in turpentine, which they were ready, by means of lighted cigars and a little gunpowder, to kindle at any moment. These the General called the Invincible Grenadiers, and stationed, like the others, both in front and on the rear of the building, but much nearer than the brickbat guards; and, besides his grenade, each of these desperadoes had a good stout crabtree, by way of sidearms.

These arrangements having been effected, and all in deep silence, the General, who had previously spied a little into the state of the premises, made a second reconnoissance, prior to entering upon the last and grandest of his dispositions. And here I may observe that all these things were done with but little fear of alarming the enemy; for besides the hubbub kept up in town by the volunteers and patriotic citizens, there was a gale of wind blowing, and making a great rustling and howling among the trees and chimneys. Accordingly, General Dare had no difficulty in making his way to a window, and through a cranny spying into the proceedings within; which proceedings some of us, who had from curiosity crept nearer to the house, judged to be uncommonly interesting, as we could hear an occasional murmur of voices, a mingling, as it seemed, of growling and lamenting, which we knew not how to account for. The mystery was soon unraveled by General Dicky Dare, who crept back, and declared, to our astonishment and indignation, that President M'Goggin was beating his wife—that he had seen him strike her with his hand—that he was drunk or mad, he knew not which—and that the poor woman, who was in a great fright, was crying and begging him not to abuse her.

This intelligence, as may be supposed, produced a strong effect upon the feelings of the conspirators, who were not without generous and chivalrous sentiments ; and they swore, one and all, they would have satisfaction of the ruffian for his brutality to the woman, as well as for the injuries he had done themselves. And this discovery, I may also say, wrought an immediate change in my own resolutions ; for whereas I had, up to this moment, religiously persisted in the determination I had made not to take part in the affray, I was now so operated upon by indignation at M'Goggin's brutishness, that I fell to work with zeal, anxious to avenge the poor woman's wrongs ; and was, from that moment to the end, a very prominent ringleader in the whole row.

The gallant Dare, now doubly excited to diligence, produced a long rope, having a running noose at the end. This he threw over the roof of the arbor, and then laid the noose across the path, supporting it on little sticks in such a way that it was impossible any one should pass along the walk, without striking it with his foot ; and the noose was made so large that it not only stretched over the whole path, but would admit a man to pass through it, standing erect. Near the other extremity of the rope, was tied by one end a stout bar of wood, in which was a notch, meant to receive one end of a second bar that was loose ; while its other end, as well as the end of the bar that was tied, was designed to be placed each in one of the notches sawn in the locust tree the preceding evening, at a height of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground ; the whole forming a kind of trap which would support a great weight at the end of the rope, until something should jerk at the noose ; in which case the loose bar that served as a prop, must be dislodged, the trap sprung, and the weight instantly fall to the ground, dragging the noose up to the top of the arbor, and with it Mr. M'Goggin, for whose sole benefit this beautiful contrivance was invented by General Dicky.

And supposing we once had the tyrant in the toils, there was then little fear but that we should be able to work our will with him at our leisure. The trap being set, the rope was weighted by some half a dozen fifty-sixes, which were passed up the tree, and suspended by Dicky's own hands. We had previously thrown on the ground, under the noose, a quantity of straw, sprinkled with turpentine and sawdust, which we designed to fire the moment our tiger was caught, and so give him the benefit of a moderate

roasting and smoking, as an introduction to what was to follow.

It will be perceived that, in laying this ingenious trap for M'Goggin, the great contriver did not anticipate the possibility of any one else falling into it. There was good reason, indeed, why no one else should ; for the negro being a very cowardly old fellow, (who would, moreover, in all probability be sound asleep in his garret,) and Mrs. M'Goggin, a weak, timid woman, it was inferred our assault would only confine *them* more closely to the house ; while M'Goggin, being quite fearless, would undoubtedly make a rush upon us. The result proved that the calculations even of Dicky Dare might be defeated, like those of any other great military genius.

Our arrangements being at length all completed, the signal for assault was given, and at a period, as it proved, extremely critical for Mrs. M'Goggin ; for, just as the word was passing round, "All ready !" we heard her utter a dismal shriek, as if the ruffian, her lord and master, was again asserting his supremacy. We uttered three tremendous cheers ; and then, following them up with yells of "Down with the tyrant ! and schoolboys' rights forever !" let fly a terrible volley of brickbats and grenades, by which the shutters of the lower windows and the glasses in the upper ones were dashed to atoms ; and some half dozen of the latter missiles, the fireballs, entering the upper rooms, the house was straightway illuminated, as if on fire, and filled with smoke.

The effect of this furious cannonade was immediately made manifest by a medley of cries, ejaculations, and roaring curses from within, the woman squeaking, the negro yelling, and M'Goggin vociferating I know not what, but, I believe, maledictions on the heads of himself, us — "the devil-born school-whelps,"—and everybody else ; and the woman, in an ecstasy of terror, was immediately seen darting through one of the back windows, which had been dashed open ; whence she fled shrieking away, no one offering her molestation, but on the contrary, making passage for her, glad to have her out of the way. At the same moment, the front door was opened with a crash, and out came rushing, in his night-gear, mad with fright—not the autocrat M'Goggin, as we fondly hoped, but the negro man ; who running blindly forwards, stumbled against the noose, and was, in a twinkling, jerked up to the top of the arbor, where he was seen hanging by one leg, such an extraordinary picture of amaze-



ment and terror as was never before witnessed, and such a target for our fireballs, (for a volley was thrown before we had time to remark what kind of game we had caught,) as schoolboys never before enjoyed.

The melo-dramatic character of the spectacle was, in the same instant, wonderfully heightened, and its interest to us increased to the highest pitch, by an incident that immediately befel; for M'Goggin, who was close at the negro's heels, armed too, as we discovered to our horror, with a gun, with which he rushed forward in the act of firing, having come within reach of the suspended negro, was seized upon by this distracted personage, who had been clawing the air in vain, and now succeeded in fastening one hand amid the master's locks, while the other, or the fingers thereof, got by mischance into his mouth. This accident so discomposed the nerves of the despot, who, I fancy, must have thought himself pounced upon by some incarnate devil, darting upon him from the air, that he uttered a wild howl, dropped his gun, which went off in falling; and then, forgetting us, fell foul of the negro, whom he cuffed with maniacal energy, being himself haled, scratched and hugged by this flying demon in a style just as eager and extraordinary.

"Bang away!" roared Dicky Dare, firing the bundle of straw, which instantly burst into flames and smoke around the two victims, both of whom were now suspended; for some of the besiegers had seized upon the rope and hauled away so furiously that, in a trice, M'Goggin lost his footing on the ground, and was dragged by the inveterate negro into the air, where they continued to wage a battle which could only be compared to the aerial fray of the Genii and the Lady of Beauty in the Arabian story, while all the time there was such a shower of fireballs raining against their bodies, and such volumes of flame and smoke ascending from the burning straw, as to render the spectacle grand, ludicrous and horrible altogether—in short, it was quite indescribable.

And now, while these strange combatants were pursuing their strange fight—the negro pulling at his adversary's hair and yelling with the pain of his fingers, which M'Goggin was grinding betwixt his teeth; M'Goggin, on his part, biting and cuffing and growling and kicking the air—there arose a cry that one of the boys was shot, struck by a bullet from M'Goggin's gun, and that he was dying—intelligence that afterwards proved to be false, but

which, exasperating feelings that were already rancorous enough, was followed by furious calls to "Kill the murdering villain!" and by a rush that many made upon him with their clubs, with which they furiously beat him until the rope, frayed and worn by the rough bark of the locust, suddenly gave way, bringing him and the negro, with a most terrible plump, to the ground.

The negro, who fell uppermost, and had, besides, the good fortune to fall upon his head, which was not composed of trifling materials, rolled from his master and from the embers of the straw, into which they had fallen together, kicked his leg free from the noose, and then ran limping off, yelling like a madman. As for M'Goggin, upon whom we rushed, now certain of our prey, he lay without motion, and a bright blaze from the house now falling on his visage, there was straightway a cry that we had killed him. "He's done for!" said General Dare, with much composure, being the only one that was not horrified at this result of our enterprise—"He's done for, by Julius Cæsar! And so is the house, too, or there's no snakes in Virginnie!"

It was even so. The cottage, which we had been for the last few moments too busy to look at or think of, we now discovered was on fire, flames already gushing out of the upper windows, and the alarm fast passing through the town and bringing crowds of people to the scene of our triumph.

"Right about face—cut dirt!" cried General Dare, and in a moment we were scampering from the field of battle in all directions, terrified at the thought of what we had done, and still more at the fear of what might be the consequences.

## CHAPTER XI.

*In which Robin Day, flying the terrors of the law, is sent out into the world to seek his fortune.*

FOR my own part, I was in such a horror of fright at the idea of having committed what I now felt was nothing short of a murder, that I betook myself to the fields, running as if the hue and cry, the *posse comitatus*, constable, hangman and all, were after me; and it was not until I had plumped over head and ears into a ditch, whereby the ferment of my mind was somewhat allayed, that I recovered enough of my wits to consider what I was about. I then reflected, that it was by no means certain M'Goggin was actually dead, although, to be sure, he had looked marvellously like a subject for the undertaker, his face being bloody, and of a cadaverous hue. I remembered, too, that he had fallen from the rope with sufficient force to stun him for awhile; and moreover, that the negro man had tumbled upon him, and so must have beaten the breath out of his body; and, hence, it was not improbable, he had been only in a swoon, from which he might have revived already. In short, I satisfied myself that I was a great simpleton for being so much frightened, and that the wisest thing I could do would be to creep away to my comfortable home, without any further thought of leaving it, until assured I had really got myself into trouble.

Home, accordingly, shivering with wet and anxiety; and finding the door open, though no one was stirring, I sneaked away to my chamber, where I slipped off my wet clothes, and was about slinking quietly into bed, when the motion was arrested by the sudden and unexpected entrance of my patron. His countenance, which was pale and disordered, filled me with alarm, and this he proceeded to heighten into the wildest consternation by exclaiming—“Wretched boy, you have killed a man! Up and away: you must fly, or be seized, tried, and perhaps hanged, as a murderer!”

I leaped up, it may be supposed, quickly enough, and attempted to give utterance to excuses and explanations, that were none of

the calmest or most coherent; but Dr. Howard checked me: assuring me, in an agitated and hurried voice, that I had no time to lose, that he had seen M'Goggin, who was dying of his injuries—of concussion, or compression, of the brain, I knew not which—that he had learned I was one of the ringleaders in the affray; that some of the citizens had gone for warrants to apprehend me, as well as others, my companions; that he had left the dying man, under pretence of getting his trephining instruments, but in reality to find me, and send me off, before it was too late; and he ended by mingling upbraidings of my folly and wickedness, with injunctions to put on my clothes, and pack up a change of linen in the saddle-bags, which he had brought with him into the room, as I must mount horse and be gone immediately.

I stood aghast; for the sentence of banishment from his house was more dreadful to my feelings than my fears had been; and in my confusion, I uttered, I knew not why, the name of Nanna. He looked discomposed, the tears came into his eyes, and he exclaimed with mingled grief and bitterness—"Ah, wretch, you have lost her, too: you knew not what I designed for you!" Then, suddenly changing to anger, he bade me not name her again; and calling me madman, murderer, houseburner, and I knew not what besides, he ended by ordering me again to dress and be ready; and then left me.

I did as he bade me, slipped on my best coat, stuffed the saddle-bags with clothes, with which his generosity had always supplied me even to extravagance and excess; and, though I did all in extreme agitation of spirits, I had finished before he returned, which he presently did, bearing a letter and pocket-book, both of which he put into my hands, saying that I must proceed to Philadelphia, and deliver the letter to the gentleman to whom it was directed, who would assist to put me out of the way of danger, at least for a time.

"He is my distant kinsman—a merchant—and has a privateer which he is about sending to sea: he will give you a berth in her, and you will then be free to follow your bent, and cut throats to your liking."

This he said with such bitterness of sarcasm, that it overcame my spirits, and I could not avoid shedding tears; which seemed to soften him, and he then spoke more gently.

"It is the last life I should ever have desired for you," he said,

"for it is little better than freebooting—piracy legalized. But it cannot be helped : the emergency is too sudden for choice ; there is no alternative. The letter contains money : it will help to fit you out : Mr. Bloodmoney," (the merchant to whom the letter was directed), "will supply you what more is needed. The pocket-book will keep you on the road. You must ride all night I have ordered you Bay Tom—he will carry you to the city : but should he fail, leave him on the road, and hire another. You must be in Philadelphia to-morrow."

By this time we could hear a trampling at the stable, which was not far off ; and my patron, saying all was ready, ordered me to follow him ; but immediately bade me hold, while he ran to his study, from which he returned with a memorial of the wreck—the only one he could ever obtain—which he had lighted on, at his last visit to the coast, and bought for a trifle of old Mother Moll, the first of my persecutors. This was a memento of whose existence I had long been aware, though I never attached any importance to it, as my patron was sometimes inclined to do ; for, in truth, I cared nothing for my origin, and was too well content with the protection, and, as I might have called it, the parentage of the good doctor, to wish to exchange it for another's, even a father's. There was, in fact, in the relic nothing very striking or interesting. It was a string of beads of different sizes, of some black wood, I know not what, but they were polished, and had a fragrant odor : and there was a central one, in shape somewhat of a cross, of considerable size, with grotesque carvings, that served as a sort of locket to connect the two ends of the string. It was, I always thought, just such a poor trifling gewgaw as any common woman, a sailor's wife, might wear, and I was the more impressed that it had belonged to some such personage, as there was roughly scratched, as with a jack-knife, on the back of the locket, the name, as far as we could make it out, of *Sally Ann*, which had decidedly the smack of a tar's delight about it. This, to be sure, Dr. Howard agreed was likely enough ; but the poor sailor's wife might have been my mother notwithstanding. But what chiefly rendered the trinket of importance in his regard, was that Don Pedro, the Spanish negro, our cook, of whom I have spoken, and who was a mighty good Catholic, and had an uncommon share of intelligence for his degree, declared it was nothing less than a Catholic rosary, as he knew by the number and arrangement of the

beads ; and in fact, having put it into his hands, he began to tell the beads, and, as he did so, to jabber out a string of Ave-Marias and Pater-Nosters with great readiness and fluency ; only that he made such a hotch-potch of the matter as neither himself nor any one else could make sense of. This, my patron averred, was a curious circumstance ; as a Catholic child in a Yankee schooner (it seems Mother Moll had admitted she had taken the beads from my neck, and Dr. Howard was convinced the wreck had been a trading vessel from New England), was certainly something out of the usual course of things ; and he therefore resolved to treasure the beads up, hoping that they might be the means some day of leading to the most interesting discoveries.

This string of beads, or rosary, or whatever it might be, he now put into my hands, bidding me preserve it with religious care, nay, even to wear it around my neck, for fear of accidents, as it might conduct me perhaps to the arms of my parents ; “ of whom,” he added, with some emotion, “ you have now greater need than ever, having thrown away ——.” But here he interrupted himself, and bade me follow him ; which I did, until we had come to the stable ; where we found his horse Bay Tom, an animal that he greatly valued, standing at the door ready saddled, and with him old Don Pedro himself, who had long professed a great friendship for me, and from whom, indeed, in the course of the last five years, I had gradually picked up some little knowledge of the Spanish tongue, which afterwards stood me in good stead.

“ Mount, and ride for your life,” said my benefactor, with a stern voice, yet wringing my hand with a painful earnestness ; “ mount,” he cried, “ and heaven forgive you this fatal deed, and go with you.”

Don Pedro, also, having helped me into the saddle, gave me a farewell shake, and blubbered, in his own tongue—“ *Adios, mi niño* ;—adieu, my child ; at last, you are going to the devil : an assurance which was by no means so pleasant as it seemed true.

This done and said, Pedro opened a gate leading into the highway, (the doctor's house being seated on the borders of the town), that I might ride through. But I faltered a moment, to look back to the house, in which, notwithstanding the folly and violence of my career, I had lived so many happy hours of my youth. There was a light burning in Nanna's chamber, who was as yet unacquainted with the miserable adventures of the night. As I looked

up, the light was suddenly put out ; and the darkness that ensued smote upon my heart as a mournful omen.

“Why do you pause?” muttered my patron with impatience. “Begone ; your life depends upon your speed.”

Thus commanded, I turned my horse through the gate, gave him the rein and spur, and in a moment was out of the town, flying all the more fleetly for the din, the cries and shouts that still prevailed ; and which, as the blast brought them to my ears, my fancy converted into the halloos of vengeful pursuers.

## CHAPTER XII.

*Robin Day meets an alarming adventure, and stumbles upon a companion in misfortune.*

And now behold me upon the world alone, a hero of eighteen, with just such qualifications for making my way through the stormy paths of life as one might expect in a cockboat for performing a voyage round Cape Horn.

It is true, I entertained—or had done so, until the affairs of the night had frightened it out of me—the best possible opinion of my own merits and abilities ; and such complacent self-regard, it is conceded on all sides, is the best foundation and prognostic of worldly success. I had trounced all my schoolmates, (General Dicky Dare, my friend and confederate, though my rival, only excepted ;) and it was but a natural consequence that I should suppose myself able in like manner to conquer all mankind ; and the share I had had in demolishing the power and pretensions of the tyrants of the academy, had convinced me I possessed the same ability to resist the oppressions of the great men of the world, the kings and presidents ; of whom I entertained a very mean opinion, believing they were only Burleys and M'Goggins on a larger scale.

Besides this generous sense of my own merits, I possessed another qualification thought to be of almost equal efficacy in helping one through the world ; namely, a good personal appearance ; for, from having been the ugliest little imp in the world, I was now grown, as my looking-glass told me, quite a handsome young fellow, with black eyes and hair—the latter very curling and glossy, and, indeed the admiration of all the young ladies in the town, as well as myself, and a figure that, in the main, satisfied my own predilections ; there being no fault I could find, except that I was a thought shorter than was necessary, and my complexion somewhat more tawny than suited my ideas of perfect beauty.

This vanity and self-conceit, as the reader may properly esteem



it, I know not whether I owed in greater part to a natural spirit of coxcombrty, or to the uncommon indulgences I had so suddenly fallen heir to in my patron's family ; which were enough to turn the brain of one to whom indulgences had been before wholly unknown. But, at all events, the foible was never strong enough to throw me open to remark ; and, as I have mentioned, the catastrophe of the night had banished it from my breast, at least for a time ; so that I certainly derived no advantage from it in what may be properly considered my outset in life.

My other qualifications for the great strife of the world were neither many nor striking. I had acquired, during my five years at the academy, the ordinary rudiments of education, besides "a little Latin," as the crabbed Ben Johnson disparagingly said of his great superior, "and less Greek ;" to which I managed to add, during the few months I was ensconced in my patron's office, a little French, a knowledge of pestles and mortars, and the knack of pulling out easy grinders. I had picked up some bad Spanish from the cook, and from the coachman the art of riding and spoiling a horse. A French barber had taught me how to dance, and I learned to squeak upon a cracked flute from the impulse of my own genius ; which even impelled me to the frenzy of attempting the fiddle, whose mellifluous tones I dispelled among pill-boxes and swinging bones, until my preceptor, disgusted at my music and inattention to what he esteemed my proper duties, advised me, if I wished to play the fiddle to draw the bow over my own head—a sarcasm which ended my violining on the instant.

What other qualifications I may have possessed I am ignorant of—except, indeed, an uncommonly good and strong constitution, capable of enduring all exposures and hardships ; and this was, I believe, after all, the only one on which I ought to have placed any reliance. I was, in short, an ignorant youth, a great school-boy entirely incompetent to the task of self-management or self-preservation ; and my benefactor had acted with wisdom in assigning me to a situation, wherein, besides enjoying security from the vengeance of the law, which was the first object to be aimed at, I should not be left to the dangerous duty of taking care of myself.

I rode with great speed, for the first two or three miles, being all the while in terrible fear of pursuit ; but, by and by, I slackened a little in my gait, the night being still very dark and gusty,

and the road, like all other roads in New Jersey, intolerably rough and dangerous. As my fears subsided, my griefs began to usurp their place; and the thought of my forlornness and banishment—of my benefactor, whom I loved well, and of Nanna whom, I discovered, I loved still better, both now lost to me, and perhaps forever—weighed so heavily upon my heart, that I gave myself up to despair, and lamented my fate with floods of tears. In this melancholy employment I continued a mile further; and would perhaps have continued all night, had it not been for an incident that presently befel, and aroused a multitude of other feelings.

I had arrived at a place, where, at the bottom of a slaty hill, a by-road, that came in a roundabout way from the town, joined, and terminated in, the highway upon which I was traveling; and the hill being pretty bare, for it was a barren, dreary place, so as to offer no obstacle to the transmission of sounds, and the winds lulling at the time, I was made sensible, first, by the animation and snorting of my steed, Bay Tom, and then by the surer evidence of my own ears, that a horseman was upon the by-road, descending the hill, and at as round a trot as myself. This discovery filled me with confusion, for I did not doubt it was one of the many pursuers, who were, in all probability, by this time, scouring the country in search of me.

Afraid to turn back, as that would be only to rush into the hands of, perhaps, a whole band of constables and deputy sheriffs from the town, and relying upon the speed of Bay Tom, who was of good blood, and had a genealogy ten times longer than my own, I increased my pace, in the hopes of getting beyond the by-road before the enemy had left it: after which, I intended to show him as clean a pair of heels as possible.

To my dismay, the stranger increased his pace in like manner; and the thunder of his hoofs, which grew louder and louder every moment, as the roads converged nigher together, shook the hill. It was plain he was riding as furiously as myself, determined to get before me to the bottom of the hill, and so intercept me. I spurred the harder: the enemy did the same; and both came thundering together at the meeting of the roads, where my terror, which was now mounted to a pitch of perfect ecstasy, was completed by the bloody-minded villain flashing a pistol in my face, and exclaiming with a voice of fury and desperation—"Death before dishonor! I won't be taken alive!"

The flash of the pistol brought my horse upon his hams, frightened out of his wits, as I was out of mine ; but judge my astonishment when I recognized in those terrible tones the voice of my friend Dicky Dare ! who, a fugitive like myself, and, like myself, prepared to see everybody an emissary of justice, had made precisely the same mistake I had done, had taken me for a deputy sheriff, as I had taken him, had aimed, and sorely striven, to be first in at the meeting of the roads, with the same intention of escape ; and finding himself, as I had done, intercepted and caught, had, very *unlike* me, resolved to sell his life dear, and so came within an ace of blowing my brains out.

"Dicky Dare !" cried I.

"Sy Tough !" quoth he.

These were our exclamations ; and, the next moment, we burst into a roar of laughter, in which, fright, sorrow and everything else, save the ridiculousness of the rencontre, was for a while entirely forgotten.

Having exercised our lungs in this way until the humor of merriment was satisfied, we came to a mutual explanation ; and I found that General Dicky was, like myself, an outcast and exile, cast upon the world to seek his fortune—that we were brothers in distress, as we had been in mischief.

He, it seemed, after retiring from the battle-ground, had made his way home, though without any preliminary visit to the fields or dip in a ditch, and not without some doubts, as he confessed, as to "what the lawyers would think of the matter," which grew more strongly upon him, when, presently, a friend of his father, Captain Dare, suddenly broke in with the fatal intelligence of M'Goggin's being at the point of death, the application for the warrants, etc. ; whereupon the father, eyeing his promising heir for a moment, with ire and indignation, at last roared out—"D— your blood, if you're so good at killing, go kill the enemies of your country !" An injunction worthy of a Roman or Spartan, which was followed by Captain Dare giving him a horse, a sorrel nag of no great value, greatly inferior, indeed, to my own blooded charger, a hanger, and a pair of pistols ; to which he added a small supply of money—an article that the gratitude of the Republic took good care he should never be greatly overburdened with—and then ordered him to be gone to the nearest army, to "fight like a bulldog, and if need should be, to die like one."

This was exactly the thing for General Dicky, whose soul was as eager for conflict as a young charger's, and "smelt the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting ;" and who, in fact, from all I could discover, seemed to look upon the killing of M'Goggin as the happiest act of his life, inasmuch as it was to that alone he owed the gratification of his dearest hope and most enthusiastic desire ; that is, to which he *would* owe it, provided he should be so happy as to escape the harpies of the law, of whom he was in some dread, as his late transports had made manifest.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Another terrible adventure befalls, and Robin Day saves his money and loses his friend.*

MEANWHILE, we had not paused to enter into these explanations, but rode onward at such speed as the nature of the road permitted; and the martial equanimity wherewith the brave Dicky seemed to bear the misfortune of the murder, which, in fact, he professed to consider a mere accident of war, had the effect of somewhat enlivening my own spirits. We found, to our mutual delight, that both were bound, in the first instance, to Philadelphia; and Dicky demanded what were my designs, after I should get there. I told him I was to go to sea in a privateer, as my patron had arranged for me; a declaration that gave him extreme disgust.

"Upon my honor, and soul, and conscience, by Julius Cæsar," said he, "I would as lief go to battle in a meal-bag, tied up to the chin. It's all small game, this sea business—a fight between two dirty little ships—a dog and a pig squabbling in a gutter;—twelve killed and twenty wounded, and a hellaballoo in the newspapers. Give me," he cried, with enthusiasm, "a fight where there is a thousand killed of a side, or it may be twenty thousand, with scratches in proportion; five or six hundred field pieces blazing away, slambang, all together—fifty thousand muskets peppering all at once, bayonets shining, horses charging, trumpets clanging, drums rattling—rub-a-dub-a-dub—with generals, and field-m Marshals, and cocked hats and feathers, and all that, my fellow! by Julius Cæsar, that's the thing for me! But your nasty ships—all tar and bilgewater, brine, slush, stale junk, and mouldy biscuit—rolling about—sick as a dog, no soul in you—nothing but firing off cannon and making wood fly—nobody killed worth talking about—a small business—'pon my honor, and soul, and conscience—by Julius Cæsar, a small business!"

"But remember, Dicky," said I, somewhat moved at his con-

temptuous picture of my destined profession—"remember the prize-money."

"Curse the prize-money," said Dicky Dare, with the lofty spirit of a soldier; "I go for the glory! However," he added, relapsing into sentiments not so high-flown, "there's the booty that a soldier has, to put against your prize-money: and there's sometimes grand picking after a battle, especially in an enemy's country. Think of a city taken by storm, by Julius Cæsar!—the shops, the banks with vaults full of money!—the rich houses, and stables full of elegant horses!—the churches with golden candlesticks and all sort of things! the heaps of plate, the rings, and the jewels! Ah, by Julius Cæsar, it's no such small matter, that booty, after all. However, I don't stick for that; the honor's the thing, the fame and the greatness, my fellow; and *that's* enough for a soldier."

With this the gallant general, after indulging in another tirade against the meanness and insignificance of existence at sea, particularly in a privateer, which he held to be no better than life in an oyster-boat, proposed I should give up the design, and unite my fortunes with his; that is, turn soldier; for which, having a good horse, and some of the sinews of war in my pocket, he held me admirably well qualified. It was his intention to proceed without delay to the theatre of war on the Chesapeake, which was the nearest field of distinction; and there, he doubted not, we should play the very mischief with the enemy, and cover ourselves with immortal renown.

The idea was not disagreeable to my inclinations. The voyage in the privateer I had not yet had time to reflect upon, nor to ask myself what appetite I, whom my early adventures had imbued with an inveterate horror of salt water, might have for it. The conversation of Dicky recalled me to a memory of my disgust, and I felt a stirring desire to unite with him in his noble enterprise; whereby I should both avoid the terrors of the sea and secure to myself the company and countenance of Dicky, whom I recognized as a superior genius, and ardently longed to have as a companion.

But as I could not prevail upon myself to attempt an adventure so important without the consent of my patron, who had assigned to me another career, and to whose will I was desirous to yield implicit submission, as some amends for my past misconduct, I

proposed deferring my answer until we got to Philadelphia ; whence I promised to write to Dr. Howard, and request his permission to seek my fortune on dry land.

To this proposition the General very readily agreed, declaring that a day or two could make no difference, that he had heard there was great fun in the big cities, and that the theatres were the finest places in the world ; and besides, he added, having discovered I had made the highly unmilitary blunder of setting out without any arms, while he, on the contrary, was armed to the teeth, we should want a day or two to fit me out with the proper weapons and other munitions of war ; among which, in the warmth of his fancy, he seemed disposed to consider as highly proper, though he would not pretend to say they were indispensably necessary, a brace of General's uniforms, with chapeau and feather, and epaulettes, complete. But as these articles, he admitted, were expensive, it was proper to consider how we stood provided with the needful. Accordingly, he demanded how much money the "old codger," as he irreverently termed my benefactor, had given me. I replied, "I did not know : the doctor had given me a pocket-book, which I had in my pocket ; but I had not time to examine it, and I knew not what were its contents."

"As for me," said Dicky, with an important tone, "I never go into a campaign without knowing what is in the military chest ; and, by Julius Cæsar, when dad gave me his purse, I took good care to count all the money in it ; and, by Julius Cæsar" (speaking as if he expected me to be astonished), "there's fifty dollars in it !"

But this was a fortune to Dicky ; who, from the poverty of his father, had always been kept bare of money, and never expected, perhaps, to handle such a sum in his life. But mean as the sum appeared to me, who, besides having been always lavishly supplied, had been accustomed to hear my patron speak of his thousands and tens of thousands (for he was a very rich man), I was astonished, as Dicky anticipated ; though, as it happened, not so much at the vastness of his treasure as at a danger which suddenly invaded it.

We had, by this time, left our homes some fifteen or twenty miles behind us, and had just descended one of the many vile hills by which our speed was retarded, coming to a wild place very dark with woods, and very dismal, where the road seemed to fork ;

and we were about to halt, to debate upon our route, when, all of a sudden, a man leaped from among the bushes, and seizing both our horses by the bridles, exclaimed—"D—n my eyes! if you're so flush in the locker, I *ain't*. Your money, or your blood!"—a demand whose abruptness threw me into such mortal terror that I thrust my hand into my pocket, intending to give him all I had, and beg for mercy besides. General Dare received the application in quite another way. "My blood, then, by Julius Cæsar!" cried the valiant youth, who pulled out a pistol, and fired it without ceremony in the highwayman's face, bawling, at the same time, "Surrender you dog, or die!"

The shot did instant execution, first upon the robber, who fell to the earth, with a curse and a groan, and then upon our horses, neither of which displayed the courage to be expected of chargers bound to the battle-field, but, on the contrary, fell to plunging and prancing like incarnate fiends; and then, each choosing a different fork of the road, betook them to all their speed, whether we would or not, leaving the wounded highwayman to his fate.

To this inglorious flight, I, obeying in my own instincts, which were pretty much like those of the animal's, should not, I believe, have opposed any particular objections, had it not been for the separation from General Dare; but of this I was for a time unconscious, the frenzy of Bay Tom, who, besides running as hard as he could, made sundry desperate attempts to get rid of his rider, giving me no leisure to think of anything but the preservation of my own neck. Nor did I recover my composure until the animal, having continued his flight for about half a mile, suddenly came to a stop among a crew of wagoners, who, with their wagons, were encamped for the night in front of a little tavern on the wayside, greatly patronized by worthies of that class; and finished the adventure by flinging up his heels, in a fury, I suppose, of delight at his happy escape; whereby I was very suddenly transferred from his back to that of a wagoner, who had got up to stir the fire, and was now prostrated by the vigor of the salutation.

The man, at first frightened, and then enraged, awoke his companions by his exclamations; and they came tumbling out of their carriages, threatening dire things against the invader of their rest; but when I had informed them of the cause of the accident, and the attack of the highwayman, they abated their rage, or rather



directed it to the robber, whom they immediately swore they would take, dead or alive. Each seized upon a horse, and the man whom I had prostrated, jumped without any ceremony, upon Bay Tom ; thus putting it out of my power to accompany them—as perhaps I should have willingly done, to seek for my friend Dicky—and away they galloped to the field of battle.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

*A still more extraordinary adventure, in which Robin Day falls among Philistines, and is convicted of highway robbery; and how he escapes the dangers thereof.*

IN the meanwhile, the tavern-keeper had got up, and opened his doors, and I was glad to shelter me in his bar-room, where was a cheerful fire. He plied me with questions about the robbery, which I satisfied as well as I could, and then about myself, making little ceremony in asking who I was, whence I had come, whither I was going, why I traveled at night, etc.; questions which I could not answer without some appearance of confusion and equivocation (for I feared lest he should discover I was a fugitive from justice), which gave him an unfavorable opinion of me, and excited suspicions not altogether advantageous to my character.

Fortunately for me, his interrogatories were soon put an end to by the return of the wagoners, who had found the robber lying senseless on the road, dragged him with no great tenderness between them to the tavern, and now haled him into the bar-room, where he displayed a figure that inspired me with dread.

He was a stout, sinewy, middle-aged man, dressed like a sailor, with a tarpaulin knapsack on his back, a new blue cloth jacket, and old canvas trousers exceedingly well daubed with pitch, and no hat or cap, that covering having been lost in the scuffle. He had a most savage countenance, covered with whiskers, beard, and hair, all black and grizzled, with a swarthy skin that was now, owing to faintness and loss of blood, of a cadaverous, leaden color; and there were drops of blood on his forehead, coming from some wound on the head, and a more plentiful besprinkling on his shirt, that added to the grimness and ferocity of his appearance.

The roughness with which he had been dragged from the road had stirred up the latent powers of life and he was beginning to rouse from his insensibility, as the wagoners brought him into the room, vociferating a thousand triumphant encomiums upon their

own courage, and as many felicitations upon the prospect they thought they had, both of being rewarded by the Governor of the State for apprehending such a desperate villain, and of seeing him hanged into the bargain. Being in such a happy mood, they agreed with great generosity to treat their prisoner to a glass of grog, with a view of enlivening his spirits and recalling his wits ; and this being accordingly presented, and immediately swallowed with great eagerness, had the good effect of restoring him at once to his faculties. This he made apparent by suddenly bending an eye of indignant inquiry on his captors, who held him fast by the collar, and by exclaiming, in corresponding tones,—“Sink my timbers, shipmates ! do you intend to murder, as well as rob me ?”

This address, which filled them with surprise, the wagoners answered by telling him, “they were no robbers, but *he* was, as he should find to his cost ;” a charge that, to my amazement, the honest man, instead of admitting in full, repelled with furious indignation, swearing that, instead of being a robber, he had himself been robbed by a brace of rascally land-rats on the road under their noses—plundered of a huge store of prize-money, the gains of a whole year of fighting, which he was carrying to his wife and children in Philadelphia, and knocked on the head into the bargain ; that he would have the blood of the villains, whom he could swear to, and would pursue to the ends of the earth ; and if they, the wagoners, were honest fellows, and loved a sailor that had been fighting their battles on the stormy seas, they would help him to catch the rascals, instead of jawing him like a thief and a pirate—they would, split him.

This address, delivered with matchless effrontery, and with an air of injured and insulted innocence quite indescribable, had the effect of staggering several of the captors, who evidently began to think they had made a mistake ; while others laughed it to scorn ; and one of them called me forward (for I had kept, from modesty and fear, in the background,) to confront the fellow ; which I did, though with no good heart, having a great dread of his ferocious looks. But, however terrible the robber appeared in my eyes, I, it seems, possessed an appearance equally alarming in his ; for no sooner had he caught sight of me, than he roared out, “That’s one of the land-sharks, sink me !” and starting back, with the air of one endeavoring to overcome a fit of trepidation, called upon some

of the company to give him a pistol or cutlass, and upon the others to "hold the villain fast, for he could swear his life against me."

I was confounded at this sally; and as the sailor had every appearance of being in earnest, and the wagoners looked as if vastly inclined to believe his story, I began to have my doubts whether I was not a robber in reality. To complete my confusion, the innkeeper now swore "*he* had had his suspicions of me from the first," and said I ought to be searched for the sailor's money. A furious contention arose among the wagoners, some insisting that I was, others that I was not, the robber; the former arguing my innocence from the fact of my coming of my own accord into their camp; while the others, among whom was the man upon whose back I had been pitched, declared the visit was not voluntary, but that I had been thrown among them by my horse, entirely against my will, and had invented the story of my having been robbed, only to prevent their arresting me as the robber.

And during all this time, the real Simon Pure, the highwayman himself, kept up a terrible din, calling me a thief and pirate, demanding a weapon, insisting that the wagoners should hold me fast; and, in the midst of all his rage, discovering so much disinclination to come within arm's length of me, who was, on my part, ready to swoon with dismay, that some of the company were scandalized at his cowardice; which was the more remarkable in one of his age and warlike profession, and assured him "the little boy," as they contemptuously termed me, "would not eat him."

Encouraged, or pretending to be encouraged, by this assurance, (for the crafty knave was merely playing a part,) he threw aside his fear, seized me by the collar, and gave me a furious shaking, overwhelming me with denunciations and maledictions; and the others of the company, moved by the same imitative impulse, which, when one dog of a village attacks a currish visitant, leads all the other dogs of the town to set upon the stranger in like manner, fell upon me likewise; so that I thought I should have been shaken to death among them.

It was in vain I remonstrated, and protested my own innocence and the guilt of the sailor. The latter worthy grew more furious and determined every moment; and finding that I had a horse at the door, he carried his audacity to the pitch of claiming him as his own, or rather as his captain's, which, he said, he was carrying

to Philadelphia for his commander ; swore I had knocked him off that very beast's back, and then run off with him ; and ended by jumping upon Bay Tom's back, and riding immediately off, for the purpose, as he said, of hunting up my accomplice, "the other villain," who had made off with his prize-money ; in which undertaking he invited the assistance of the wagoners, promising a handsome reward to any who should help him to a sight of the pirate. This induced two or three of them to mount their horses ; and I had the satisfaction of seeing the scoundrel, whose unparalleled impudence had thus carried him through, gallop away with my patron's horse, leaving me a prisoner in his place.

I was nearly distracted by this turn of affairs ; and seeing no other way left to release myself from the hands of the innkeeper and his customers, and persuade them to attempt the recovery of the horse before it was too late, I made a merit of necessity, and told them who I was, and the causes of my adventurous journey.

This only made matters a hundred times worse than before ; for the wagoners, now discovering I was a fugitive from justice, and trusting there might be a reward offered for my apprehension, which they had it in their power to secure, immediately locked me up in a little room in the garret ; whence I could hear them through the chinks of the floor, debating with one another whether they should immediately carry me back to the town I had left, or detain me a prisoner, until made certain that a reward had been actually proclaimed for my delivery. As neither of these alternatives possessed any charms for me, but, on the contrary, filled me with new desperation, I began to cast about for some means of escape ; and I had the good fortune to discover a window, through which I found no great difficulty in creeping out upon the roof, and thence, by means of a shed, and a willow-tree that grew beside it, of dropping on the ground.

## CHAPTER XV.

*How Dicky Dare meets and routs two armies of wagoners, while Robin Day plays the Babe in the Wood.*

My escape from the tavern and the wagoners thus effected, I ran with all my speed to the nearest wood, glad to be a freeman once more, though with the loss of my horse and saddlebags, in which latter was all my clothes; and the loss of it was the more provoking, as I had snatched it from Bay Tom's back, when the wagoner mounted him, and so saved it from the robber only to leave it to the tender mercies of his captors. But the loss was, after all, not so very great; for the villains, notwithstanding their threats, having abstained from searching my pockets, I was still in possession of my pocket-book, and the letter to Mr. Bloodmoney, as well as the string of beads, which my patron had insisted I should put round my neck.

I was, I am certain, more grieved at the loss of my friend Dicky, whose disappearance I knew not how to account for, than at any other deprivation, as I had now greater need than ever of his countenance and assistance. But as I knew not where to look for him, and felt it needful to improve the time in getting as far as possible from the dangerous vicinity of the tavern, I did not pause to lament or consider; but discovering the points of the compass by the gray streaks of the dawn, which were beginning to appear, I turned my face towards the southwest, which I judged to be pretty nigh the direction of Philadelphia, and set forward with all the vigor I possessed, hoping to make my way, like a wild Indian, through the woods.

And here I may as well inform the reader what became of my friend Dicky, the history of whose adventures I did not learn until many weeks afterwards. He had had, like me, the misfortune to be run away with by his horse, which, plunging into a wood, managed to get rid of the General, after a time, by brushing him off against a bough, and then ended the race by plunging into a swamp,

where he stuck fast, and was presently found by Dicky, who, after an hour of toil, succeeded in extricating him from the mire. This done, Dicky rode back to the battle-ground, and thence to the tavern, at which he arrived only a few moments after I had left it, and, indeed, just as my jailers had made discovery of my flight, which had thrown them into a ferment of rage and disappointment.

The appearance of Dicky, who, by the questions he asked after me, they discovered to be my fellow robber and accomplice in flight, and who would therefore prove as valuable a capture as myself, was the signal for an assault that they instantly made upon him, but which the valiant Dicky, no wise disconcerted by their numbers, repelled with equal resolution and discretion. Snatching at his pistols, which the practice of the night had already made him familiar with, he let fly among the assailants, shooting one of them right through the hat, who, leaping back in mortal terror, overthrew a companion, with whom he fell to the earth; and both believing themselves dead men, they yelled out in such a horrible way that the others were struck with consternation, and immediately put to flight. Of this the youthful general, who was too much of a soldier to pursue a success too far, took instant advantage by riding off, though only, as it appeared, to encounter a new danger. The wagoners who had pricked away with the villainous sailor in quest of my fancied accomplice, were by this time returning from the expedition, after having been by some unaccountable accident separated from their leader, whom, with Bay Tom, they were never destined to see again, and they had arrived so nigh the little inn as to hear the sounds of conflict, and even to see, though indistinctly, (for the morning was yet but little advanced,) the rout of their companions and the retreat of the victor, whom, not doubting him to be the identical highwayman they had been seeking, they now made preparations to intercept, taking up such a position on the road as rendered a passage through them desperately difficult, if not wholly impracticable. But Dicky's soul was now up in arms; his late victory had given double edge to his courage, so that he eyed his opponents with disdain, and resolved to cut his way through them or die nobly in the attempt. And for this undertaking there was now the greater necessity, as he perceived the assailants he had just put to flight had caught sight of their comrades, and, being encouraged by the reinforcement,

were making demonstrations of a design to attack him on the rear.

He rode forward, therefore, preserving a good countenance, and having come within striking distance, discharged, without any hesitation, his remaining pistol at his foes ; and then, drawing his hanger, he charged upon them at full gallop, using his weapon with such fury, slashing one over the back, slicing the fingers of a second, and nearly poking out the eyes of a third, that the wagoners, who had been already somewhat disconcerted and disordered by the pistol shot, were thrown into a panic, and fled from before the terrors of his face ; until a lucky gap in a fence gave them an opportunity of darting into the woods, and so escaping the terrible thracks which he dealt around him with relentless rigor. The road being thus cleared, the young champion pursued his way ; and giving me up for lost, or supposing, (as he afterwards told me,) that I was before him on the road, he spurred onward with such vigor as to reach Philadelphia before the close of the day, the distance from our town being fully sixty miles.

As for me, I made no such speed in my journey, which I was obliged to perform on foot. For though I discovered, upon examining the pocket-book, that my good patron had supplied me with abundant means even to have bought another horse, had I chosen, or to have traveled in any other way, I was so terrified at the mishaps that had already befallen me, and was in such fear of being apprehended a second time, that I avoided the highway altogether ; and even resorted to lanes and by-ways only because I found it impossible to make any progress in the woods ; where, besides being always bewildered, I was in danger of perishing with famine. I made one or two efforts to hire a horse of farmers in lonely places, but found no success, none of them liking my looks or account of myself, which, I doubt not, were both suspicious enough ; and as some of them betrayed an inclination, or so I thought, to detain me upon speculation, in the hope that they might make something by it, I found myself compelled to give over all attempts of that kind, and trust to my own legs for safety. Nay, as I perceived there was a danger even in visiting their houses for food or shelter, because they were all so inquisitive, and so distrustful, when they perceived my hesitation in answering their questions, I took means to make such visitations unnecessary, by buying, in a small village I passed through, a little wallet



or knapsack, which I crammed with food, and such other necessities as I could procure, and slung upon my back. Thus provided, I trudged along with greater independence, and in less fear, and even had the hardihood to sleep one night in the woods, though in horrible discomfort from the cold, and a furious rain that fell that night.

From these causes, it happened that I traveled very slowly; and it was not until the afternoon of the third day that I arrived at the town of Camden, on the Delaware; and thence, in a ferry-boat, crossed over to Philadelphia, whose huge size and endless array of ship masts and chimneys, stretched in a waving line along the river, filled me with astonishment and alarm. I was landed by the ferryman at the foot of High Street, which, as it was a market day, was full of people, and especially shad-women, from one of whom, whose basket I had the misfortune to make my first step into—being beside myself with wonder and confusion—I received a benediction much more eloquent than elegant, and would perhaps have had a box on the ear also, had I not made a precipitate retreat out of her reach and the region of the fish market.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Robin Day arrives at Philadelphia, and meets many adventures therein and some grievances, which he cures with a pinch of snuff.*

HAVING got over my first amazement at the sight of such a prodigious number of houses and people, and emerged from a species of dejection which held me for a moment at the thought of my insignificance and almost nonentity among such a multitude of men, I began to enjoy greater ease and contentment of mind than I had known for several days. My very insignificance, it appeared to me, was my best protection, for "sure," thought I, "among so many people I shall be in little danger of my pursuers, the constables and deputy sheriffs, who might hunt for me in such a city for weeks in vain."

With this encouraging reflection, my natural spirits returned at length to such a degree, that instead of jumping into the gutter to make room for every body that passed, as I had modestly done at first, I elbowed my way along like others, endeavoring to assume, as far as I could, the air of ease and the step of busy haste which seemed to characterize the citizens.

In this I succeeded to my wish, and had just begun to conceit myself almost a citizen, and to fancy that everybody else so considered me, when my equanimity received a blow from the wheelbarrow of a black porter, who, coming up from behind, whistling Yankee Doodle with a vigor that drowned the creaking of his wheel, tumbled me into a lot of pottery arranged along the pavement, whereby, though I received no greater injury than a rent or two in my coat, great damage was done among the merchandise.

This accident, which might have moved the concern of any rational being, its cause, the negro, did not seem in the least to regard, but went on his way, whistling as before ; which incensing me, I started up, intending to chastise him for his impudent assault with a staff I had cut in the woods and still retained.

But here I was doomed to a disappointment, the dealer in wash-bowls and pattipans seizing me by the collar, and declaring I should not leave him until I had paid for the damage I had done, which he estimated at two or three dollars, though he afterwards abated his demand to one. I would have remonstrated upon the injustice of making me pay for a mischief evidently caused by the negro ; but my merchant only grew angry, and declared he would carry me to the nearest justice ; which was an alternative so frightful to me, who had such terror of, and such occasion to keep at a distance from, all limbs of the law, that I consented to satisfy his demand, and handed him a five-dollar bill accordingly. But this being a New Jersey note, which, he affirmed, was, like the bills of all New Jersey banks, at a discount, he refused to receive it, unless I allowed him an additional half-dollar by way of premium ; and I was about yielding to his demand, when a decent looking man stepped forward, inveighed against the roguery of the fellow for endeavoring, as he said, to take advantage of my youth and ignorance, swore that New Jersey bank-bills were never at a discount, but always at par, and ended by giving the fellow a dollar bill of some Philadelphia bank, and handing me four others as change ; which being done, he clapped my Jersey note into his own pocket, and walked off to escape the thanks with which I, charmed with his politeness and liberality, was disposed to overwhelm him.

This occurrence gave me a high idea of the generosity and kindness of Philadelphians to strangers ; which was only abated by my discovering, as I did about five minutes afterwards, that the four bills given me by the good-natured stranger were counterfeit, and my liberal gentleman a rascally swindler, who had rescued my youth and ignorance from the jaws of the pottery merchant, only to enjoy a huger bite of them himself.

Having accomplished this adventure, I proceeded onward, intending to hunt my way to some respectable hotel, without asking assistance of any one to direct me ; a measure that I thought was needless, and which I had, besides, the greater aversion to, as it would be to acknowledge myself a stranger ; and I considered that the fewer who knew *that*, the less would be my danger of discovery.

I had not well got over the anger I had been thrown into by the assault of the porter, when it was my fate to encounter another blackamoor, a strapping tatterdemalion, who had upon his shoulder

an axe and beetle, with a brace of iron wedges suspended by a string, which he clinked together as he went, crying at intervals, "Wood ! wood ! split wood !" with a very nasal twang, and a melodious snap quite inimitable. This vagabond, who seemed as deeply engaged in the enjoyment of his music as the porter had been, I very naturally expected would get out of the way, as he passed me ; instead of doing which, he stalked against me, as if entirely ignorant of my presence, or quite indifferent to it ; and I was, in a twinkling, laid upon my back by his maul, which struck me on the head, while his two wedges, at the same time, beat such a tattoo on my breast, that I thought, during the instant of contact, they would have drummed my heart out. I leaped up, greatly exasperated, and snatched at my stick to beat the villain ; who, perceiving my design, which was made the more manifest by some abusive epithet I let fly at him, paused a moment, and regarding me with extreme astonishment and contempt, exclaimed — " Guy ! guess the younker's a fool ! Git out of *my* way, will you ? " And with these words, and the addition of his usual twanging note, " Wood ! wood ! split wood !" he passed on, leaving me covered with rage and mortification, which were the greater for my not having dared to beat him ; for, in truth, while he spoke, he laid hold of his beetle as if resolved to requite any attack I should presume to attempt, by making a wedge of me, and driving me through the pavement.

In two minutes more I encountered a similar accident ; a third negro running against me with a violence that pitched me into a cellar, where was a cooper making cedar barrels or churns, one of which I had the satisfaction to demolish, just as he had completed his task of putting its different parts together. And here, again, I expected to be met with a claim for damages, but my cooper was a good-natured fellow, and, having eyed me a moment with surprise, while I was dragging my leg from amid the ruins of his work, he said, as if giving me friendly counsel, " You've kicked the barrel to pieces this time, my fine fellow ; take care, the next, you don't kick the bucket." Which piece of wit—for a piece of wit, I believe, he considered it—having passed his lips, he burst into a haw-haw of approbation at his own smartness ; and I, cursing him in my heart for his insensibility to my pangs—for I had broken my shin by the accident—and mad with vexation and a vengeful desire to punish the author of my misfortunes, clamb-

ered up to the street again, but only to find that the victorious rascal had vanished away.

These three several assaults led me to further observation of the deportment of the colored gentlemen of Philadelphia, and I was soon convinced that they were, next to the pigs, the true aristocracy of the town, or, at least, of the streets thereof. I perceived that all passers-by of white complexion and genteel appearance, of all ages and both sexes, gave the way to their sable brethern, stepping reverentially aside to let them pass, and that, if they did not, the chance was that the sable brethern would revenge the slight by jostling them into the gutter or any open packing-box that lay convenient. I observed also, that there was nothing to be gained by the sufferer remonstrating in such cases, except a deal of insolent and abusive language, which the lords of the *trottoir* had always ready at command, by way of convincing the complainant that they were as good as himself, if not a great deal better. The insolence of the black republicans was to me astonishing, though not more so than the general submissiveness with which I found it endured. I saw one fellow, a porter with a wheelbarrow, execute, upon a well-dressed lady, the same feat that his comrade had lately performed upon me; that is, he knocked her down with his carriage, though not upon a pile of pottery; and the only apology the villain made was a great horse-laugh, and a giggling cry of "Couldn't help it, Missus, 'pon wudder honor!" Nor did I find a single one of the many persons who witnessed the aggression and helped the lady to her feet, who was disposed to resent it further than by declaring, "the colored people were growing too insolent," except, indeed, myself, who, being, by this time, boiling over with indignation, saluted the grinning baboon with a thwack of my staff over the shins, which had the effect of surprising him into a very singular leap or dodge that carried him head-foremost into his own barrow, the back of which giving way under the blow, he went shooting over the wheel like a ship at a launch rushing down her rollers into the dock, ploughing his way with his nose over the bricks in a manner that was astonishing to behold. For this salutation, it is highly probable, I should have received in return a furious drubbing from the incensed gentleman had not a shopkeeper who stood at his door surveying the spectacle, advised me to retreat before the negro had recovered his feet, assuring me that he (the blacky) would have me immediately taken

up and carried before a magistrate, by whom I would be heavily fined for the liberty I had taken.

The name of magistrate was sufficient to put me on my best behavior ; and I left the place, accordingly, without delay. But I was still so much enraged at the insolence of these black gentry, having never before been accustomed to see any that were not very polite and humble in their carriage, that I could not resist an impulse, which now seized me, to provide in advance a suitable punishment—that is, of a character that should not endanger myself—for the next one I should happen to meet. Perceiving a tobacconist's shop at my elbow, I entered it, and bought some Scotch snuff, and a box to hold it ; and it was here that I made the discovery of my four bank-notes being counterfeit, the tobacconist refusing to receive them, and even showing some inclination to detain me and send for an officer to inquire how I had got them ; until I appeased his distrust by producing one of my Jersey bills, and relating how I had been imposed upon. This man I found to be as facetious as the cooper. Upon my demanding if he had any very strong snuff, he replied with a grin—" he had some so strong the box wouldn't hold it ;" and when I told him of my mishap with the pottery, he declared that " that was only a way of taking pot-luck uninvited." He consoled me for the imposition practised upon me with the four notes, by saying that, " whatever we might think of them, they were undoubtedly counterfeit—which he supposed, in plain English, meant fit for the counter." In short, this happy personage astounded me by a multitude of quibbles, which he produced as a hen does her eggs, with a furious cackle after each ; and then dismissed me with my box of snuff, which, its violence setting me sneezing as I left the door, he declared was, nevertheless, " not to be sneezed at."

I had not walked twenty steps, before I beheld a black fellow approaching, dressed like a dandy, though of the shabby genteel order, his hat cocked smartly on the side of his head, a rattan in his hand, with which he thwacked his boots at every second step, with a swaggering gait, and a look that said as plainly as if labeled in show-bill letters on his nose, which was the broadest part of his countenance, " Get out of my way, white man !"—an injunction very dutifully observed by every well dressed white man who met him.

As for me, who was not at all disposed to yield him such indul-

gence, but was, on the contrary, eager for the encounter, I loosened the cover of my snuff-box, as if to regale me with a pinch ; and, pretending to look over my shoulder, as if ignorant of his approach, continued to advance in the middle of the walk, until the gentleman, scandalized at my presumption, and resolved to punish it, suddenly came in contact with me in such a way, and with such violence, as must have prostrated me, had I not prepared myself for the assault. I took advantage of the concussion to tap the bottom of my snuff-box, from which the contents immediately flew into the rascal's face, filling eyes, nose, mouth, and lungs ; from which last there presently issued a most terrific yell of surprise and anguish, that was followed by a volley of shrieks and execrations without number, the fellow dancing about, in the agony of pain and blindness, in a manner highly consolatory to my insulted feelings. I crowned my triumph by exclaiming, as if with indignation and rage at my loss, " Hang you, you rascal, you've spilled my snuff ?" With which reproach, that served the purpose of both explanation and apology for the accident, to the persons who came crowding round the negro, I immediately took my departure, turning into another street and walking away with all the unconcern imaginable.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*A short chapter, showing the inconveniences of visiting the high places of hospitality in a tattered coat, with a pack on the top of it.*

THE sense of gratified revenge, added to that of security from my foes, had a favorable effect on my spirits and deportment, which latter was now as stiff as might be expected of a schoolboy entering upon the world with a high opinion of his own merits and importance ; and seeing a great hotel, that had the appearance of being one of the best in the city, and was therefore just the thing to suit me, I stepped boldly in, and going to the bar, demanded of a dapper personage who stood therein and rested for a moment from his labor of compounding slings and hailstones, by throwing his elbows on the bar, and his chin into his hands, in which position he very lazily and complacently regarded the groups of customers scattered about the room—if I could have lodgings. The gentleman raised his eyes, without disturbing the economy of his attitude, and surveyed me with a look of placid inexpressiveness, but made no reply ; seeing which, and supposing he had not heard me, I repeated the question. Upon this, he roused himself so far as to disengage his right thumb from his cheek, and point with it to the door, eyeing me still with a look that seemed to express little or nothing, but which I at last understood to convey an intimation that I might go the way I had come.

I was so enraged and mortified at this insulting repulse, that my first impulse was to lay my staff over the man's pate for his impertinence : but just then I observed a huge dog rear himself by his fore paws behind the counter, and eye me in a way that convinced me it would be dangerous to attempt any liberties with his impertinent master. To complete my confusion, I perceived, as I turned to depart, that every body was laughing at me, seeming to be vastly diverted at the insolence of the barkeeper, as well as my own unconcealed chargin ; a degree of cruelty and



boorishness, which, notwithstanding my shame, I had yet the courage to reprehend, by begging their pardon for having intruded upon them, because, as I said, "I supposed the house was a place of resort for gentlemen."

With this cut, which, in the innocency of my heart, I supposed was prodigiously witty and severe, but which only made my gentlemen laugh the louder, I left the house, and hunted my way, though with less confidence than before, to a second hotel, where I met a similar rebuff: at least, the barkeeper told me, with a sneer, "they never harbored runaway 'prentices;" and upon my retorting his impertinence, called a servant to put me out of the house. A third attempt resulted in equal mortification; and having made one or two more efforts, in vain, I began fairly to weep with vexation and shame; for I perceived that every body regarded me with contempt, as being entirely unfit to be received into decent lodgings, among genteel and respectable persons. This, I began to suspect, was all owing to the appearance of my clothes, which my travels through the woods had by no means beautified; and still more to the knapsack I carried, the effect of which, as I could well believe, was to give more the air of a pedler than a gentleman.

This consideration, and the mortifications I had already endured, besides reducing me in my own opinion, and making me feel very forlorn, caused me to debate whether I should not go to a tailor's shop, and transform myself immediately into a gentleman, or inquire out the residence of Mr. Bloodmoney, and betake myself immediately to him for advice and countenance. The latter alternative appearing to me most advantageous, I summoned courage enough to enter a little tavern, or chop-house, to make inquiry; and finding myself courteously received by a very greasy, bluff and mean-looking personage, who appeared the master of the house, and met me with a courteous demand what I would have,—  
"Tripe, chop, steak or soused sturgeon?"—and my appetite being pretty eager, I was glad to preface my questions with a dinner such as the man had to give me.

This accomplished, I asked after Mr. Bloodmoney, and received such directions as, I had no doubt, would enable me to find his house without further assistance; and as I had now (not knowing how better to provide myself) resolved to lodge in the steak-house, where the greasy man assured me I could have a very decent bed,

provided Mr. Bloodmoney should not direct me otherwise, I left my knapsack in the man's charge, and set out to report myself to that gentleman ; who, mine host gave me to understand, in a malicious way, was a "great bug," that is, a great personage, rolling in wealth ; which, for his part, he did not envy, because he was an honest man, who made his money honestly by the sweat of his brow, (he should have said the grease,) and not by grinding the face of the poor, and sending out ships in the slave trade, and getting into banks and using the people's money, and all that sort of thing. In short, my landlord was one of those honest personages who console themselves for their poverty by abusing their richer neighbors ; which I could see well enough : nevertheless, I thought this account of Mr. Bloodmoney might be true, as it is not always necessary that a rich and great personage should be a man of honor and virtue.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Robin goes in quest of Mr. Bloodmoney; and how he fares in the hands of that gentleman.*

It was already evening when I set out; and Mr. Bloodmoney's house being at a considerable distance, it was dark before I reached the street in which he resided, and endeavored, in the light of the lamps, to discover his dwelling.

While I was engaged in the search, which was the more difficult because the houses were all built after the same pattern, and none of them furnished with door-plates—for, it seemed, the citizens residing in this quarter were too great and distinguished to suppose anybody in the world could require such vulgar guides to their mansions—I had the misfortune to run against a man who was hurrying by; by which accident both of us were staggered and well nigh overthrown. The stranger, who, although a stout and muscular personage, and received the greater damage, ripped out a dreadful oath, and demanded what I meant by running against him, the question being asked in such a ferocious style of bullying and profanity, that I stood aghast, and began, as soon as I could gather the breath which had been knocked out of my body, to stammer forth excuses and apologies, assuring him, in my confusion, that I had been so intently occupied looking for Mr. Bloodmoney's house, that I had forgotten everything else, and so failed to notice his approach; and upon his demanding, which he did with some appearance of surprise, and another oath, what I wanted with Mr. Bloodmoney, I replied, with great frankness (for I thought, from his tone, he must be an acquaintance of the gentleman, and might therefore direct me to his house), that I had a letter for him from his friend and kinsman, Dr. Howard; and, indeed, I had it in my hand at the moment, having taken it from my pocket on arriving at the square.

"My friend, Dr. Howard?" cried the gentleman, with another oath, though in tones somewhat more amiable; and, as he spoke,

he whisked the letter out of my hand, and advanced to a lamp to read it, assuring me, to my amazement, that I had lighted upon my man, Mr. Bloodmoney himself.

While I was wondering both at the oddness of the encounter, and the singular conversation, manners, and appearance of the gentleman, which did not at all answer the opinions I had conceived of him, he opened the letter, withdrew the inclosure, consisting of several bank-notes, which, with a hearty and approving malediction on his blood and the lamplight, he transferred to his pocket, and then made an effort to read the letter ; but this was rendered vain by the insufficiency of the light and the impatience of the reader, who to every word he succeeded in spelling out, added a running commentary of execrations on the crabbedness of the chirography. Nevertheless, with the help of an occasional hint from myself, he made out enough to understand the nature of the application, of which he expressed his approval by observing, that, "when one was too big a rascal for the land, the sea was the only place for making him a gentleman ;" and then asked whether I had been "breaking a strong-box or slicing a weasand ?"

I replied, with some spirit—being, indeed, affected by the unsavory nature of these inuendoes—"that I was no such contemptible villain as he seemed to consider me, and knew nothing of broken strong-boxes or sliced weasands, but had had the misfortune to kill a tyrannical schoolmaster, or at the least, to beat him within an ace of his life ; for which it was thought ——." But here Mr. Bloodmoney burst into a laugh, shook me by the hand, and swore I was a fine fellow and should have a berth in the *Lovely Nancy*, which, it appeared, was the name of his privateer. This declaration he accompanied by asking, "how I stood furnished in the locker," or, as he afterwards expressed it, "what funds I had for my outfit ;" and upon my intimating, that, besides the sum contained in the letter, my patron would supply me further, according as he himself should direct, he swore, with every appearance of satisfaction, that he—that is, my patron, his friend and kinsman—was "the right sort of an old hunks," and invited me to follow him to a tavern, to discuss the matter at leisure. I was surprised he did not take me to his house, which was so near ; but perceiving from his conversation that he was an odd sort of personage, I followed at his heels without demur, and was led by him into a

very mean by-street and a mean-looking house; which he, however, declared was a snug and respectable place, fit enough for our business. Here he ordered a room, with a supper, which, being a very extemporary one of steaks and oysters, entered the room nearly as soon as ourselves; and being garnished with a flagon of ale and a bottle of wine, was attacked by him with a zeal and energy that struck me with as much surprise as I felt at his personal appearance, now revealed in the light of two tallow candles for the first time. He was a middle-sized man, but very muscular, as I mentioned before, dressed in clothes, which, though of good blue broad-cloth, were none of the newest or handsomest, and looked out of place upon him, who, I could not help thinking, had the air of a sailor in landsman's toggery; for which opinion there was the better reason, as his conversation had throughout a strong smack of the sea. His countenance was bold, and alternately repulsive and prepossessing; being now open and jocund, and now, if he but chanced to purse his brows together, as black and glum as Satan's. His skin was very dark, but I thought there was something of a sickly hue about it, as if he had but recently risen from a sick bed; though it was clear enough, from the strength of his appetite, that his disease was now entirely banished. He was a man of forty-five or more, and his hair, which was very long and bushy, and had been a jet black, was now becoming grizzled and frosty.

It struck me, as I surveyed the gentleman, that I had seen him before, and so, in the innocence of my heart, I told him, adding, that I supposed it must have been in former years, at my patron's house. "Ay, ay," he mumbled out of a corner of his mouth, which was too full of provender to admit an easy reply—"remember you well—a young porpoise-faced baboon; always told your father you'd bring up at the gallows."

"Sir," said I, glad to escape the compliment, "the Doctor is not my father, and you must mean his son, Tommy, who was drowned five years ago."

To this all that Mr. Bloodmoney designed to reply was, "Was he, d— him?" his further expressions of sympathy being cut short by a mouthful of oysters.

Having finished his supper and swallowed a tumbler of wine to fortify the ale which he had previously got rid of, he looked up and honored me with a stare, which was first severe, then wild—

or so I thought it, for it seemed to express inquiry mingled with astonishment—and then became placid and pleasant; and in this frame he continued looking me in the face for a minute or more, and then, bursting into a sudden and furious fit of laughter, exclaimed, as soon as the convulsion was over, "And so you were drowned five years ago, split me?"

"No, sir," said I, perceiving the gentleman had been in a reverie, and was not yet well out of it; "it was my friend Tommy."

"Oh, ay! what was I thinking of!" cried he, with another peal, which having indulged, he produced and read aloud my patron's letter, in which Mr. Bloodmoney was entreated to send me to sea as soon as possible, and to draw upon him for any sum necessary for my outfit, the amount inclosed (which, I believe was a hundred dollars,) being all that the hurry of the occasion enabled him to despatch with me. "Talks like a ship's pig!" grumbled the gentleman, by way of comment; "ought to have sent five hundred or a thousand; and might just as easy as not. Here, you, shipmate," he added, addressing me, "you, Timothy Howell, or what's your name, —"

"My name," said I, "is Robin Day."

"Very well—you Robin Day, write home to my cousin Howell—what's his name? Howard, split me! I could never bear it in mind, two glasses at a time, because how, Howell comes more natural; write home, curse me, and tell him to send you all the money he can raise, d'ye see, from five hundred up—the more the better."

"Sure," said I, "I thought it would not take so much to fit me out!"

"To fit out a cook's mate, or a powder-monkey," said Mr. Bloodmoney, with an air of disdain, "or, mayhap, a runt of a midshipman, with a head all rat-licked. Hark you, my skilligallee, you've sunk a schoolmaster; it's a sign of blood, and I like you; for I did the same thing in my young days, only that I blew the dog up with gunpowder, and left him as blind as a barnacle for life. Get the money, split me, and I'll make a man of you, and bring you home with a swab on your shoulder, and a whole ship-load of prize money. 'Pon my soul and conscience, split me, I'll make you a lieutenant, and take you into the cabin with me."

I was surprised to hear him talk thus, and told him I had no idea he ever commanded any of his vessels himself. "Brought up to

it," said the gentleman, who seemed to be a little flustered with the wine, which had vanished as fast as the ale; "began a boy before the mast, and learned to smell fire with them that knew how to teach me—I did, split me. I won't say nothing; but I say, my lark, you've heard of Captain Hellcat?" I was obliged to inform him I had not; at which he seemed both surprised and offended, assuring me that Captain Hellcat was the greatest man that ever boarded an enemy, and I nothing more than a green gosling that knew not so much as whether my nose pointed North or South of a Sunday; in fact, upon reflection, I found that I *had* heard of some such worthy, as I now confessed, but said I believed he was a pirate. This Mr. Bloodmoney very readily admitted, but swore he was an honest fellow for all, and a brave one; and seemed to intimate, as far as I could understand his language, which was frequently too nautical for my comprehension, that he had acquired a portion of his naval art under that honest commander, could navigate and fight a ship as well as any body, and would go to sea, if he felt in the humor, he would, split him.

With that, he ate an ounce or two of cabbage, as he said, to lay the liquor; asked me where I put up, and being told, commended my prudence in avoiding the public hotels; bade me write for more money, and keep myself in quiet till I received it; assured me I should hear from him, and ended by knocking for a waiter, asking what was the reckoning, and bidding me pay it; which having directed, and, truly, it was directed with all coolness and equanimity, he walked out of the room and the house, leaving me astounded at the oddness of his character.

I paid the bill as directed, though I did not think Mr. Bloodmoney showed either hospitality or good breeding in making me do so, and still less in not having once invited me to his house, nor even offered me protection from the inveteracy of my pursuers.

On the whole, I was greatly disappointed in the gentleman, and felt so little inclination to take a voyage with him, or with any captain in his employ, that I was now resolved, provided I might by any happy chance light upon Dicky Dare, to unite my fortunes with his, turn soldier with him, and trust to the eloquence of the representation I should make, to obtain forgiveness of my patron.

While pondering thus, returning to my lodgings, on Dicky Dare, and debating what steps I could most safely take to discover him, provided he had, like me, escaped the wagoners, I found

myself in front of a theatre; and remembering that Dicky had expressed on the road a great desire to rest in Philadelphia for a few days, were it only for the sake of visiting these temples of Thespis, I bought me a ticket and entered, in the hope that I might light upon my lost friend within. I had, I must confess, some fear lest I should stumble upon a less desirable acquaintance, perhaps a New Jersey constable, with a warrant for my apprehension in his hand; but the wine I had swallowed gave me courage, and I was too anxious to find my comrade, not to be willing to encounter a little risk. My fears, however, returned when I found myself in the house, exposed to a blaze of lamps, and to the eyes of a countless number of gaily dressed people, all of whom, I thought, were looking at me; in consequence of which, I retreated for safety to the darkest corner of the remotest box, where I lay perdu during the whole of the representation, of which I heard but little and saw less; for, in fact, I had no sooner recovered from my fears, than I fell sound asleep, being very weary and heavy, and so remained to the end of the afterpiece; when I was waked by the noise of the audience getting up and leaving the house. I departed with them, and was surprised, while making my way to my lodgings, to hear the clocks striking midnight.



## CHAPTER XIX.

*Robin Day is turned out of his lodgings, and hospitably invited to the house of a friend.*

I MADE my way without any difficulty to the chop-house, which, I had been in fear, from the lateness of the hour, I should find closed. I found it, however, open and filled with guests, who were, in general, of such a mean, and some of them of so raggamuffinly an appearance, and were, besides, drinking and carousing in so noisy and riotous a manner, that I was filled with disgust, and repented that I had not searched out a better lodging.

Nor was my uneasiness abated, when I ascended to the chamber where I was to sleep, and found it full of beds, in some of which lodgers were already soundly snoring, men, to all appearance, of a class no better than the roisterers below. I liked not the idea of sleeping in such company ; and even feared I might among them be robbed before morning. Upon examining my wallet, however, I found my apprehensions were, in this particular, entirely superfluous, and for the best reason in the world—namely, that I was robbed already ; the wallet, which was without lock and key, and only secured by straps and buttons, having been opened in my absence, and plundered of the few little articles of dress it had contained.

Counfounded and enraged at this discovery, I proceeded to the bar-room, where I preferred a complaint to mine host, exhibiting the empty pack as evidence of the truth of the charge ; and mine host was instantly in as great a passion as myself. The only difficulty was, that, instead of being in a rage *with*, he was in a passion *at* me, swearing, with great volubility, that the charge was a slander upon his house, and him—not to speak of his lodgers and guests, who were as honest people as any in the world ; and his guests—that is, such of them as were drinking in the bar-room—taking part against me, there was presently a furious quarrel be-

gun, some accusing me of robbing myself, others of robbing the sleepers up stairs, while a third class went the length of insisting that I had robbed the landlord, if not even themselves ; and all agreed that I ought either to be taken in hand by themselves and flogged on the spot, or given over to the watch ; both which penalties, I believe in my conscience, would have been enforced against me, had not one vagabond, who was wiser and more humane than the rest, proposed a new punishment, which was that I should treat the company to a gallon of gin, and then be turned out of the house. And this penalty was straightway put into execution, the company being treated to a glass all round at my expense (for I found I should be maltreated, if I refused to pay), and myself, the moment the libation was made and accounted for, turned neck and heels out of doors.

I was in a frenzy of rage at this vile and ignominious usage, and felt, for a moment, inclined to call the watch, and give the whole company into charge of the authorities ; but a moment's reflection satisfied me that my hard fate did not permit me to indulge in the sweets of revenge ; since the probability was that, whatever might be the fate of my oppressors, when brought before the Mayor, I should myself remain a victim in his hands. I was constrained, therefore, to rest satisfied with such smaller revenge as I had it in my power to enjoy ; and this I effected by launching a brickbat through the window of the bar-room into the midst of the revellers ; and, judging by the direful tumult that immediately ensued, I must have done considerable execution among them ; though this I did not wait to ascertain, but, on the contrary, took to my heels and ran, until persuaded I was no longer in danger of pursuit.

And now I began to be in despair, not knowing whither to direct my steps, or where to seek for shelter in all this great and inhospitable city ; when, by and by, my thoughts happily reverted to the little tavern where I had supped with Mr. Bloodmoney, and which, although of an appearance not a whit better than the chop-house, was yet, as Mr. Bloodmoney had said, a very decent sort of place, where I might, perhaps, procure a bed, provided its doors were still open.

Thither, accordingly, I resolved to make my way ; and I proceeded with greater speed, as I perceived that foul weather was brewing, with every appearance of a furious storm. Indeed, it

had been cloudy all the evening, and a gale of wind was already blowing, though as yet without rain ; but before I had gone much more than half the distance, it began to fall in showers, that grew every moment heavier and more frequent, so that I was by and by soaked to the skin.

To add to my distress, I became aware, after a time, that, what with the darkness and my hurry, I had missed my way, and knew not how to regain it, unless by betaking myself to a watchman ; which I was loth to do, as I thought that the chances were that he would take me up as a vagrant, and introduce me to lodgings I should like still less than those in the chop-house. As for asking assistance of other persons in the street, which I was well enough disposed to do, there was the great difficulty that no such persons were to be found, it being now after one o'clock, and the streets as solitary as the walks of a graveyard, in which I was the only ghost that roamed. The winds blew, the lightnings gleamed, the rains fell, the spouts rattled, the gutters gurgled, the shutters clattered, but I had it all to myself, and bade fair to have it so all night, being monarch of all I surveyed, the storm and the city, without, however, being the master of so much as a straw bed.

In this exigency, whilst I was now bewailing and now cursing my fate, which I began to consider the hardest in the world, now tumbling over a curbstone, and now plumping into a gutter, and all the while shivering with cold and despair, it was my hap to discover, when I least expected it, a man who seemed to be a wayfarer like myself, and no watchman—and, in truth, I had seen but little of the guardians of the night since the storm began.

As the individual was at a distance and only revealed to me by a flash of lightning, I was obliged to run forward to overtake him, which I soon did, and then asked him, with a voice all chattering with cold, if he could direct me where Mr. Bloodmoney lived ; not that I wished to find Mr. Bloodmoney's house in particular, but I knew, when once in the street where it stood, I could make my own way to the little tavern. To this question the gentleman answered by discharging a terrible oath that was directed especially against his eyes and blood, and asking, ejaculatorily, "whether the devils were all broke loose?" and "what I wanted with Mr. Bloodmoney?"

I thought I knew the voice ; and, indeed, a sheet of lightning now bursting over the sky and revealing his features, I saw to my

surprise that I had fallen a second time upon Mr. Bloodmoney himself.

He seemed, on his part, quite as much surprised, and demanded, with another choice execration, "what I was doing in the street, swimming about like a lost tadpole?"

I replied that I had been turned out of my lodgings, at which he was prodigiously diverted ; but he laughed still more when I told him how my knapsack had been rifled ; though he expressed some indignation at *that*, and swore that robbery was becoming intolerably frequent, and that strangers in a city were plundered and imposed upon by everybody—especially young ones.

I then told him how I had lost my way in attempting to find the little tavern, in which if I could not procure admission, I must walk the streets in the rain all night, as I knew not how else to help myself.

This I uttered in a very dolorous tone ; but its only effect was to increase the mirth of Mr. Bloodmoney, who told me I was "a pig in a strange latitude," with other expressions, which, from their abounding with salt-water technicalities, I did not exactly understand. He concluded, however, by declaring, in a sudden fit of hospitality, at which I was both surprised and pleased, that as he saw I was no more capable of taking care of myself than an unshelled oyster, he would carry me to his own house, and see what he could do for me ; and this resolution he immediately proceeded to put into execution by bidding me follow him, and leading the way to the square in which he lived. This, as it proved, was at no great distance, and I had soon the satisfaction of finding myself at the corner of the street where was a watchman's box that I had noticed before. As we passed it by, I perceived the wind had blown the door open and exposed the watchman sitting sound asleep ; which being noticed by Mr. Bloodmoney, he closed the door, "to keep the rain," as he said, with a smothered laugh, "from blowing in the poor fellow's face ;" though he immediately after swore "it was a rascally thing for the man to be thus snoozing away the night, who was so well paid for guarding the property of the citizens ;" adding that such negligence encouraged, and even invited burglary, and that he should not be surprised if some of the neighbors had their houses robbed that very night.

## CHAPTER XX.

*He finds himself in Mr. Bloodmoney's house, who makes great preparations to entertain him.*

As we walked towards the house, which was now nigh at hand, Mr. Bloodmoney gave me to understand there was sickness in his family, his wife being ill with a nervous fever, or "some such cursed out-of-sortishness," as he called it, which he mentioned, he said, not merely as a caution against making any noise after we should have entered, but as an excuse for the badness of the entertainment I might expect, since, as his servants were, by this time, all fast asleep in bed, and could not be roused—nor, indeed, do anything, if roused—without making such a clatter as must drive his wife distracted, there was nothing to be done but to wait upon ourselves. I hastened to assure him I should be very careful in obeying his injunctions, and begged that no trouble might be taken on my account, since all I desired was a bed to sleep in and some means of drying my clothes, the two robberies together having left me no others to shift myself.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," quoth Mr. Bloodmoney, laughing; and then added, with another of the oaths without which he seemed incapable of conducting any conversation, "If the sack is empty, so much the better, for I shall fill it with such a freight as it never carried before; I will, split me!"

With that, Mr. Bloodmoney ascended a suite of marble steps leading to the door of a very magnificent house—that is, magnificent so far as size was concerned; but, otherwise, it looked like a barn, being nothing but a great flat wall of red bricks, broken only by the windows, door, and a petticoat of white marble below, there being not one pennyworth of architectural design, or ornament of any kind, to be seen on any part of it, this being the approved fashion of building fine houses in Philadelphia. Here, bidding me "belay my jaw," for I was venturing a remark upon the storm, which was now raging with increased violence, and

pouring a deluge of rain, Mr. Bloodmoney, with a key, essayed the door, which, not opening as readily as he wished, he so far forgot his own injunctions as to let fly a multitude of execrations, first upon the door, then the key, and finally upon himself, all which and whom he abused with equal fervor ; and he had succeeded in consigning himself to what he called "the home of all the hellcats" before the door finally yielded to his efforts and let us in.

This happy success he signalized by d—g his blood, and then closed and secured the door, which being effected, he bade me follow him, and we groped our way along a dark passage, and thence into a dark room, where, however, was a smoldering fire of coals twinkling in a grate, which Mr. Bloodmoney, who was also pretty well drenched with rain, seemed as happy as myself to see. He bade me hold fast at the door until he had got a light, which he obtained by first kindling a paper match at the fire, and then a brace of wax candles that stood in a branch over the mantel.

In this light, I perceived we were in a very spacious saloon, opening, by means of folding leaves, that were wide spread, into another of equal size, and both of them furnished with a luxury, sumptuousness and splendor, that struck me dumb with admiration, for I had never dreamed that such gorgeousness was found in any but a princely palace, much less in the dwelling of a plain democratic American citizen. The rich carpets, the huge mirrors, in massive carved frames, extending from the ceiling to the floor, the dark antique-looking pictures in frames as rich and solid, the window draperies of satin and fine lace, the chairs and ottomans, with cushions covered with crimson velvet, the lamps and chandeliers of dead gold, the branches, brackets, mantel vases, and other ornaments, made up a spectacle that both delighted and confounded me. It was to me almost a scene of fairy-land, for my benefactor, Dr. Howard, though very rich, never dreamed of indulging in such luxurious display, either because he did not care for it, or was afraid of incurring the envy and hatred of his less affluent neighbors by too greatly eclipsing them in state. In fact, it daunted me, and I felt both ashamed and afraid to move, in my drenched and squalid condition, among so many objects of splendor, until the lord of the mansion, who seemed to survey the spectacle with infinite satisfaction, as being fully conscious of all its

advantages, beckoned me forward to help him replenish the fire from a coal-scuttle that the servants had left standing hard by, either for the convenience of their master, who was, doubtless, accustomed to be out late at nights, or to lessen their own labors in making the morning fires. The coal being bituminous, was soon in a blaze, though, from our anxiety to avoid noise and disturbance, we were some time in putting it on; and we had, after a while, a fine roaring fire, which our wet clothes and the coolness of the night made uncommonly agreeable.

My eccentric host noticed the looks of approbation I still cast about me, whereupon he muttered, with an encouraging grin, "Fine harbor to moor in, eh? All made on blue water, with a cast or two in soundings. The sea's the place, my lad—the true Spanish mine that you might poke Potosi, Golgotha, or whatever you call it" (I suppose he meant Golconda), "and Gopher, and the Gold Coast, and all the rest of your dry-land mines in, and never find them again. D—n my blood, you Powel—what's your name?" "Robin Day, sir," I put in. "Very well; half a dozen voyages or so, and you're made for life; just such a snuggerly (Sailor's Rest, eh?), a bank of money, a nervous wife, and seven squalling hell's-kitten children, blast 'em, and all the rest of the good things, split me, provided Davy Jones don't claim you for supper beforehand. And talking of supper, if I could but light upon one of the niggers, I could eat one—that is, a supper, and not a nigger, though, upon a pinch, I shouldn't make mouths at a young one, seeing that I once ate a whole leg off one, in a small boat, for want of something better, split me!"

With that, the gentleman, complaining there was not light enough to see by, got upon a chair and lighted a chandelier depending from the ceiling, which done, he swore he must have something to drink or die for it, and began to rummage about, and at the first attempt produced the remains of a bottle of Rhenish wine, that stood on a sideboard, and seemed to have been very recently opened. This he pronounced cursed wish-wash—bilgewater and vinegar—but, nevertheless, took a hearty draught of it, handing me the remainder, and assuring me it was "poor stuff, indeed, but milk for babes." He then, in the search for something better and stronger, made an attempt upon the sideboard with a key taken from a huge bunch of all shapes and sizes, and, while trying one after another, until he hit upon the right one, he took occasion to inform me

"there was no trusting servants, especially the nigger ones ; that there was nothing would keep them out of mischief, except locking every thing up, and, finally, that he was always obliged to carry the keys himself, when Mrs. Bloodmoney was sick ; and split him, he knew the use of them, though he never could tell one from another."

By this time he had opened the sideboard, whence he drew forth, with a chuckle of satisfaction, some half dozen or more decanters, containing various liquors, spirituous and vinous, each having a case or foot-box of silver, in the old style, to stand in. These he deposited with great glee upon a table that stood in the center of the room, as if it had been left after clearing away supper. Another visit to the sideboard resulted in his finding a brace of cake-baskets, also of silver, in one of which was the remnant of a huge black or plum cake, in the other a farrago of smaller cakes and confectionery. These he pronounced, with great disdain, school-boy trumpery, and betook him to the sideboard again, but without any further success in discovering eatables, though he lighted upon sundry articles of plate, all which he drew out and laid upon the table, swearing, with as much energy as he could express in a whisper, "that he would have a supper, if he had to raise the house for it." I took the liberty of telling him, "I hoped he was not giving himself any of that trouble on my account," upon which he nodded and laughed, swore I was "an odd dog," and declared he intended to make my fortune.

I thought, upon my conscience, that if there was any odd dog in the case, *he* was the one, for a more strangely behaved personage I had never seen before in my whole life, and every act and expression served but to increase my surprise.

Having dispatched the sideboard, he made an attack upon a brace of closets in the chimney-wall, which, after a deal of trouble, he succeeded in opening, but only to find them empty, whereupon he fell into a rage, and swore he believed the servants had robbed them, for Mrs. Bloodmoney, he knew, used to keep the spoons and forks in one or the other of them. I ventured to say, "I thought we could do very well without any such superfluities," but he cut me short by applying to *my* eyes one of those energetic benedictions with which he was wont to distinguish his own, bidding me "hold my tongue, or use it, like a cat, to dry myself," an expression whose oddity seemed so agreeable to himself that he immediately



got rid of a sour look he had put on, and fell to laughing, though in a subdued manner, as became the husband of the sick and nervous Mrs. Bloodmoney. Indeed, I may observe, that, although the din of the storm, which seemed rather to increase than diminish, the howling of the winds, the pattering of the rain, and the clamor of numberless shutters slamming and banging in all quarters, might have excused a little indulgence, since no ordinary talking or laughing could have been heard out of the room itself, and none, if heard, could have distressed any nerves that were undisturbed by the tempest, Mr. Bloodmoney was, nevertheless, extremely careful, in everything he did or said, to make as little noise as possible, which convinced me that, notwithstanding his oddities and coarseness of manners, Mr. Bloodmoney had an affection for his wife, and this, I felt, was one good quality, however deficient he might be in others.

## CHAPTER XXI.

*In which Mr. Bloodmoney gives Robin his supper and tells him several astonishing secrets.*

HAVING advised me to use my tongue as aforesaid, and laughed at his own facetiousness, Mr. Bloodmoney swore he would make a voyage of exploration over the house in search of the proper materials for a supper, and that he might do this with less fear of disturbing his lady, he pulled off his boots, that were somewhat of the heaviest, and being also, as he said, water-logged, made a gurgling noise at every step, which he himself compared to the "gasp of a drowning to-mcat." This being done, and not without my assistance, which he demanded without any ceremony, he sallied forth in his stocking feet with a candle, bidding me keep quiet till he returned.

I kept quiet, as he directed, sitting by the fire, indulging in speculations on his character, and wondering whether its singularity and coarseness were shared by any of the members of his family—supposing he had one, which, I thought, might be inferred from his remark about the seven squalling children. Supposing his wife, however, were his only companion, I had soon good evidence, as I esteemed it, of her being a very different sort of personage from her lord, for, besides a magnificent piano that stood against the wall, and a guitar lying upon it, I perceived, upon getting up to look about me, an equally magnificent harp standing, half covered, in a corner, with a music-stand, and books scattered in some disorder around it. The sight of the harp filled my eyes with tears, for it reminded me of Nanna, who had learned to play upon that instrument, and brought to my memory the days of happiness I had enjoyed in her father's house—days which I was, perhaps, never to know again.

I turned away from it, that I might conquer my agitation before Mr. Bloodmoney's return, and then betook me to the

pictures, which I surveyed with much interest, having always had a passionate regard for the painter's art. Some of these appeared to me very ancient and excellent, being religious pieces, representations of Madonnas and Saints, and scenes of crucifixion and martyrdom, that awoke sad and painful emotions in my breast.

Besides these, there were several portraits, of which two, hanging as pendants, occupied conspicuous places on the wall, representing, the one a female, not very young or handsome, but amiable looking; the other, a gentleman advanced in life, but of a vigorous frame, stern and somewhat sinister countenance, and with powdered hair.

Another, that hung in the corner above the harp, interested me more, both because it was a better painting, as I could perceive, notwithstanding it had but an insufficient light, and because there was something at once striking and noble in the visage. It was also the portrait of a gentleman, though much younger than the other, in some foreign costume, rich and picturesque; his countenance very handsome, but swarthy, with long black hair falling upon his shoulders, and around his neck a string of black beads that, I thought, looked pretty much like my own, only that there was suspended to it a rich golden cross, with a cluster of jewels at the ends of each arm, and another at the point of intersection. But what struck me more than the richness of dress and decorations, or the beauty of the countenance, was an air of uncommon gloom and dejection that sat upon every feature, expressing a tale of suffering that wrought upon my feelings and awakened my curiosity; and Mr. Bloodmoney returning about this time with a huge load of eatables and other things he had gathered up, I directed his attention to the picture, begging to know who it was it represented. He cast his eye indifferently towards it, but his countenance suffered a change the moment he regarded it. He seemed, indeed, perturbed and confounded, gazed upon it with a sort of wildness for an instant, and then turned hastily away, bidding me "mind my own business, and be curst," though he presently added, as if ashamed of his roughness, "that it was an old friend of his who had gone to Davy Jones long ago," with which gracious information I was obliged to rest satisfied.

He now spread upon the board the spoils collected in his expe-

dition (which, he declared, he had conducted without disturbing so much as a cat or a mouse), consisting of cold meats and fowls, pastry, sweatmeats, and I know not what beside ; but there was enough to feed a regiment, as well as an astonishing quantity of plate—spoons, forks, goblets, salvers, &c.—his bringing which and spreading it on the table, where it made a rich and tempting, but useless show, I could only account for by supposing he desired to amaze and confound me with the evidences of his boundless wealth, a supposition that appeared to me natural enough of a man whose conversation indicated so vulgar, and, doubtless, so poor an origin, and which was, moreover, confirmed by his openly soliciting my admiration to his treasure, asking me if it was not a “cargo for a Spanish galleon”—“an invoice worth a Jew’s eye,” with other like expressions.

Having arranged it to his mind, he now sat down to eat and drink, bidding me do the same, and, out of the various cold bits he had collected, we made a very good supper together—Mr. Bloodmoney in particular, who ate with a vigor that would have surprised me, had not the energy with which he attacked the potables absorbed all my attention. One bottle of wine he dispatched at a gulp, without taking the trouble to pour it out ; a second he attacked with like fury, but was obliged to breathe in the middle of the draught, and when he had cracked off the neck of a third, which he did with a knife, as if slicing off the head of an enemy, his zeal was so much abated that he was content to drink, as he said, “in the genteel way ;” that is, by pouring the wine into a tumbler, for he professed too great a contempt of wine glasses to condescend to such small ware.

Having arrived at this point of moderation, I could not observe that his energies suffered any further abatement, or that his draughts declined either in quantity or frequency. In short, Mr. Bloodmoney, as he freely confessed, loved his glass, particularly, as he added, in foul weather, when the soaking of the inner man was the only way to prevent the saturation of the outer, “for how,” quoth he, ingeniously, “can water get into a barrel that’s already full of better liquor ?”

Upon this principle he drank, and with a very visible effect on his heart and spirits, the one growing warm and loving, the other facetious and boisterous ; so that he, by and by, fell to stretching across the table, to shake hands with me, in a manner the most ar-

dent in the world, swearing he loved me, "for all of my nose being too big for my eyes" (an expression which, although it was a riddle to me then, I suppose was meant to convey the idea that it was so big—metaphorically speaking—as to prevent my seeing beyond it), and finally to trolling a sea song, which he began to sing so loudly that I was forced to remind him of the tender state of Mrs. Bloodmoney's nerves; whereupon he declared he had forgot himself, and declared it with an oath thrice as loud as the song.

In a word, the gentleman was becoming merry, of which he gave a new and stronger proof every moment, being guilty of a thousand absurdities of speech and action that are not necessary to be recorded, except in so far as they had a bearing upon my own interests. One of his pranks was to cram my knapsack with the valuables he had collected together, and, as he prefaced this step by embracing me, and swearing, as he was now accustomed to do every half minute, that he intended to make my fortune, I thought, upon my conscience, he meant to make me a present of the whole collection, and was amazed at the extravagance of his folly. He then clapped the sack upon the table, swore he was once the best sailor that ever trod a plank, declared I should be his first lieutenant, and asked me if I ever had heard of Captain Hellicat, and upon my reminding him he had spoken of that worthy at the little inn, he averred, with great volubility, and in one breath, that the said Captain was a very honest fellow, and the biggest villain the earth had ever produced; and this very wise and consistent assertion be concluded by acquainting me, in a fit of great communicativeness, that Captain Hellicat, or Brown—for this, it appeared was his real appellation, the former being a mere nickname—was in Philadelphia, and had made application for the command of the privateer, the *Lovely Nancy*.

At this information I was both surprised and alarmed—surprised, as I told Mr. Bloodmoney, that any such piratical villian should dare show himself among honest men in a great city, not to speak of his audacity in asking command of an honest man's ship; and alarmed, as I also freely confessed, at the possibility of my being sent to sea under charge of such a commander. To this Mr. Bloodmoney made answer, first, by particularizing my eyes in his customary way, and bidding me not abuse a better man than myself, and then by referring in the same way to his own, and ask-

ing if I thought him such a horse as to trust a ship in the hands of such a desperado, who might run away with her the moment it suited his interests—not he, spilt him. “No,” said he, “I’m no such gudgeon, but a deep-water fish, fin, head and tail, as you’ll find me. And yet I would I could trust the Lovely Nancy in the dog’s hands, for I’ll be hanged if there’s his equal, could one but depend upon his honor and honesty, in all creation. Sails a ship like an angel ; storm and shine, blow or no blow ; all’s one to Jack Brown ; and fights, ah—split me, where’s his match at a fight ? fights like a hellcat, and there’s the name of him. An honest fellow, split me ! made me a power of money. As how ? Why, by fishing for niggers on the Gold Coast, and stray Spaniards on the Gulf, *et cetera*, as the learned folk say. But that neither here nor there. Bad luck’s the lot of the best ; even Davy Jones gets a snub, sometimes, when the parsons chouse him out of a dying sinner ; and so Jack came to misfortune ; and them that were his old friends turn up their noses at him, especially us that live in big houses and have made our fortunes by him ; we do, split me. Well, Jack comes to me, and says he, ‘I’m an honest man now, and go for fighting the foes of my country ; give me the Lovely Nancy, and I’ll sweep the Irish Channel.’ I liked the idea, split me ; for, no doubt, there was good picking there, and nobody to interfere, for d’ye see, John Bull would never think of clapping a guard at his parlor door. But, nevertheless, d’ye see, I meant the ship for the Gulf and the West Indies, having business of my own there ; and so said I, Jack, I can’t trust you with a ship, for you’ll run away with her. Then Jack d—d his eyes and talked of his honor ; but I told him that was all old junk and oakum, for unless he could find some one to stand security for his good behavior, or raise a pledge that would nail him to the same, he should whistle for the Lovely Nancy ; he should, split him. And now, d’ye see, here’s the case : Jack’s as mad as fire, because of my scorning his honor, and he’s mad for the Lovely Nancy, for she’s a beauty, and he’s mad to raise a pledge, because he can’t get a ship without it. And what do you think he’ll do ? Why, I’ll be hanged, if I know ; only I shouldn’t wonder if he should rob me, the rascal—break my house, carry off my plate and what else he can lay hands on, and so make a pledge for his good faith with my own money ! I shouldn’t, split me, for it’s in the rascal it is, split me !”

With that, Mr. Bloodmoney, seizing upon my knapsack, and clapping a few more articles of plate into it, informed me, with a look of unutterable sagacity, that he was going to balk the rascal by removing every valuable from the house, and depositing them for safe-keeping in the lockers of the Lovely Nancy herself; nay, so urgent appeared to him the necessity of such a transfer, of making it that very night, "for who," said he, "can tell how soon Hellcat may be down upon me?"

## CHAPTER XXII.

*An adventure of a Sleeping Beauty, in which Robin Day shines out as a hero.*

HAVING thus solved the mystery of the plate, he assured me again it was more than probable that, from the difficulty of procuring a suitable captain, he should take command of his vessel himself, in which case I might depend upon being appointed his first lieutenant, an honor which, I am sorry to say, did not, at this time, appear to me too great for my merits, for, if I must say the truth, the libations I felt obliged, out of civility, to make oftener than I should have otherwise desired, had somewhat turned my head and robbed me of understanding.

For the same reason, as I grew foolish, I became also sentimental and tender-hearted, and, happening to direct my eyes to the portrait of Mrs. Bloodmoney, I was seized with concern at the thought of Mr. Bloodmoney leaving her to embark upon an enterprise of such danger, and so told him, whereupon he assured me in confidence, "she was a confounded jade and a shrew, and he longed to be rid of her," adding that he was going to carry a passenger to the Gulf—a certain young lady—the most beautiful creature in the world, and who, as he swore, he would marry her the moment he should have got out of Mrs. Bloodmoney's sight, I did not doubt was a main reason of his resolving to sail the vessel himself.

His rapturous commendations of this young lady, in whose honor he immediately began to sing a very strange love-song, abounding with marine phrases and saline similes, had the effect of making me think again of the beautiful Nanna, and as I had now reached the point of festive sensibility when one can be lachrymose or merry, just as the whim shifts, I immediately burst into a flood of tears, and informed Mr. Bloodmoney I was the most unhappy of men. "Of boys, you mean," said Mr. Bloodmoney, who then demanded, with great sympathy, "what I was blubbering about?" and whether there was a woman in the case, and, upon my ad-



mitting that such was the fact, that my misfortunes had separated me from the loveliest and most amiable of her sex, he gave me a fervent hug, and swore, with great generosity, that if that were the case, I should have the young lady, his beautiful passenger, myself—I should split him—for, such was his regard for me, he could refuse me nothing—no, not even this adorable young lady, who would make me amends for the loss of a princess; for why? a queen was a dowdy compared with her.

With that, he launched again into his praises and his song, now carolling a stave in a voice that was as loud, as broken, and, perhaps, as musical as the wind itself howling around the chimneys, now diverging in extemporary recitative, uttering I know not what confused and incoherent nonsense, for the gentleman was now in his seventh heaven, when the door which Mr. Bloodmoney had left ajar suddenly opened, as of its own accord, and there stepped into the room a vision or apparition—for so, at first, I thought it—of a young and beautiful female, dressed all in white—indeed in a night dress—holding a candle in her hand, though not lighted, with which she made her way, stepping softly, towards the harp, when she laid the light down upon a table, and then began to remove the cover from the instrument as if about to play. She took no notice of either Mr. Bloodmoney or myself, and seemed, in truth, quite unconscious of our presence, though she passed so near me, as I sat at the corner of the table, staring at her aghast (for I was confounded at her appearance), as to brush me with her clothes. It was then, however, that I perceived her eyes, which were wide open and very large and black, had in them an air of stony fixedness and inexpressiveness, a want of life and speculation, which I had read of as characterizing the sleep-walker, and such, I began to suspect, the young lady must be, and such as it proved, she, in fact, was.

She laid down the candle, and uncovered the harp, as I have mentioned, and then began to fumble among the music, as if in search of a piece to play, when Mr. Bloodmoney, who was, for a moment, struck dumb, like myself, exclaimed: "There she is, shiver my timbers! Ain't she a lass for a commodore?" And, jumping up, he advanced towards her, staggering and lurching like a ship in a storm, swearing "he'd have a buss, if he died for it;" and before I knew what to say or think of his strange proceedings, he clapped his arms around her and snatched a salute from her lips.

The rudeness and violence of the attack instantly awoke the fair somnambulist, who, thus restored to sudden consciousness, and finding herself in a man's arms, uttered a shriek, the wildest, shrillest, and most expressive of terror and desperation, I had ever heard ; and this she followed up by a dozen others, as loud and as harrowing, struggling all the time, though without avail, to free herself from Mr. Bloodmoney's grasp, who, telling her, with more energy than tenderness, she might "squeak and be hanged," swore "he would have another smack ; he would, split him !"

During the first part of this adventure, surprise kept me nailed to my chair, as well as speechless ; but now, being roused from my stupor, and in part, also, from the effects of the wine, by the lady's shrieks, and perceiving her almost mad with terror and distress, I began to be sensible the liberty Mr. Bloodmoney was taking was neither civil nor manly—nay, on the contrary, that it was indecorous and brutal ; and that it became me to rescue the affrighted beauty from his clutches. Prompted by these considerations, and still more by my feelings, which were naturally chivalrous enough in the cause of women, I ran to her assistance ; and, not knowing in what better way to proceed, I took advantage of the instability of my entertainer's footing to trip up his heels, and so lay him upon the floor, assuring him, as I did so, by way of apology, that "that was no way to treat a lady."

As virtue does sometimes meet with its reward, so it happened that mine was in this instance destined to a recompense, for the lady was no sooner released from Mr. Bloodmoney's arms than she flung herself into mine, grasping me around the neck, and embracing me with such fervor, that my heart began to pitapat with confusion. In truth, the embrace of such a lovely creature, now the more lovely for her terror, wrought a kind of enchantment on my brain ; I felt myself, on a sudden, transformed into a hero of romance whom a wondrous destiny had thrown into contact with my star-ordained heroine, for whom I was to dare all perils and achieve all exploits that had ever been recorded of a Belmour or Lord Mortimer ; whom I was to adore in the intensest manner possible, and be faithful to, through good and evil, through storm and shine, through pomp and temptation, &c., &c., &c., in the usual sentimental way. All that I do know, in addition to what I have said, is that I, for the moment, entirely forgot my dear Nanna, and that I returned the embrace of my new charmer, swear-

ing, by way of re-assuring her, that I would die in her defense ; to all which, as well as to my tender embraces, she paid not the slightest regard, having, in fact, fallen into a swoon. It was to this, to do her justice, more than to any thing else, that I owed the favor of her embrace, for she had clutched me, to avoid falling, just as she would, from instinct, have clutched a post or a block, though the sound of a defender's voice no doubt caused her to turn to me as a protector, and so gave me a preference I should have enjoyed had there even been a post or a block for her to choose between us.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*Another adventure of a more terrible cast, in which the Sleeping Beauty performs the part of a heroine.*

In the meanwhile, my entertainer, enraged at my interference, sprang to his feet, and made another dart at the maiden, to snatch her from my arms; in which he would have, perhaps, succeeded, had not a fourth person now rushed into the room, with a pistol, which he fired at the gentleman, though without doing him any harm, and then, with a chair which he snatched up and wielded with both hands, knocked him down. The intruder, as I saw at a glance, was the original of the portrait that hung as the pendant to the effigy of Mrs. Bloodmoney—to wit, the gentleman with the powdered hair, stern countenance and vigorous frame; and the sight of him brought I know not what strange fancies and suspicions into my head. But I had little time to entertain them, for having knocked Mr. Bloodmoney down, he began to vociferate in terms of wrath and alarm, “Here! John, Tim, Dick, George! Robbers, thieves! Fetch the watch—murder! help! George, Dick, Tim, John, watch! thieves! robbers!” And immediately three or four negro men, very spruce and active looking, though but half-dressed, came tumbling into the room, with looks and cries of astonishment and indignation, following the gentleman, who now made an assault upon me, bidding me “surrender for a house-breaking dog,” and strengthening his exhortation by the same argument he had used in the case of my worthy host; that is, by knocking me down with the chair. At the same moment some of blackies whisked the young lady out of my hands, and helped her, now recovering her senses, out of the room, while the others, holding fast upon my entertainer and myself, imitated the leader in the nocturnal onslaught, in brawling to “fetch the watch,” and “to bring ropes to tie the robbers.”

The weight of the chair, applied without any consideration of what might be the consequences, to a head considerably softer

than usual, had somewhat stunned and muddled my faculties, and their confusion was rather increased than abated by the outcries of the strange gentleman and his attendants, and their violent proceedings in regard to my friend and myself. Nevertheless, I was not so much stupefied as to be incapable of forming my own opinions of the true state of matters and things ; but, had I been, all uncertainty must have been put to flight by what followed.

The negroes having secured my hands behind me with a handkerchief, pulled me upon my feet, that the powdered gentleman might see, as he said, "who the rascal was." He gave me a furious stare, told me I was "a bloody-minded looking villain—young for a housebreaker, but old enough to hang;" to not one word of which friendly and flattering address did I return an answer, being, in truth, so utterably confounded, that my tongue, as I may say, clove to the roof of my mouth.

He then turned to my entertainer, who being helped to his feet in like manner, received him with a volley of drunken oaths and maledictions, called him "Old Commodore," and demanded, with every appearance of honest indignation, "If that was the way he treated an old friend and visitor."

"A visitor!" quoth the white-headed gentleman, starting at sight of him as at a basilisk, and, in his surprise, uttering a name that made my flesh creep on my bones ; it was the name of the redoubtable Captain Brown, *alias* Helicat !

I understood my position at once, or, at least, I thought I did : the white-headed gentleman, and no other, was the true Mr. Blood-money, and the other a villainous sharper, pirate, cut-throat—everything that was roguish—who had taken advantage of my ignorance and simplicity, choused me out of my letter of recommendation, with its inclosure of money, and, what was worse, inveigled me into the commission of a felony, made me his accomplice in a burglary, and a burglary, too, in the house of the very man to whom I was bearing the letter of recommendation.

If I was confounded before, I was now in a trance of confusion a hundred times worse than ever, being thrown into such a fit of consternation at the discovery of my deplorable condition that I not only was incapable of seeing what it was proper for me to do to extricate myself from the dilemma—to wit, to inform Mr. Bloodmoney who I was, and how I had been entrapped—but lost my seven senses along with my wits, so that I no longer saw or

heard anything that passed around me, being conscious only of a multitude of sounds as of men in wrathful argument, whom I could no more see than I could distinguish their words. In this condition I was dragged away, at the order, I believe, of Mr. Bloodmoney, into another room, where one of the blackies remained in watch over me, armed with a poker, with which he gave me to understand, twenty times a minute, he would knock out my brains, if I made any attempt to escape; to render which the more difficult he was at the pains to produce a second handkerchief, with which he bound my legs, leaving me lying like a log on the floor.

I now began to recall my wits a little, and could then hear the hum of loud and angry voices from the saloon, and presently a greater hubbub, as of altercation; then a yell and cry of murder, followed by other sounds not less frightful; upon which the negro who had charge of me ran out to join the fray, leaving me in the dark and as much terrified as himself. To increase the din, there was now heard a prodigious banging at the door and ringing of what I supposed was the street bell, and the shrieking of women up stairs, which, together with the storm that still rattled as furiously as ever, made up such a chorus of horrible sounds as I had never heard before—no, not even at the execution of the de-throned tyrant M'Goggin.

In the midst of the hubbub, the young lady, the heroine of the night, suddenly appeared before me, pale with affright and excitement, yet with something of resolution marked on her beautiful visage. She entered the room, closed the door, and stepping hastily to where I lay, looked me intently in the face, and then muttered, in tones slightly distinguished by a foreign accent, and low and tremulous, yet expressive of the energy of passion, "You are a robber, a house breaker, and a villain; but you have saved me—*Dios mio!* I know not from what!—You shall escape."

With these words she tore the handkerchiefs from my hands and feet, and throwing open a window that seemed to look into a garden, bade me leap through it and begone, an injunction in which I was extremely willing to obey her, being as eager, in fact, to get out of the horrible scrape I was in as ever was mouse to fly his narrow prison of wire. Nevertheless, I could not leave such a beautiful creature, without some attempt at retrieving my charac-

ter in her opinion. "I am no robber, no villain," I said, "but a miserable dupe of—" I would have added, "the villain, Captain Brown, and my own egregious folly;" but she interrupted me impatiently, waving with one hand to the window, and with the other pointing warningly to the door of the room, at which I heard, or fancied I heard, the steps and voices of men, coming to make sure of me. "Begone," she muttered, "and, if you are honest, God will go with you."

I leaped as commanded, my heart full of gratitude, my head again teeming with romantic notions, which not even the peril of my situation could prevent returning, at this second encounter with the lovely Spaniard, for such, by her exclamation, *Dios mio*, I knew she must be.

But what peril could not do in the way of curing me of my sentiment, a very trivial mischance soon did, for, dropping from the window, which was some six or seven feet from the ground, I had the misfortune to plump into a rain hogshead, then brimful; that is, I plumped into it with one leg, bestriding it as a dragoon his war-horse, and the vessel being unsettled by the jar, toppled over with me to the ground with a violence that must have done much damage to my exterior leg, had not the fury of the deluge it immediately shot over me, washed me, as I may say, clean out of it, before I had reached the ground.

The worst consequence of this misadventure was my being now, for the second time, drenched to the skin; but this I did not long lament, as it was raining as furiously as ever, and I perceived I must at all events have been, in a few moments, as thoroughly soaked as ever. I had no time to lose in bewailing my misfortunes, and therefore thought of nothing so much as making my escape from Mr. Bloodmoney's garden, which I effected by climbing a gate and dropping into a little alley, whence I made my way into a street.

Here I was in some danger of falling into the hands of a watchman, who was running along towards Mr. Bloodmoney's house, as I supposed, making a terrible din with his rattle; but I avoided him by slipping behind a corner till he had passed; after which, I took to my heels, and ran, I knew not well whither, until I found myself out of breath and in the suburbs of the city.

This discovery, or rather the latter part of it, was the more agreeable, as I was now heartily sick of the City of Brotherly

Love, which, after such a feat of burglary, however innocent my own part in it, did not seem the safest place in the world for me to remain in. I pursued my way, therefore, without so much caring whither it might lead me, as desiring it should bear me as far as possible from Philadelphia; and was, in half an hour more, outside of the town, waddling along (for I cannot call it walking) through a long puddle of fluid brick-clay, knee-deep at least, which, I afterwards ascertained, was one of the principal highways from Philadelphia to the South.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

*The Hegira continued, with some philosophical reflections in the boot of a coach.*

ALONG this excellent and highly agreeable road, miring at every step, buffeted by the winds, without my hat (which, with my knapsack, I had left in Mr. Bloodmoney's drawing-room), I journeyed onward with all the speed I could, being more and more frightened, the more I thought of it, at the terrible quandary into which I had now fallen.

To be so egregiously duped, as I had been, by Captain Brown, was mortifying enough to my self love, as proving that, with all my vanity and conceit, I was but a schoolboy in the world after all; but to be duped into a burglary, to be rendered, or made to appear, the actual accomplice of a robber in a felony the most audacious ever attempted—*there* was the rub, there was the rock upon which I found my bark of adventure was in danger of going to pieces. How I was to extricate myself from this dilemma, by my own unaided exertions, unless by flight, I knew not. That I could sooner or later, indeed, establish my innocence, through the means of my patron, I did not doubt; but I had seen enough of Mr. Bloodmoney, and the opinion he had formed of me, to know that any attempt to explain the circumstance to him, without the assistance of the letter of which Captain Brown had deprived me, could result in nothing but my being immediately consigned, like any common rogue, to a prison; whence—not to speak of the ignominy of such confinement—I had good reason to expect to be discharged only into the hands of a New Jersey police officer, duly commissioned to conduct me back to the scene of the M'Goggin adventure, and perhaps the gallows, a thought that set my teeth to chattering worse than even the wet and cold did, and gave a vigor to my feet that was the more necessary, as, without some such stirring impulse to urge me on, I should never have been able to make any progress through the mud, and against the storm.

Upon the whole, it appeared to me that my only hope of safety, the only course that was left me, was to get out of the reach of Mr. Bloodmoney and the prisons of Philadelphia, as soon as possible, and, this having been affected, to write to my patron, informing him of all my mishaps, of the last in particular, leaving it to him to make my peace and restore my credit with Mr. Bloodmoney.

While I was debating this matter in my mind, it was my fortune to be overtaken by a mail-coach (for such it proved), that had just left the city and was floundering through the mud like myself, though at a rate of travel somewhat more rapid than my own. Whither it was going I had not the remotest idea; nevertheless, being heartily sick of trudging in the mire and rain, I felt disposed to hail the driver and demand a seat; and I should have done so had I not been afraid of finding in it some villainous constable, watchman, or agent of Mr. Bloodmoney, sent in pursuit of me. But as I perceived behind it a very capacious boot, that seemed, from the flapping of its leather covering, to be quite empty, and was capable of affording me both carriage and shelter from the storm, I could not resist the temptation to clamber into it, which I did, unseen by the driver, and there ensconced myself, defended somewhat from the rain by the leather covering, which I buckled around me as well as I could.

In this position, lugged along like the lion of a traveling caravan in his cage, or a duck in a coop (which may be the better simile), I had ample leisure to reflect upon my extraordinary ill luck in getting into difficulties, whether I would or not, and to devise some plan of avoiding them for the future. And, I have no doubt, I thought many very sensible thoughts and framed many wise resolutions while thus cooped up in my little prison, from which, however, I derived the less profit, as there was never a thought entered my head or a determination formed in my mind, that it was not, a moment after, beaten out of my recollection by some sudden plump of the coach into a mud-hole, or furious jolt over a stone, by which I was either frightened or bruised out of my philosophy.

I remember, however, that having pondered my affair with the pseudo Mr. Bloodmoney, *alias* Captain Hellcat, over and over again, and satisfied myself that my being duped was more owing to my own simple credulity than to any peculiar skill in hoaxing

on the part of that honest personage, I manfully resolved never again to be duped by mortal man ; to prevent which, nothing more appeared to me necessary than to act upon a maxim in great vogue among philosophers, and to consider every man a rogue until he should prove himself honest, and so remain on the alert against knavery and deception.

This resolution I was the better able to fix in my memory, as, at the time of framing it, the coach suddenly emerged from mud and stones and rolled softly along a bed of plank and timber, which, moving my curiosity, I peeped out, and found we were upon a low floating bridge, crossing a river. This, I supposed, was the Schuylkill, as, in fact, it was ; and hence, as I knew this river ran west of Philadelphia, I inferred the coach was taking me exactly the way I wished to go—that is, from Philadelphia, and not back into New Jersey, and perhaps even southward, toward the Chesapeake, whither, of all the places in the world, I now desired most to go in the hope of meeting my friend Dicky Dare, under whose command and protection I was resolved to place myself and so fight the enemies of my country on dry land.

These thoughts were highly agreeable and consolatory, and banished half the fears and distresses from my mind ; so that, by and by, in spite of the jolts, I fell fast asleep, being pretty well worn out by the watchings and labors of the night, not to speak of my insufficient slumbers in the woods of New Jersey the preceding night. I dreamed that I had stumbled on my friend Dicky Dare, who was a great general at the head of an army, and I his second in command ; that we went into battle with an army of red coats, whom we put to rout, performing prodigies of valor, I, in particular, cutting off so many heads that I quite eclipsed my friend Dicky, as well as all the other great heroes, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, &c., that ever lived, so that the soldiers were in a rapture, assembling on the field of victory to crown me king over them ; a consummation of triumph that made me feel very glorious, but which I should have been still better pleased with, had it not been for a sudden jolt of the coach (that was at that moment fording a brook, swollen by the rain), whereby I was tossed out of my perch, plumped head over heels in the flood and well nigh drowned, before I knew what was the matter with me. By dint of much effort and scrambling, however, I made my way at length to the bank without loss or damage, which I was the better able to do as the day

was beginning to break, and the storm to clear away ; and having devoted a moment or two to lamenting my unlucky fate in meeting so many uncomfortable accidents, I resolved to make my misfortune the means of helping me to a seat in the coach, which I had for some time suspected, from not having heard any voices in it, was without passengers, as indeed proved true.

My resolution to treat for the future every person I met as a rogue until he should prove himself an honest man involved also a determination to act like a rogue myself—that is, to quibble, cozen and deceive as far as it was necessary to keep me out of trouble. For this reason, being conscious that I made but a strange and sorry appearance in my reeking clothes, and that an application for a seat in the coach in such a place and at such an hour, and coming from such a figure, must look somewhat suspicious, I told the driver, whom I was obliged to wake out of a nap he was snugly taking on his seat, first “that he had certainly set out that morning earlier than usual” (meaning to insinuate that I had intended to enter the coach in the city, and had been compelled to walk after it to overtake it), and secondly, “that I had had the misfortune to get out of my depth in crossing the brook, and thereby to lose my hat and bundle,” “all which,” the honest man declared, rubbing his eyes with great zeal, “was like enough, considering the weather,” though which he meant was like enough—considering the weather, the early start of the coach, or my dip in the brook—I did not trouble myself to inquire.

I found, as I expected, that the coach was entirely empty, so that I was relieved of all fear of uncomfortable companions, and the driver told me we should soon arrive at a village to breakfast, where I might easily get a hat and such clothes as I desired; provided, as he took care to add, looking at me as if he had some apprehensions for his fare, I had the money to buy them. I easily satisfied him on this score, and we, by and by, reached the village, where I procured a cap, and a valise, with a few pieces of linen to put in it, being all the ready-made articles of clothing, except cowskin boots, quaker hats, and a rejected coat made for a Daniel Lambert, that were for sale in the village. But for this I cared the less, as I imagined I should soon be a volunteer under some gallant commander, who would, doubtless, fit me out in a handsome uniform at the expense of the government, and thereby enable me to keep my money for more pressing occasions.

I found out, also, after a little roundabout manœuvering—for it would not do to avow ignorance on so important a point—that the coach was bound to Wilmington, in Delaware; a discovery that greatly rejoiced me, that town being on the direct road to the Chesapeake, whither I was now so desirous to go. And at that town—not to waste time in describing a journey that was without adventure—we did not arrive until after nightfall, in consequence of the badness of the road and the horses, together with, I believe, some fears the coachman had of driving into the midst of a British army, which, from a thousand flying rumors that now met us at every roll of the wheels, we supposed had landed on the Chesapeake, and almost feared had already taken possession of Wilmington.

We found, however, no British there, but great talk about them, with a prodigious deal of drumming and fifing, shouting and swearing, and riding up and down, for it seems they had received news of the enemy having actually landed in great force at the head of Elk, or some other water of the Chesapeake, not more than twenty or thirty miles off, and were, in consequence, beating up, with great spirit, for volunteers, to proceed forthwith to the scene of danger.

This news, though it seemed to have disconcerted everybody else, was by no means disagreeable to me, who, besides perceiving that my greatest security from all law officers would be found amid the din and terrors of a camp, was beginning to warm with patriotism and martial ardor. I resolved, if any band of volunteers or other armed men should set out in the night, I would go with them, in which thought I entered the hotel where the coach stopped to get my supper, together with such useful information as I might be able to pick up.

As for my supper, I was ushered into a room where stood a table bountifully furnished with the good gifts of nature, but so thronged with guests, all older and wiser than myself, and all so much better skilled in the art of storming bread and butter, and dividing the spoils of the platter, that I had much ado to lay hands upon a morsel of food. As for information, the case appeared still more desperate; for though every man present seemed as martially inclined as I (indeed, the conversation ran on nothing but blood and battle), and perfectly well disposed to hold forth on the subject that engrossed all minds to any one at all inclined to listen, I could obtain no information of any one man that was not immediately con-

tradicted by the next person to whom I addressed myself. In short, there was nothing to be learned but that the British had landed, or were about to land, somewhere at the head of the Chesapeake, and that sundry companies of militia and volunteers either had set out, or were on the point of setting out, with the full intention of sweeping these audacious invaders from the face of the earth.

## CHAPTER XXV.

*Robin Day incurs a great danger, and surrenders to his unrelenting pursuer, John Dabs, but calls his wisdom to his assistance and performs a wonderful feat of dexterity.*

THE patriotic spirit manifested by all the company greatly increased the fervor of my own ; so that, having completed my supper, I resolved at once to seek out, with mine host's assistance, some one of the many bands preparing to march to the field of honor, and enrol myself among them. I left the supper table and proceeded to the bar room, where I was in the act of receiving the advice I wanted, when a new comer brushed me aside, and engaged the innkeeper's attention by eagerly demanding "if there was not in his house a young fellow that had arrived by the city stage, and"——

But I did not remain to hear anything further. The first words struck me with a panic, which was vastly increased by a look at the stranger's face, in which I immediately recognized the well-known lineaments of a certain John Dabs, a constable of our town, and famous for his energy and success in hunting up transgressors and fugitives from the law, whenever there was anything to be gained by it. I immediately made a demonstration towards the door, but John Dabs, whose eyes were as busy as his tongue and speedily detected the movement, was too quick for me.

"I've got you, by jingo !" cried John Dabs, taking me by the shoulder and grinning with triumph, while I almost fainted with terror and despair. In an instant, we were surrounded by curious spectators, some demanding "what I had done," while others disdained inquiry, swearing, one, that I was "a runaway prisoner of war ;" another "that I had stolen a horse, he knew by the look of me ;" a third that I was "a kidnapper, a Georgeye nigger stealer," and so on, so that I soon began to believe myself guilty of all the crimes that had ever been committed.

In this emergency, Mr. John Dabs, to my extreme surprise, and

somewhat also to my gratification, as relieving me from exposure and the disgrace of the moment, declared "I was no criminal, but a young gentleman what had run away from his friends, who had employed *him*, John Dabs, to carry me back to them ; and that he was very glad to find me, as I was a young gentleman what didn't know the world, and my friends was all in a peck of troubles because of me." With which explanation, that appeared very satisfactory to all the company, Mr. John Dabs asked, with an appearance almost of civility and respect, to have a little private talk with me, a proposal to which I, of course, very courteously acceded, and accompanied him to a private room, with hangdog looks I doubt not, but busily plotting a thousand plans of escape from his inexorable clutches.

The moment we had got by ourselves, Mr. Dabs began to indulge in sundry encomiastic gratulations on his success in finding me out, then laughed immoderately at the alarm I had betrayed, when seized by him, asking me "if I did not think I was certainly to be carried to the gallows?" and ended by assuring me I had nothing to fear in that way, or any other ; for why? Mr. M'Goggin was neither dead nor dying, and none the worse for his broken head—"when was an Irishman ever?" said John Dabs, the constable ; "no, he was out of danger, on his feet, as well as ever he was, and had been bought off by my benefactor, Dr. Howard, not to appear against me, and sent away by the trustees, who were resolved to have no more barbarian teachers. Upon this happy result, he declared, Dr. Howard had come to a determination to have me back again ; for why? he was afraid the sea would be the ruin of me, and had sent for him, John Dabs, to hunt me up and bring me back, offering a handsome reward if he should find me ; whereupon he, the said John Dabs, had followed me to Philadelphia, inquired for me in vain of Mr. Bloodmoney, lost all track of me, but stumbled upon that of my friend General Dare, who had, the day before, left Philadelphia by the Wilmington road, and with whom he doubted not he should find me ; and, accordingly, taking the road on his own horse, and making inquiries at every stopping place, he had at last heard of me in the stage ("sly dog," said John Dabs, "not to enter it in Philadelphia !"), and so lined me straight to the tavern, where he had me as dead as a herring, as well as his hundred dollars from the doctor, and something handsome from me, as he expected, for bringing me such happy intelligence.



But this happy intelligence, which, the reader may suppose, filled me with joy and transport, did not by any means produce the agreeable effect that Mr. John Dabs anticipated. I had not yet forgotten the events of the preceding night, with my reflections thereon, and especially the resolution I had so lately framed not to be made a dupe a second time by mortal man. I saw very clearly that Mr. John Dabs was a very cunning personage, an experienced thief-taker, who very well knew how to manage a prisoner with the least trouble to himself, by flattering away his fears, and lulling him into a false security. In short, I did not believe a word of his story, being convinced, in my own secret heart, that it was a villainous fabrication, from beginning to end, devised for the purpose of deluding me back to New Jersey, or to the nearest prison, like a lamb to the butcher, unsuspecting of evil; nay, dreaming, like that woolly representative of innocence and simplicity, only of green leas and enameled meadows, while capering onwards to the slaughter house. "No, no, Mr. John Dabs," thought I to myself, "you'll not catch me napping so easy."

Perceiving, therefore, Mr. Dabs' true drift, I was by no means enraptured at the account he gave me; though, after a moment's consideration, I feigned to be. It occurred to me, moreover, that while Mr. John Dabs was so busy cajoling me, I might profit somewhat by playing the same game with him. So long as he should think it proper to have me believe I was not his prisoner, it was manifestly necessary he should act the character rather of a friendly emissary than a jailor, avoiding, as far as possible, the appearance of constraining or watching my motions; and it was equally clear that he would allow me a longer tether, the more he was satisfied I was the unsuspecting dupe of his cunning. I was resolved to have him think I entertained no doubt of his story whatever.

Acting upon this resolution, I told him I was very glad to see him, and asked, with feigned composure, the news from our town, and above all, how my patron did, how Don Pedro, and how—sinner that I was that I could not name her whom I should have most desired to hear about—how everybody else?

"Qh," said Mr. John Dabs, "all well enough, except the Doctor and his daughter Nannie" (so the scoundrel called her); "both of whom is quite killed up about you—if they ain't I'm blowed—the poor gal in partickilar; and they *do* say," continued the villain,

with an air of the most sympathetic condolence, "it's all on account of her true love for you; and old Mammy Jones, the baker's wife, told my wife Sue, 'she reckoned she'd die, poor soul, for grieving after you,' and she reckoned that was the reason the Doctor was so mad to have you back again."

I was so much affected at the mere thought of Nanna being sick, that it was not until a moment or two I remembered this was but an additional falsehood contrived by Mr. Constable Dabs to help him in his business of getting me safely back to New Jersey; but when I *did* remember it, I was so much incensed at the freedom with which he had spoken of her, that I longed to knock him over the head with the chair, from which his cruel fiction had startled me. I recovered myself, however, in an instant, told him "care killed a cat" (for which sagacious observation I know not how to account for my using on such an occasion, unless it was that I modestly wished to deprecate the idea of anybody dying for me), and then proposed to show my gratitude for the good news he had brought me by treating him to a bottle of wine, the best the inn could afford.

"With all my heart," quoth John Dabs, "but, considering the hard ride I've had over this cruel bad road, I don't care if you call it a quart of brandy toddy." On my agreeing to which, Mr. Dabs got up to ring the bell for a servant, an operation that he repeated thrice over without the least effect, the house being in such a hubbub of confusion that it is doubtful whether any sound would have been noticed short of a flourish of British trumpets, or the sudden cannonade of besiegers.

Seeing this, I was resolved to try my hand at a stratagem, and complaining suddenly of feeling sick and faint, at which Mr. Dabs expressed as much concern as if he was not engaged in the very act of leading me to the gallows, I begged he would do me the favor, as no servants appeared likely to answer the bell, to step to the bar room and order the brandy toddy in person, together with a little peppermint and sugar, which I had no doubt would soon render me able to join him in discussing the better beverage.

To this Mr. Dabs assented with the most benevolent readiness, and immediately, to my inexpressible satisfaction, and almost wonder (for I could hardly believe the duper would allow himself to be duped so easily), left the room, and went down stairs, assuring me he would be back before I could say Jack Robinson.

It is highly probable he kept his promise, but I did not remain to verify that important particular. The moment Mr. John Dabs' figure vanished from the door, that very moment my own slipped softly out of the window, taking a leap of some twelve or fourteen feet, for the window was at least so high above the street, of which, under other circumstances, I should not have been at all ambitious to make trial. But I was leaping for freedom, for life; it was my only chance of escaping the halter, which my rencontre with Mr. Dabs had conjured up before my imagination the noose already yawning for my neck. Nor did I receive any injury from the fall, except jarring my legs a little, though even this was an evil that passed off, and was forgotten in a moment.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*How it appeared that Robin Day had no such great cause to plume himself on his adroitness.*

HAVING reached the ground, and fortunately, without being seen by any one, notwithstanding that the street was full of people, I stole out of the town, taking a course indicated by the north-star (the night being extremely bright and beautiful), which I knew from having, before supper, consulted a large map that hung in the bar room, led to the nearest waters of the Chesapeake. The moment I found myself clear of the crowd and the town, and, as I could not doubt, upon the proper road, I quickened my pace, or rather, I ran as fast as I could, determined to leave no effort untried to put myself out of the danger of pursuit by Mr. John Dabs. What he had told me of my friend Dicky Dare leaving Philadelphia by the Wilmington road the preceding day convinced me I could not be far behind my martial companion in misfortune, whom I was quite certain I should find in company with the first soldiers I might overtake on the road ; and some gallant band or other, I doubted not, I should stumble upon before morning, provided I employed due diligence in my nocturnal march. Of this diligence I felt very capable, notwithstanding my having had so little sleep—I might almost say no sleep at all—for so many nights in succession. With Mr. John Dabs so close behind me, I felt, and knew I should continue to feel, no inclination to lose a moment in rest and inaction ; for, though I had outwitted that worthy personage once, I thought it highly improbable I should ever, if again in his hands, have an opportunity to do so a second time.

The consciousness, however, of having out-generaled this crafty individual, beaten him, an experienced and veteran warrior, at his own weapons, was, I may say, one of the many stimulants I had to nerve me on to new and more manly exertions. The reflection of my victory over him was first satisfactory, as having released me

from the meshes of the law; but it was a subject of equal if not greater exultation, as an evidence of my own wisdom and address. I began to feel that my morning resolution had completed my education, and carried me over the last barrier between youth and manhood. "Yes," said I to myself, swelling with a sense of dignity, a consciousness of resource and importance I had not before felt, "he who can outwit John Dabs, the constable, need not fear a conflict with any man. Treat every man as a rogue until he proves himself honest, and one will be sure to escape roguery!"

The only unhappiness in this case, as I may here state, though it was a long time before I discovered it, was: that besides duping Mr. John Dabs so handsomely, I had duped another individual much more egregiously; and that individual was—myself. Mr. John Dabs had, after all, told me nothing but the truth. Instead of being sent after me, to arrest and bear me back to prison, he was, in reality, what he had professed, an emissary employed by my patron to bear me the good news of M'Goggin's recovery, and conduct me home; for, it seems, upon learning my friend Dicky Dare had also fled, and with a design to play the soldier, he shrewdly suspected Dicky would decoy me into the same enterprise, and that something more was necessary to my restoration than a mere message of recall addressed to Mr. Bloodmoney, to whom it might admit of a question whether under such circumstances, I would report myself. It was, perhaps, unlucky that the ambassador had been selected from among the constabulary; but I am not certain I should not have been struck with quite as much terror at the appearance of a private messenger—any person, in truth, coming from our town—and played him the same trick I had practised on honest John Dabs.

And thus it happened that my first exercise of new-born wisdom was entirely at my own expense; which is, I believe, the usual way in which it is exercised, wisdom being a kind of edge tool, where-with young philosophers are more apt to cut their own fingers than to employ it to a profitable purpose. Had I been less sagacious, less bent upon guarding myself from the rogueries of my species, I should have saved myself a deal of trouble and adventure, of affliction and peril, which I was now destined to encounter. But I should have also lost the opportunity of seeing the world and gaining my experience in the shortest possible time, as well as of arriving at certain discoveries of no little consequence and influence over my future fortunes.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

*Robin Day, after sundry alarming adventures, finds himself at last a volunteer, and on the eve of going into battle.*

I TRAVELED with great diligence all the night, inspired in part by the fear of being pursued by the truculent John Dabs, and in part by the hope of overtaking some gallant band of patriots encamped on the road, with perhaps General Dicky Dare among them. In this hope I was destined to be gratified, though, as it proved, not precisely in manner and form as I had fondly anticipated.

I had trudged along, perhaps, three or four hours, passing through one or two villages, in each of which my presence created a terrible confusion; first, by alarming all the dogs, and thereby their masters, all of whom I believe, in my conscience, attributed the sudden uproar to an assault by Admiral Cockburn and all his vagabond banditti, when it was my fortune to reach another little rural town, upon the skirts of which it happened a band of volunteers had made their camp around a huge watchfire, where they were snoozing away the night dreaming, of conquest and glory. A sentinel, for my sins, had been stationed upon the road by which I advanced, who, being waked out of some vision of blood and battle by the sound of my footsteps, was seized with a direful panic, and roaring out, "The British! the British!" let fly at me with his musket, and then took to his heels, alarming his comrades, who sprang from their beds and fled with equal speed and spirit, each firing off his piece, like the sentinel, though for what purpose, unless in hopes to do some chance execution on the assailing foe, I never could divine.

I am sorry to say, this very unexpected reception produced a somewhat unheroic perturbation in my own spirits, so that I was suddenly seized with the apprehension—notwithstanding that the soldier's cries very plainly declared the contrary—that I had stumbled upon a party of invaders, instead of Americans; an idea that

prevailed upon me to such an effect, that I began to run away as furiously as they; and, to be the more certain of getting out of danger, I sprang from the road into the fields, and thence ran into a wood, where I was soon as thoroughly amazed and bewildered as if buried in the depths of a Western wilderness.

Having wandered about in this bosky refuge for several hours, reflecting upon the adventure, I became at length convinced I had made a mistake in supposing myself among the British, and, being heartily sick of the woods, as well as excessively fatigued, I resolved to extricate myself as fast as I could, look up some farm house, and beg shelter and a bed for the remainder of the night.

From the wood I succeeded in escaping, and a farm house I was lucky enough to find; but there ended my good fortune, for, besides being direfully barked at by dogs, that seemed only waiting their master's orders to tear me to pieces, I had no sooner come within pistol-shot of the house than up flew the windows, and out came the contents of some six or seven muskets, fired at me by as many heroic inmates, whom I could hear calling to one another, in an ecstasy of patriotic fury, to "defend the house to the last extremity." This dreadful volley was followed by an immediate charge of the dogs, by whom I was driven, with loss, from the field, and compelled to ascend a tree, where, though out of reach of the animals, who kept up a dismal barking below, I was in momentary expectation of dying the death of a *treed* bear—that is, of being followed and shot down by some of those ardent worthies, the defenders of the house.

To prevent a catastrophe so imminent, I fell to work with my penknife, the only weapon in my possession, and cut me off a huge bough from the tree; with which I descended, nerved to desperation, among my canine besiegers, and charging them with great intrepidity, knocking one over the head, and breaking the leg of a second, besides dealing a world of lesser injuries around, I had the good fortune to put them entirely to rout, and thus secure an undisturbed retreat.

I had now little difficulty in making my way to a high road, though without being able to say whether or not it was the one I had left when repulsed from the village. To add to my difficulties, the sky became now so overcast with clouds that I could no longer determine the points of the compass, and knew not in what direction I ought to proceed. My adventures in the village and at the

farm house had not cooled my desire to reach the scene of action on the Chesapeake. Indeed, I had no other resource; and the hopes of finding my friend Dicky Dare, without whose advice and assistance I felt it next to impossible to tread aright the dangerous paths of glory, were enough of themselves to urge me on. But how to proceed was now the question, to solve which I took a seat upon a stump at the roadside, where, at the first effort to call up my thoughts, being inexpressibly worn and wearied, I fell sound asleep.

The two previous nights, as I have already mentioned, were passed almost wholly without sleep, and the present made, as I may say, the third in which I had not closed my eyes, for I believe it was well nigh dawn when I dropped asleep. Sound, dead, and long, therefore, were my slumbers, and it was not until many hours after the sun had risen that I again opened my eyes and rose from the sod, whereon (for I had rolled, in my sleep, off the stump) I certainly enjoyed as pleasant a nap as I had ever known in my life.

I was wakened by sounds the most agreeable, at that time, that could fall upon my ears; they were bursts of military music, the roll of a distant drum that accompanied a fife, breathing out the spirit-stirring notes of Yankee Doodle.

"Bravo!" said I, kindling with joy and enthusiasm; "I shall now be a volunteer, and Mr. John Dabs, and cowardly villagers, and barking dogs, and their crazy masters may all go to the ——" it is no matter to whom.

I followed the sounds, and by and by I caught sight of the martial band from which they proceeded, consisting of no more than ten or twelve persons in all, whose odd appearance and equipments struck me with amazement. Their dresses were by no means military, no two being decked precisely alike; some had long coats, some jackets, and some neither jacket nor coat; but most of them had scarfs, or what were meant for scarfs, of all imaginable hues—red, yellow, green, blue—tied about their loins, and a few had even additional ones wrapped round their hats. Their arms were as various as their accoutrements, each man having a hanger at his side, and a belt stuck full of pistols, besides guns, of which there seemed a plentiful variety; some marching with one on each shoulder, like so many Robinson Crusoes. As for their march, I never saw anything so disorderly, every man stalking along as



best pleased himself, and all swearing, talking, whistling, singing, in a manner wonderful to observe. Their officers (and I almost doubted, at first, whether they had any) seemed to be but two in number, and were distinguishable only by being more obstreperous than their followers; at least, the man who marched at their head swore with a louder voice and greater volubility than any one else, except a second worthy personage, who carried a banner of a very odd appearance—which, indeed, I afterwards found was an old red flannel petticoat—and seemed to aim at rivalry in profanity with the other.

I immediately saw, or thought I saw, that this, instead of being a band of regular soldiers or disciplined volunteers, was a company of mere militia-men, got together in a hurry, and stuffed with Dutch courage for the occasion, having quaffed, along with the gallantry that swims in the bottle, a deal of the folly and perverseness that lie at the bottom. This was a great disappointment to me, as I should have preferred to unite my fate with some company of soldiers in handsome uniform; but I thought it was not much matter with what corps I began my campaign, seeing I should soon, as I hoped, transfer my services to another—to that, whichever it might be, honored by the presence of my friend Dicky Dare.

Having solaced myself with this reflection, I advanced toward the warriors, who, at sight of me, began to make some demonstrations of hostility, such as it had been my luck already twice to meet during the last eight hours; that is, they drew, some of them, their swords and pistols, while others leveled their guns, as if about to blow or hew me to atoms, a catastrophe that was averted partly by their commander d—g their eyes for being so ready to fight without his orders (which reproof, by the way, was immediately echoed, in the same tones, by the knight of the petticoat), and partly by myself calling out, with great energy, that I was a friend.

"Friend be d—d—that is—friend, advance," quoth the commander; an injunction which I immediately obeyed, though with somewhat of fear and trembling.

And now I observed, as I drew nigh, that my redoubtable warriors, who were, three-fourths of them at least, in a very soldierly condition, and the other fourth hastening to become so by frequent and open application to sundry gourds, canteens and

black bottle that were circulating among them, had taken as good care of the main chance in the second particular as the first, being quite as well provided with meat as with liquor. There was scarce a man of them that had not in his hand, or upon his back, something wherewithal to meet the exigencies of hunger; some bore fowls, some little pigs, some sheep, and one tall fellow was staggering under a hind quarter of beef, that looked like a gate of Gaza on his shoulders. Even the magnificent captain himself was as well burdened as any of his men, having a garland of young chickens hung round his neck and a bundle of screaming guinea-fowls hanging from his sash—which sash, by the way, bore to my eyes a prodigious resemblance to a woman's shawl, or some other article of female apparel. And, indeed, the same might be said of the brilliant girdles and hatbands that adorned the persons of the others, who seemed to me to have borrowed largely of their wives and daughters to complete their equipments.

The captain received me with a stare of mingled wrath and solemnity, and demanded, with a dreadful hiccough, and still more dreadful oath, "who I was."

"Sir," said I, with as much dignity as I could assume, though somewhat confounded at the strange reception—"my name is Robin Day; and I have come to volunteer my humble assistance in this glorious service."

"Glorious, by G—!" cried the commander; "never was on such a chicken-eating campaign in my life; chickens to fight and chickens to eat—and oxen and assen, and piggen and sheepen, and—But, curse me, there's no time for gabble. Well, sir, d—n my eyes, consider yourself a prisoner of war."

"A prisoner, sir!" said I, amazed; "I come to volunteer."

"Oh, ay! you do?" quoth the officer, recollecting himself. "Well, then,"—here he flung a bundle of chickens on my shoulders—"hang on to the roosters, and fall in."

"Sir," said I, hastily, "if you will give me a sword and a musket, I should much prefer——"

"Oh, you would, would you?" cried the captain, turning, with a hiccough, to his men:—"Here, you Black Jack, or Tom Spike, or some of you, d—n my eyes, han't you a reefer's toothpick, or a barking iron, or some such bloody piece of business, for the young un?"

"Just the thing to sarve him, my eyes!" cried a one-eyed sailor-

looking fellow, clapping on my shoulder a gun some eight or ten feet long—a huge ducking piece, such as I had heard fowlers used, but without dreaming it was ever so horribly big and heavy. “Just the thing to a ropeyarn,” said the one-eyed man, grinning as I embraced, with no good will, the gigantic weapon, nearly twice as long as myself;—“couldn’t fit better, my eyes! if you’d been measured for it by the tailor.”

“Hold your jaw, Sam Slack,” quoth the captain, eyeing me with such an approving look of drunken gravity that I felt tempted to beg permission to exchange my unwieldy weapon for another of more appropriate size, as also to hint a dignified desire to get rid of the chickens; a request that was, however, prevented by the martialist exclaiming, “I likes them that’s gentlemen, and has the game in them. But, I say, shipmate, hang on to the roosters!” Then turning to his followers, he gave the word of command to resume the march—“Attention! Starboard your helm—right about wheel—march. Strike up, music; let’s have a little more of Yankee Doodle.”

With that, the music struck up, my gallant captain waddled forward, his Falstaff regiment followed at his heels, and I, who had been assigned no particular place, and therefore marched, as I stood, at the commander’s side, trudged along in equal time, wondering much at my brothers in arms, and perhaps quite as much at myself for having taken service with them.

It struck me that these gallant personages, from the captain down, had much more of a nautical than military character about them, their dress and speech alike smacking of salt water. But this did not appear very surprising, considering the country where we were, the shores of a vast navigable bay or arm of the sea; and, besides, the ravages of the enemy, it might be supposed, had driven on shore the crews of all the bay vessels, who would very naturally band together to resist his further encroachments on the land. I must confess, however, I was greatly perplexed by many odd expressions that fell from these amphibious heroes, whose destination, as well as other interesting particulars in relation to them, I became very desirous to learn, and addressed myself to the commander accordingly. The answer I got was a command to “hold my peace and hang on to the roosters,” accompanied with a look of authority I durst not dispute.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Robin Day's first battle ; with a surprising discovery which he makes in the midst of it.*

So I held my peace and the chickens, assumed a bold military step, and marched onward with my new comrades, until a turn of the road brought us suddenly in view of a broad river, and a village of some ten or a dozen houses standing on its banks. Among these we could perceive the glimmer of arms and military uniforms, and a banner waving in the wind over the heads of a company of soldiers, drawn up on the borders of the river, evidently to receive a fleet of armed boats that was seen, at no great distance, ascending the tide with all the force of oars. At the same time I perceived five or six companies similar to our own, but most of them more numerous, and some of them of a much more orderly and soldier-like appearance, marching from different points, over the fields towards the village, one of which immediately effected a junction with us, its conductor, of superior rank to our own leader, assuming the command over us, and uniting us to his own company. He signalized his authority by d—ning his subordinate's eyes, and telling him he was drunk; by pronouncing the company a set of lubbers and horse-marines; by thwacking the knight of the petticoat over the back with the flat of his sword for calling him *Swabs*, and offering him, with drunken generosity, a sop from a black bottle which he produced; and, finally, turning to me, he demanded very magisterially, "who I was, and what the devil I was doing with my long nine" (meaning the duck gun), "at the head of the company, marching like a bull-frog under a bean-pole?"

I replied, as I had done before, that "I was a volunteer," at which he looked surprised, and was about to ask me further questions, when the sudden report of a musket from the village, answered by a lusty hurrah from the boats, and from some of the companies on shore, put other matters into his mind, and he has-

tily exclaimed, addressing especially my disorderly brothers-in-arms, "Now, you drunken blackguards, fight like bull-dogs, or I'll marry you to the gunner's daughter, every one of you. There's the enemy in the town, already banging at us, d'ye see; and there are the boats trying to overhaul the ragamuffins before us, d'ye see; give way—quick step; make ready for a broadside, and carry the ship by boarding."

With these words he drew his sword, and putting himself at our head, led the way gallantly towards the town; in which example he was imitated by the leaders of the other companies, all of them, as I now observed, quickening their march, as if to see which should first reach the field of battle.

The words of my new commander filled me with confusion. I had, all along, supposed we were marching to the town to reinforce its defenders, and repel the British, then approaching against it in boats. What did my commander mean by calling the village troops "the enemy?" and what did *they* mean by firing, or, in his eloquent phraseology, banging at us? for it seemed the musket shot had been aimed at us.

As these questions occurred to me, I gave another look to the town, which we were now approaching at charging speed, and perceived that the flag waving over the heads of its defenders was starred and striped—that is, an American flag; there was no mistaking that, for our leader called attention to it by crying, "There goes the gridiron—give 'em a sight of the red bunting!" I looked round upon the banner which was immediately displayed over our own heads; and, horror of horrors, it bore the bloody cross of Britain!

Our commander noted my looks of confusion, and exclaimed, with great ire, waving his sword as if about to cut me down, but without relaxing his steps,—“What! you cowardly rascal! is that the way you volunteer to fight the enemies of your king and country? Fight bravely, you dog, or I'll slice you to pieces!”

“Sir,” said I, in great distress, “I have made a mistake—I have volunteered *on the wrong side!*” Which was no more than true, as I now clearly perceived, having, in my great hurry to enter upon the glorious life of a patriot soldier, taken service along with a band of marauders—foraging sailors, whom I had mistaken for soldiers, and, worse than all, for American militia-men.

But the error was now irretrievable. Business was waxing thick and hot on my commander's hands; the enemy—that is, *his* enemy, not mine—were nigh at hand, and shots began to be fired from various quarters; the scent of gunpowder was in his nostrils, and the savor of plunder on his lips; and to my piteous exclamation, "I was on the wrong side," he deigned no other reply than a hasty "D—n the difference—fight away like a brave fellow;" adding to my comrades, "Now, men, give them a shot, and at 'em like bulldogs!"

Bang! bang! went twenty guns about my ears, and I immediately felt myself borne towards the village by a rush of my companions, among whom I was swept, whether I would or not, receiving, every now and then, the prick of a bayonet or cutlass in the back from some hasty brother-in-arms, by which my steps were wonderfully accelerated. In short, I marched into the village; which, being speedily cleared of its defenders, though *how* I never knew, being too much frightened to make any observations on the action, was taken possession of, plundered, set in flames, and then immediately evacuated, the victors embarking in the boats with their plunder and my unlucky self, whom the strangeness of the adventure left still overwhelmed with amazement and terror.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*How, by a second exercise of his new-born wisdom, Robin Day escapes a terrible difficulty. He meets two old friends, and has a controversy with Skipper Duck.*

I FOUND myself, as soon as I had collected my wits sufficiently to look around me, crammed into a barge with as many of my new companions-in-arms and as much plunder of various kinds as the boat would hold. At my side was the valiant personage, the supposed captain of militia, to whom I had first offered my patriotic services, and who now wore a tattered handkerchief round his jaws, in token they had received some damage in the action; and in the stern was his superior, our gallant leader, now in command of the boat. Around us were other boats, forming quite a fleet, all as much crowded and deeply laden as our own, and all rapidly descending the river towards a squadron of armed schooners and shallops, which were seen at anchor some six or seven miles below.

The sight of these vessels—prizes picked up in the bay, and now employed in ravaging its inmost nooks and corners, in which, once embarked in them, I knew not to what further warlike expeditions against my own countrymen I might be led, filled me with desperation; and I immediately desired the commander's attention to my case by assuring him, as before, that I had made a mistake, "of which," I told him, "it was my opinion he could not, as a gentleman, take advantage; and, therefore, I expected he would immediately set me ashore."

"Ha !" cried the commander, "I remember you; fought like a born devil—highly approve of your spirit—didn't think it was in you. But—now I think of it—you are a volunteer, ha? Who are you, and where did you come from?"

"Sir," said I, "my name is Robin Day; I am not a volunteer—at least not on your side. I have made a mistake, sir; I am an American."

"The devil you are!" quoth the officer, staring at me with astonishment; while my late leader opened his bandaged jaws to give utterance to a horse laugh, in which he was joined by all the boat's crew, and to the exclamation, "Here's a Johnny Raw, d—n my eyes!"

"Hold your jaw, Tom Gunner, you drunken jackass; and you, men, mind your eyes, d—n me!" quoth the commander, irefully. He gave me another stare as full of surprise as the first, re-echoed my confession—"An American!" and then turned to Tom Gunner to resolve the riddle: "Here, you lubber," he cried, "what means all this? Where did you pick up the younker?"

"'Long shore," said Tom Gunner, with a hiccough; "came a volunteering for his king and country—grabbed roosters like a weasel, and fought the enemy like a tomcat! Says he to me, says he—hiccough—says he to me, 'Captain' (for d'yc see, my eyes! he takes me for a commodore)—says he to me, says he; he did, lieutenant, by G—!" And here the worthy speaker came to a stand, admiring at the wonderfulness of my communication, of which, however, he forgot he had not related one word.

"Hark you, Sam Slack," quoth the officer, turning to the one-eyed man from whom I had received the long nine; "you are the only man of the boatswain's gang not as drunk as himself; how did you come by the young fellow?"

"Sir," said I, waxing impatient, "I can tell you that myself as well, and, indeed, much better than he can. I am an American, as I said before. I came down here to fight the enemies of my country; and happening by accident upon this gentleman and his company" ("Gentleman!" quoth Tom Gunner, with a nod of humorous wonder, "what the h— will he make of me next, I axes!")—"I say, sir," I continued, "stumbling upon this person and his company, playing Yankee Doodle on a drum and fife" ("Picked 'em up in ditch, where they were dropped by a company of milishy, then under full sail on the lee beam, standing no'th-east half east," murmured Mr. Gunner)—"I say, sir, I had the misfortune to be deceived in their character—to take them for a company of American militia men"—("Take me for a milishy man!" quoth Tom Gunner—"my eyes, what will become of me!")—"Upon which, sir, I volunteered my services. Nor did I discover the error, sir, until the moment of going into battle."



"Upon my soul," said the commander, "do you expect me to believe all this cock-and-a-bull story? An American, ha! Discovery of error before going into battle, ha! Why, did I not see you, with my own eyes, fight the Americans with the greatest spirit in the world?"

"If I did, sir," said I, "it was because I was frightened out of my senses;" at which words, uttered with the earnestness of truth, the lieutenant burst into a laugh, then swore at the men for imitating his example, and ended by asking me, with much gravity, "And so, sir, because you made a mistake—mistaking a company of his Britanic Majesty's naval forces for a gang of ragamuffin American militia (and, curse me, I don't think, just now, the mistake very unnatural)—you expect me to put you ashore?"

"Certainly, sir," said I; "you can't, as a gentleman, refuse to do so."

"I'll be hanged if I can't, though," said the officer. "Having once volunteered to take arms in his majesty's service——"

"But," said I, interrupting him, "I never *did* volunteer to take arms for his majesty; it was in the service of my own country. And sir," I added, with suitable spirit, "I won't consent to be considered a volunteer any longer."

"You won't?" quoth the lieutenant. "Well, then, do me the favor to know your place—to hold your tongue, and consider yourself a prisoner of war; for one or the other you are—a volunteer, sir, or a prisoner of war."

A prisoner of war! It needed not the solemn and severe look with which the commander pronounced the word to fill me with consternation. I had often heard of British prison ships; my whole life, as I may say, had been passed in view of those waters on which, in the days of the Revolution, these floating Bastilles had acquired their terrible notoriety; and I had known several old soldiers of the War of Independence, who, having been confined in them, had many a dismal tale to tell of the miseries of such captivity. As a prisoner of war I perceived I must be immediately thrust into some horrible hulk, to roast and freeze, to hunger and thirst, to pine for air, to languish in fetters, to be tyrannized over by all hands, to be carried over the seas afar from my country and friends—in short, to be the most miserable creature in the world.

To escape this odious fate now became an object which I cast

over in my mind with desperate energy and haste ; for there was no time to be lost. Once received on board a British ship, a prisoner of war, all, I foresaw, must be over with me ; escape would then be hopeless. A brilliant prospect struck my mind, and instantly dispelled the clouds of despair which had been gathering upon it. Received as a volunteer, I should, of course, escape fetters and tyrannical usage, and, what was of much greater consequence, I should be sent ashore with the rest, to burn villages and attack farm yards, or (which was my way of viewing it), while my comrades were thus engaged, to give them the slip, and so achieve my liberty. The idea captivated my mind in a moment, and, turning to the lieutenant, I hastily assured him I had changed my mind, and begged he would consider me a volunteer as before, as I was determined to live a life of glory. And upon his expressing a little wonder at my willingness to "fight the Americans, my own countrymen," I gave him to understand it was doubtful whether I could claim them as such, it not being at all certain that I was born in the country. Nay, I even informed him of my late adventure with M'Goggin, the schoolmaster, to convince him I had the best reasons possible to avoid returning to the Americans.

I am sorry to say the gentleman did not seem to consider the killing of a schoolmaster any very heinous offence ; on the contrary, he was extremely diverted at the affair, swore I was a lad of mettle, and that he would protect me against the universal Yankee nation. Finally, he declared I should be received as a volunteer in his own ship, and, by and by, recommended to the admiral for a commission, provided I should signalize my courage, at the next excursion on shore as handsomely as he declared I had already done. I discovered I had made a favorable impression upon his mind, and I must say he made a satisfactory one upon mine, being a good-humored, pleasant personage who seemed to take an interest in my affairs, of which he questioned me a good deal, besides laughing heartily at everything I said.

Our conversation lasted until we reached the fleet of small vessels anchored below ; in one of which, a miserable, old and dirty looking shallop, I was disappointed to find the "ship" into which I was to be received a volunteer, under the immediate command of my new friend. He pointed her out as we approached, declaring, by way of commendation, she was "the best oyster boat on the bay."

I looked up to her, and rubbed my eyes to dispel a dream that seemed suddenly to have seized upon my mind. Nothing could be more familiar than the appearance of the vessel, which, in a moment, conjured up remembrances that had long slumbered, and, indeed, been for a time entirely lost. Methought I saw before me the notorious Jumping Jenny, that identical vile bark in which I had passed so many years of childhood and suffering ; and to make the illusion more perfect, I beheld, sitting upon the bowsprit, as she swung by her anchor, the figure of a boy, as ragged and uncouth as boy could be, engaged in that very occupation, the last I had been condemned to in the Jumping Jenny—that is to say, plucking a goose, and dropping its feathers idly over the tide. I saw, methought, not merely my *eidolon*, or *alter ego*, but *myself*, such as I had been five years before ; and so strongly did the feeling of identification possess me that I, for an instant, fairly took to myself, and blushed and trembled at the jeering notices which several of our drunken boat's crew took of the hero of the bowsprit as we approached, and found myself involuntarily dodging, in anticipation of the shower of pebbles and oyster shells which I felt was necessary to give the last finish of reality to the scene.

A second look, however, showed me that my representative was a much bigger and older boy than I had been at the epoch of the gander pulling ; and he presently showed that, with all his squalid looks, he was not deficient in a kind of savage spirit, such as I, certainly, had never possessed, nor, indeed, any spirit at all, while under the dominion of Skipper Duck. To the gibes of the sailors he made immediate response by invoking all kinds of coarse and puerile maledictions on their heads ; when, having thus vented his indignation, he fell to work again upon the goose, leaving us to enter the vessel without further scolding.

We jumped, accordingly, aboard, where the appearance of things called up still more vividly the recollections of my own unhappy childhood. I could have sworn I again trod the deck of the Jumping Jenny. And, indeed, I had not been half a minute on board when full confirmation of the suspicion was furnished by the sudden appearance of no less a man than the veritable Skipper Duck himself, my horrible tyrant, whom I immediately recognized, and, I believe, by mere instinct, for five years had wrought many changes in his visage and person. What fury possessed me at the moment I hardly know—perhaps the recollections,

thus renewed, of his former barbarities, awakened the desire for vengeance, and perhaps the desperation of my present circumstances had a share in the excitement—but certain it is, no sooner had had this amiable personage, in obedience to the call of the lieutenant, “Here, pilot, skipper, where the devil are you,” made his appearance, than, driven by an irresistible impulse, I flew at him, and with the words, “Now, you scoundrel, I’ll pay you up for old times,” and some half a dozen cuffs, applied with all my strength, laid him sprawling on the deck.

“Hurrah for *you*, Mister!” cried my representative, rushing from the bowsprit to my side, goose in hand, and looking half frantic with delight; “that’s the way to serve him; give him a little more!”

“I will,” said I, fortified by such encouragement, and squared off to give the skipper, amazed and confounded at such an attack, the rising blow, when my commander, as much astonished as Duck, but still vastly diverted, bade me (after first kicking the lad of the goose out of the way) “hold,” and asked “what I meant by beating the king’s friends after volunteering to fight his enemies?”

“Sir,” said I, “this man is the biggest villain in America, and treated me like a dog when I was a little boy.”

“I!” said Skipper Duck, wiping the blood from his nose, and admiring its ruddy appearance on his thumb; “I!” ejaculated the rascal, with meek and submissive astonishment, “I never seed the young gentleman before in my life.”

“What, you thief!” said I, “don’t you recollect Robin Day?”

“Robin Day!” cried he, giving me a look of surprise, then of surly resentment; “very well, little Cock Robin, I won’t forget you!” With which words he sneaked away and I saw no more of him.

The lieutenant now invited me into the cabin—that dog hole in which I had so often played the part of a menial and slave—to inquire a little more into my history, and I gave him a full account of all Skipper Duck’s behavior, upon which he commented by laughing very heartily, and by declaring that Skipper Duck deserved all I had given him and something more into the bargain. “As for his cruelty,” said he, “they tell me he used to treat boy Tom—that’s the cook boy with the goose, his ’prentice—just as savagely. But Tom’s a devil, and deserves a rope’s end

every watch—and, upon my soul, I believe he gets it.” I asked him how Skipper Duck came to be in the British service, upon which he told me they had captured his vessel, and the skipper, preferring a handsome reward and the hope of having his shallop, by and by, restored to him, to remaining a prisoner of war or being set ashore a penniless beggar, had accepted a situation as pilot, being well acquainted with all the Chesapeake waters.

“What a traitorous villain!” thought I to myself, and would have said it had it not immediately occurred to me that any such expression of virtuous indignation would look suspicious, coming from me in my present circumstances. But I resolved in my heart some time or other to have Skipper Duck hanged for high treason.

My commander having asked me all the questions he thought proper, first as to my own affairs and then in relation to the villages on some of the neighboring waters, of which, however, I soon satisfied him I knew nothing, now gave me to understand that as a volunteer taking arms in his majesty’s service it was expedient I should be taught the use of arms, for which purpose, greatly to my disappointment, for I expected he would have invited me to dinner, which boy Tom was now laying on the table, gave me in charge of a man in a red coat—I believe a marine—who was exercising the sailors on the deck, and teaching them a more scientific use of their legs and muskets than they naturally possessed, all, doubtless, to fit them more advantageously for the land service, on which they were to be employed. And in this kind of exercise, stopping only for a time to eat our dinners (I, to my great dudgeon, being obliged to mess with the men, as a person of no greater consideration than themselves), we continued for several hours during the afternoon, when, a boat coming on board with a message to the lieutenant, we were ordered to go below and turn in—that is, go to bed—and snatch a little sleep, previous to embarking on a new enterprise, to be undertaken some time during the night.

I felt my dignity again outraged by being compelled to sleep in the common hold among the men, and thought that my friend the lieutenant was not treating me in the most gentlemanly manner in the world; but the prospect of going on shore, and so effecting my escape, reconciled me to the wrong, and I lay down on the hard planks of the hold (for not a bit of a bed had I) with great resignation, and straightway fell fast asleep, dreaming of prison ships all the time.

## CHAPTER XXX.

*Robin Day distinguishes himself at the attack on Havre de Grace and meets with a misfortune.*

I WAS roused from my sleep at last by my new acquaintance and late captain, Tom Gunner, who undoubtedly held some petty office on board the ship, but what it was I never knew; and, indeed, I am equally unaware what was the true rank and title of my friend the lieutenant, though I suspect he was nothing more than a midshipman. And here I may as well confess a greater ignorance of all naval and nautical matters than would seem becoming in one who drew his first breath on the sea, spent his childhood in an oyster boat, fought—or served—six weeks as a volunteer in the British Navy, and smelt powder in—but I must not anticipate my story. The truth is, as I suspect, my early experience gave me a disgust to the sea and its affairs, and, although I have since tried to dive a little into their mysteries, it was all labor lost, and I find myself still as ignorant as ever. This will explain, and, I hope, excuse, the errors into which I may fall, in treating of these passages and branches of my existence.

I was waked by Tom Gunner, who told me to “get up and be d—d,” and intimated we were going to attack a town (it was the town of Havre de Grace, at the head of the Chesapeake), and that I was to have the honor of fighting in a barge under the command of my lieutenant. I got up, accordingly, and, going upon deck, which was already swarming with men, was struck with the novelty of the spectacle that awaited me. It was not yet day, although the dawn was not far off, so that objects were but dimly discernible. I perceived, first, that we were under sail, but making way very slowly, there being scarcely any wind; and, next, that we had, during the time I was asleep, exchanged a river of half a mile wide for one of at least ten times the magnitude, with bold shores looming duskily up in the distance, and finally that our fleet had grown to thrice the number of vessels, some of which, following at a distance behind, were large ships.

As we proceeded onwards, the day began to break, and I saw, some miles off, the indications of a town or village ; which having approached within a mile or two, the fleet came to anchor, and orders were given to man the boats. I descended, with a heart beating betwixt fear and hope, into the barge that already lay beside the *Jumping Jenny*, and which now received the same crew of heroes with whom I had so unluckily distinguished myself the preceding day.

Our commander having also entered the boat, we lay upon our oars for a few moments, waiting the signal to proceed. It was given at last by a sudden discharge of great guns from the ships of war, the thunder of which, with the patterings of the iron balls about their ears, were, I believe, the first intimation the sleeping villagers had of the presence of the enemy. The horrible uproar of so many cannons shot off nigh at hand, and the dreadful sheets of flame bursting from the black sides of the ships, threw me into a great panic, which was not much diminished when our commander gave the word to proceed against the village. "Give way, my hearties," he cried ; "we shall have something better to pick in yon dog hole than ducks and chickens !"

The men responded with loud cheers, which were now heard proceeding from all quarters ; for a great many barges like our own were on the water ; and the rowers addressing themselves to their oars, we were soon rapidly approaching the devoted town.

But as we drew nigh we noticed certain appearances which convinced us that the villagers, however astounded at the salute we had given them, were not inclined to receive their visitors without returning the compliments of the morning. And, first, we perceived a great body of them running hastily down to the beach before the town, where stood three or four strange looking objects, which, at that distance and in the uncertain light of the morning, I could not make out ; nor, I presume, should I have had the least idea of their character, had not Tom Gunner suddenly ripped out an oath, and declared "the bloody villains" (meaning the townspeople), "had cannon, and were going to give us a salvo."

And, true enough, the words were scarce out of his mouth, when bang went a piece, and a cannon ball, striking the river hard by our boat, which was one of the headmost, dashed a shower of

water in my face, by which I was greatly frightened, thinking at first it was my life's blood all let loose. This salute, as it did, I believe, no damage to any in the fleet of boats, only served the purpose of inflaming the martial ardor of all. The officers d—d their souls, the men cheered, and rowed onwards with redoubled vigor; so that, in a few moments, we reached the water's edge and sprang ashore. Previous to this, however, we received several other discharges; the wonder of which was that they were all fired by a single man, who, suddenly deserted by his townsmen, that had been scared off by the noise of their own gun, stuck valiantly to the pieces, fired them off at us, one after the other, and was even seen, without any assistance, to recharge and re-fire them, until our sudden jumping ashore, and a volley of small arms let fly at him, compelled him to beat a retreat.

But even then, his flight was conducted in most heroic order, facing his enemies all the while with a musket, which he fired; then loaded, as he retreated and fired again. "Charge upon the rascal—run him down," quoth the lieutenant, who, having had the honor first to reach the shore, paused a moment to form his men, which he found no easy task in the face of so determined a foe. At that moment, I—still in mortal affright, yet thinking of nothing but escape—took to my heels, and ran up the street, along which the intrepid defender of the town was backing at his leisure, having no desire so great as to reach him and put his heroic defence betwixt me and the invaders. As I had had a musket put into my hands, which I still carried, holding on to it rather from instinct than inclination, and unfortunately forgot in my hurry to inform him of my peaceable intentions, it is not extraordinary, when I approached him, which, running at a great rate, I soon did, that his reception of me proved anything but friendly. In fact, I had no sooner come within reach of his arms than, clubbing his musket, and exclaiming, with a strong Irish accent, "surrender, ye villain," which I should have been very happy to do, had he let me, he fetched me a terrible blow over the head, by which I was felled to the ground, and left insensible.

And so ended, for that day, my hopes of flight, as well as my share in the martial events that followed, of which I have no further knowledge (and that acquired afterwards from others) than that the town was taken, plundered, set in flames, and then, in due course of time, abandoned by the magnanimous victors.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

*Containing an account of Robin Day's successor in the Jumping Jenny, and who he was.*

WHEN I recovered my wits, I found myself again in the Jumping Jenny, lying sick and sore in a bunk, surrounded by sailors, who were, however, attending to their own affairs, without at all concerning themselves with me. And thus, sick and sore, among the sailors in the hold of the Jumping Jenny, I may say at once, to shorten my story, I remained for several weeks, having received such a hurt from the patriotic Hibernian as required all the strength of a naturally sturdy constitution to carry me through with life. And this was doubtless fortunate, as it prevented my taking a share, as otherwise I must have done, in those other forays against the villages of my countrymen, by which the British warfare in the Chesapeake continued to be distinguished.

I received two or three visits from a surgeon belonging to the fleet, who was a very humane personage, and who told me my wounds were not, as I apprehended, of any very great account, considering my youth and hardy constitution; and once, also, I was visited by my friend the lieutenant, who asked me how I fared, swore I was "a brave dog," and vowed he intended to recommend me to the admiral for a commission, "in reward of my gallant behavior at the taking of the Irishman;" for, it seemed, he had mistaken my sudden rush from his crew for an outpouring of valor, an attack actually upon the bloody-minded defender of the village. It was none of my business to undeceive him in the matter, and I took care not to do so. After this I saw no more of him, nor do I believe he ever more troubled his head about me.

In the midst of this universal neglect, which greatly lowered my opinion of my own importance, as well as of the dignity and profit of volunteering in his majesty's service, I perceived many manifestations of good will in a quarter from which I never should have expected it—namely, from Boy Tom, whom I have already

called my representative, as filling in the Jumping Jenny the same unhappy office of football and slave of all work once filled by me. It soon appeared that I had won his affections, or—as he was too much such an insensate clod as I had once been to have any affections to win—that I had made some sort of agreeable impression on his instincts by beating his tyrant, the detestable Duck. Indeed, I remember, the first time he made his appearance at my bedside, or the first time my returning consciousness allowed me to observe him and hear him speak, that his first words to me, pronounced with an accent of mingled eagerness and encouragement, were. “I say, mister, when you gits well, you’ll give him a little more of it, won’t you?”—words which he repeated, or something to the same effect, at every visitation, until I began to understand the drift of them.

He was, to appearance, a boy of twelve or thirteen years old ; but allowing for the effects of Skipper Duck’s brutality, which I could well appreciate, I had no doubt he was in reality three or four years older. His figure was short and squat, but somewhat robust, looking all the bigger, however, for being bagged up in some of Skipper Duck’s cast-off garments. His visage was not in itself unhandsome, having quite regular and rather delicate features; but it was so begrimed with dirt and smoke, and set in such a mop of hair, that seemed never to have known scissors or comb, and there was withal an expression in it of a spirit so mulish and savage and stupid, that no one would have thought of calling it otherwise than ugly. Such a spirit was indicated also by his conversation, which was full of oaths and ignorance, and by his behavior, which to all, saving perhaps myself, on board the Jumping Jenny, was full of perverseness, obstinacy, and enmity. He seemed, indeed, a son of Ishmael among them ; all men’s hands—and I may add, feet—were against him ; he was a butt upon whom all seemed to take a malicious pleasure in venting sarcasms and buffets, which he requited with abuses, and, where he durst, with blows. All swore Boy Tom possessed the spirit of a devil—“a dumb devil,” as Tom Gunner called it—but I believe they had beaten it into him.

The attentions of this little wretch, who played the part of a rude nurse while I lay sick, and brought me daily my physic and food, together with the striking similarity betwixt his condition as it was, and mine as it had been, begot in me a species of interest,

which increased from day to day, and was still further augmented by a suspicion that came over me, I could not tell how, that there was more than a resemblance—that there was some kind of connection between his fate and mine. I employed a portion of the leisure, of which I had more than enough while on my back, in speculating on the peculiarities of his character, and the causes which had molded it into what it was.

And first, it appeared to me that Boy Tom had not always been the mulish, ignorant creature he now was, but that—unlike me, in whom brutal treatment had prevented the natural growth of the mind—he was one in whom mind, after a certain stage of development, had been driven back, or thrust out by hard usage; yet not so completely but that some relics and fragments of it might be seen still lingering behind. Thus, with all his stupidity, there might be occasionally detected in him gleams of sense, the sparkles of a fire that had not been wholly extinguished; and, amid all the coarseness and profanity of his conversation, I was sometimes struck with expressions that I fancied could have been caught only among educated and refined people, such as he never could have met on board the *Jumping Jenny*. His spirit too—for, certainly, he was a spunky little dog, as his continual though unavailing resistance to the tyranny of all on board proved—could never, according to my doctrine, derived from my own experience, have existed, had he been accustomed to such treatment from his earliest days. Besides, it was quite evident he could not have been in Skipper Duck's hands longer than from the period of my deliverance. This had happened between five and six years ago; and as Boy Tom was now at least fifteen years old, it followed that at least ten years of his existence must have been passed in other, and doubtless better, hands than those of Skipper Duck.

The more I speculated upon these things the greater became my interest in the boy, whose rude but kindly attentions grew more frequent day by day, until at last it was quite evident he took pleasure in being with me, giving me the benefit of all the time he had to spare, as well as a great deal that he had not. The more I saw of him the stronger grew my suspicion as to that connection between our interests of which I have spoken before; and several times I was seized with, I cannot say an absolute persuasion, but a feeling that I had seen him before, though where or when my puzzled memory could not

say. And one day this impression became so strong that I could not resist questioning him on the subject, for the purpose of satisfying my curiosity ; and truly, the result was surprising enough. I asked him, "what was his name?"

"Tom," said he ; "Boy Tom."

"But your other name?" demanded I ; "your father's name?"

Tom scratched his head with a stupid stare. "The Cappin's a father over me," said he ; "Cappin Duck, dang his buttons!"

"But your *own* father," quoth I ; "you certainly had a father ; what was his name?"

"Never had no father," said Tom resolutely ; "had only a papa."

There was something in the use of the word "papa" (not to speak of the confusion of ideas), that struck me ; but judge my more than astonishment, when, asking "what was that papa's name," the boy answered without the slightest hesitation, "Dr. Howard."

I started up from my bunk, sick and feeble as I was, and looked almost with terror upon the lad ; who, as if quite unconscious of having said anything at all surprising, continued to inform me that his papa "lived all the way off in Jersey," as if that were at the other end of the earth. His father my patron, Dr. Howard ? himself my little schoolmate Tommy, who had been drowned, as all the world knew, or supposed, five years before ? The idea was too amazing for belief ; but it had conjured up a thousand sleeping memories, and as I looked into the little wretch's face I could now perceive points of resemblance not before noticed, which staggered me from my incredulity. "*You Tommy Howard !*" I exclaimed, with a faltering voice ; to which the poor oaf, taking the ejaculation for an inquiry, answered bluffly, "No, Boy Tom, I tells you ; papa's name was Dr. Howard, but mine's Boy Tom."

"If Dr. Howard is your papa, you then must be Tommy Howard," I said. "Yet it cannot be. Tommy was drowned ; every body said so ; they found his clothes on the shore."

Then looking again upon the urchin, who, not comprehending my remarks, or the drift of them, began to stir about as if he had already discharged the subject of conversation from his thoughts, I cried, as a new thought struck me, "If you are Tommy Howard you must know *me* ; I am your old friend Robin Day !"

Boy Tom stared at me with a face of great simplicity ; "Never know'd no sich feller," said he.

"What ! not Robin Day, that fished you out of the river when you hit him with an oyster shell ? Robin Day, that you taught his letters to ; that used to play with you in the garden all day long ?"

"'Twar'n't no sich feller as Robin Day," said Tom, very resolutely ; "'twas little Sy Tough. Ay, dang my buttons !" he continued as the gleam of recollection shot over his murky mind, "Sy was sich a feller for eatin' and drinkin' ! Know'd Sy Tough well enough, but never know'd no Robin Day."

The reader will remember that Sy Tough was my nickname at school, and he may judge how much of satisfaction, mingled with pain, I felt at hearing it thus pronounced by the poor boy ;—satisfaction, because, to my mind, it afforded the clearest proof of the identity of Boy Tom and the lost Tommy Howard ; and pain, because it was only with grief I could look upon my old playmate and friend, the child of my benefactor, thus degraded in intellect and manners, a wreck of what he had been, a nonentity compared with what he might, and ought to have been.

But he was my patron's son, Tommy Howard, there was no doubt of that. I could see it in his visage, I could hear it in his voice, I could trace it in his broken and confused recollections. Five years of slavery in the hands of such a man as Skipper Duck, were enough to make even the bright little Tommy what he was—to rob him of every faculty of mind, and every acquisition of manners, feeling and knowledge ; the only wonder was that he should have retained any thing, that he should have recollected any thing, that he should not have been wholly brutalized.

But little Tommy Howard had been drowned ; had not the whole village said so ? had not every one settled even the particulars of his death ? I conned the circumstances over in my mind. It was true, every one believed little Tommy had been drowned ; but that did not prove he had been. All that was actually known of the catastrophe was, that Tommy, with some twenty or thirty other urchins had gone one evening into the river to swim, amusing themselves as usual among the shipping—or, to be more correct, the *shalloping*—moored about the wharves, and anchored in the river ; that he was missed when his companions left the water to dress, and only then, when some one remarked an unclaimed bundle of clothes which were found to be his ; that he was supposed to have been drowned because that was the easiest and most natural way of accounting for his disappearance. The river had been

dragged for his body, though without success. That made nothing, at the time, against the belief in his unhappy end ; but it was now every thing in favor of my own conclusions. Had his body been indeed found, the circumstances of Boy Tom calling himself the son of Dr. Howard, and remembering the name of Sy Tough, would have been merely wonderful ; as it had not been found, it was, with these, another proof of his existence, and of his being one and the same person with Boy Tom.

It remained now to account for his sudden disappearance, and his falling into the hands of Skipper Duck ; and here, although I received no assistance whatever from him, his memory being on this point as on most others, quite extinguished, I was at no great loss to frame a plausible solution of the difficulty. It will be remembered that Skipper Duck had expiated his wrongs to me by a severe punishment—by fine and imprisonment—not to speak of the keel-hauling and banishment from our town forever, which visitations of justice were directly to be traced to my patron, Dr. Howard, to bring him to justice ; and nothing could be more natural than that he should seize any opportunity that fell in his power of revenging himself upon the doctor, the cause of his misfortunes. I, who knew the Skipper so well, felt that the cutting of the doctor's throat itself would not have been an enormity too great for him, had it not been for the cowardice of his nature, the only quality that kept him from the commission of the greatest crimes. Upon revolving the matter in my mind, viewing it in every way, I became convinced that, at the time of the catastrophe, Skipper Duck must have been with his vessel in the river,—and, doubtless, in disguise, as was necessary to his safety—that little Tommy had, by some means fallen into his hands, perhaps by swimming to and clambering into his vessel, which kind of visitations it was a common thing for the boys to make to the vessels anchored in the river ; that the Skipper had recognized him as the son of his enemy and persecutor (as he most probably considered the doctor), and, upon an impulse of revenge, immediately concealed and carried him away, to wreak upon his innocent body the revenge he owed the parent. And such an act was not the less probable, that it gained him a slave to fill the office from which I had been removed. Then, by changing the scene of his operations from the New Jersey to the Chesapeake waters, it was as easy to retain possession of his prize as to escape the consequences of his crime.

Such was the way in which I explained the marvel of poor Tommy's existence and debasement, and such was, as it afterwards appeared, the true explanation.

It may be supposed, with such a belief upon my mind, that I did not cease my efforts to awake the memory of the boy to the other facts and circumstances of his former life, to heap together still further (though I required no more convincing) proofs of his identity. But here my ingenuity and perseverance were alike unrewarded; he knew nothing, he remembered nothing, save that his "papa's" name was Dr. Howard, who lived "all the way off in Jersey," and that he once had a playmate, Sy Tough, whose head he had laid open with an oyster shell, who had fished him, in return, from the bottom of the river, and who was "sich a feller for eatin' and drinkin'!"—as, no doubt, I was when first translated from the house of famine to the fleshpots of my patron's kitchen, and the apples and oranges of little Tommy's storehouse in the garret. His sister, his playmates, old Pedro the cook—every thing else was forgotten—even the skill he had imparted to me in reading was gone; I found in making the experiment he scarce knew one letter from another. In short, he was such a ruin, such a wreck of what he had been, so stupid of mind and callous of feeling, that it pained me to the heart to look at him, and, especially, to pursue the investigations, which only the more glaringly revealed his deficiencies. But I had one cheering hope: once again in the hands of his father, I doubted not of his speedy regeneration; the hand that had rescued an alien from barbarism would be still more powerful to rescue the benighted son.

This discovery, by which I was greatly excited, did what physic and my own desires had hitherto failed to do; it put me immediately upon my legs, and I crawled upon the deck to look up my friend the lieutenant, and the villanous Duck, for the purpose of representing to the former the singular case of little Tommy, and charging the latter with kidnapping him; besides, I hoped to procure the lad's liberty, and have him sent back to his parent. But neither the lieutenant nor the skipper were to be found; the commander had gone off, with a single boat's crew, taking Duck along with him, upon an expedition which proved very unfortunate, the lieutenant losing his life, and all his crew, including the skipper, being either destroyed or taken prisoners. This we learned in the evening when another officer, an old midshipman, came on board the

Jumping Jenny and read his orders to assume the command of the vessel.

To this officer, though somewhat daunted by his looks, which were glum and ferocious, I did not long defer carrying my story, though I must say its reception, as well as my own, was not very encouraging or flattering. I had not well opened my mouth when he unlocked his own to pour a volley of abuse, his wrath being caused, it seemed, by my audacity in speaking to him without having been first invited to do so; and he ended the explosion by demanding "who the h—l I was?" to which I replied, I was "a volunteer in his Majesty's service."

"Volunteer be d—d," quoth he, sending for the ship's list, which he looked over for my name, though, I believe, without finding it; upon which he fell into a great passion, and swore I was a prisoner of war and nothing better, until Mr. Gunner came to my assistance, and bore witness I had volunteered my services to *him*, that they had been accepted by the late lieutenant, and, finally, that as a volunteer I had won my wounds fighting bravely on shore at the storming of Havre de Grace.

The commander then, with another oath, asked me what I wanted, upon which I told him poor Tommy's story, or, rather, as much as he would hear, which was little enough; he d—d Tommy's eyes, as well as mine, and upon my preferring an humble request that he would give the former his freedom, to return to his bereaved parent, he asked me whether I was "a volunteer horse, or volunteer jack-ass?" told me to mind my own business, and then uncivilly dismissed me from his presence—that is, he picked up a handspike, and threw it at my head, as I was hastily, to avoid his wrath, descending to my quarters.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

*Robin's plans of escape are interrupted, and he marches with the British to the attack on Craney Island.*

HAVING thus lost all hope of effecting the liberation of my poor playmate through the humanity of the lieutenant's successor, I now cast about for other means of insuring my ends; and none better offering, I laid a plan for escaping with him in a boat to the shore, which I thought might be done under cover of the night, as the watch was not always kept with great strictness. And, once upon *terra firma*, I thought there would be no great difficulty in finding the means of sending Tommy to his friends, notwithstanding that my unlucky circumstances rendered it inexpedient for me to attempt turning my face toward the same quarter.

I digested and perfected the scheme at my leisure, taking care to admit none to my counsels, not even Tommy himself; who, I doubted not, would be willing to fly with me from the tyranny of the Jumping Jenny at a moment's warning, and upon whose prudence and co-operation I saw it was necessary to rely as little as possible. At the same time, having procured a sheet of paper from a literary marine who kept a journal of his exploits, I drew up a long letter to my patron, which I designed to send by Tommy, in which I described, first, the happy discovery I had made, with all matters thereto relating; and in the second place, my own unlucky adventures from the time of leaving his house up to the present moment. I was particular in explaining the incident of the robber, that he might see I was innocent of the charge laid at my doors by the audacious highwayman, as well as of the loss of the horse which that impudent fellow had ridden off with; and I gave him the true account of my adventures with the false and the true Mr. Bloodmoney, begging that he would clear up my character, which had, no doubt, suffered in the estimation of that worthy gentleman. I informed him of my fortunate escape (for so I considered it) from Mr. John Dabs, the constable, as well as

of my unhappy encounter with the British, begging him to observe that I had volunteered to take arms with them only for the purpose of avoiding the horrors of a prison-ship, and of effecting my escape to my own countrymen at the earliest opportunity. I concluded the missive by detailing my plan of escape and assuring him that, as I intended to make Tommy the bearer of my epistle, he might infer, upon the receipt of it, that I had effected my purpose and was at liberty. I ended by a postscript, in which I sent my love to Nanna, with a hint that as soon as I should escape the British and light upon my friend Dicky Dare, she would, perhaps, hear further of me in the papers, fighting the battles of my country. My letter, when finished, I concealed about my person, to have in readiness for the moment of escape, which I now resolved should soon take place—and that before being called upon again to bear arms in the service of his Britannic Majesty.

My resolution, as far as it had reference to fighting again in the ranks of the enemy, it would have been as well had I omitted, since it required, to make it good, the consent of other persons, whose consent might not have been so easily obtained. At all events, after having quite settled the matter in my own mind to my own satisfaction, I was given to understand, one fine morning, after being first informed I was discharged from the sick list, that I was that day, for the third time, to have the honor of fighting his majesty's enemies, and ordered to prepare myself for action accordingly. This information was conveyed by my friend Tom Gunner, who, noting my surprise, or perhaps a stronger feeling, for I was, in his phrase, rather taken aback by it, told me, "there was no use in being scared, as the d—d bullets never got out of one's way for being afraid of them," and added, "after all, d— his heart, he believed we were going, for once, to knock our heads against a stone wall, and that some of us would see Davy Jones before the day was over." And in reply to my question, upon what expedition we were bound, he told me we were to attack the city of Norfolk, somewhere near to which the whole fleet lay at anchor; that if we succeeded, we should have "hellish fine times among the women, and grand picking among the crockery ware and niggers; though, to his mind, we were more like to come off with a salt eel than anything better." And upon my asking what made the enterprise more dangerous than usual, he replied, there was "a cursed island, with a cursed fort

upon it, to take, before we could approach the city—that the cursed island, besides its cursed fort, was also defended by a cursed Yankee frigate and twenty cursed Yankee gunboats,” all which cursed things, island and fortress, frigate and gunboats, were “manned with fellows that knew the difference between grog and gunpowder—with sailors, d— his blood, that had seen service, and none of your blasted milishy, that one could lick by merely looking hard at them.”

However grieved I may have felt at this unexpected order, I had gained too much experience to think of disputing it; and, accordingly, I made my preparations, and, in a very brief time, found myself in a barge, strongly manned and officered by the new commander, which, with a great number of others, now set off for the southern shore of James River, near the mouth of which—that is to say, in Hampton Roads—the British fleet lay anchored.

The reader, who is better conversant with geographical science than I happened to be in those days, knows that the position of Norfolk is upon a smaller river that empties into the James River, from which the town is seven or eight miles removed. Upon this smaller river, three miles above the James River, lies Craney Island—“the cursed island” of Tom Gunner—separated from the western bank by a narrow channel, which is, I believe, fordable; at least it was so reported among my friends the British, who thereupon founded their plan of attack. It was designed that a part of the invading force should advance upon the island in the boats, while the remainder, landing at the mouth of the river, should march up behind the island, while its defenders were engaged with the boats, wade the narrow channel, and carry the works on the island by storm.

The crew of the *Jumping Jenny*, it appeared, were to take part with the latter division, composed of land troops, (brought over by Admiral Warren), marines, and sailors—a destination which, I believe, gave great pleasure to every soul in the division; for, as it was pretty generally understood that the fort on the island was a fort in earnest, with abundance of artillery and men, not to speak of the frigate and twenty gunboats, lying so convenient for its assistance, so it was as commonly believed that the attack upon it in front with barges would prove anything but safe or agreeable to those assigned to the duty. As for myself, I was

doubly pleased—pleased to escape the dangers of the boat service, and pleased to put my foot again upon dry land, where (so hot was now my desire to escape), I determined, if possible, to desert the King's service, leaving little Tommy Howard, not, indeed, to shift for himself, but to be liberated in a way and by means to be afterwards devised.

Our division landed without difficulty or molestation, and immediately took up the line of march towards the object of attack, marching through scrubby woods and thickets, so as to strike the river in the rear of the island—or, as Tom Gunner called it, "to take it astarn;" and this part of our design we effected without any accident—that is, we came in sight of the river and its island, the theatre on which we were all shortly to play parts so important and heroical. We came in sight of it at a moment of great excitement and interest; for, just then, the barges were seen close to the island, upon which they were rushing with furious spirit and speed, while a host of blue-jackets—sailors from the American squadron drawn up in the river above—stood behind a breastwork on the shore, with artillery, to dispute their landing. We could see the gunners whirling their matches in the air, as if upon the very point of firing; the expectation of which, with the interest of the scene, brought our land army to an involuntary halt, to behold the beginning of the battle. It is true, our commanders d—d our eyes, and ordered us, some to "march," and some to "give way," according as they belonged to the bull-dog or sea-dog families; but even they could not resist the feeling of the moment, which chained all feet to the ground, while all eyes were directed to the scene of strife about to open. "My eyes!" said Tom Gunner, opening them upon his friends in the barges, "they gits it!" which was a very prophetic speech of Tom Gunner's.

At this moment, the forces in the boats, who, I fancy, had just caught sight of us, their coadjutors, so opportunely arriving, set up a lusty cheer, and dashed with renewed spirit against the island; and a few more strokes of the oars would have carried them to the strand, which, however, but few of them were destined to reach. The blue-jackets returned the cheer with another not so loud, but quite as bold and confident; and immediately we beheld some ten or a dozen matchsticks descend upon the vents of as many cannon, followed by a din of explosion that shook the earth under

our feet. The effect of this discharge was, to my fancies at least, prodigious. The river was tossed into foam, its whole surface around and among the boats converted into froth by the showers of ball and grape-shot poured from the cannon; while the fragments of at least one barge shattered by a ball, were seen knocked into the air, with, perhaps, the mangled limbs of several of her crew, whose bodies were, an instant after, seen scattered over the tide. The assailants, undeterred by the discharge, gave breath to another hurrah, which was, however, cut short by another broadside, that rapidly succeeded the former, and, I believe, wrought horrible havoc among them; but of this we could now know nothing, as the smoke of the artillery drove over the water as well as around the battery, and concealed friend and foe alike from our view. But from that nitrous cloud long came to our ears the sounds of battle—the roar of the American cannon, as well as those in the boats (for they had ordnance on board, and now put them to use), the rattle of musketry, and the shouts of the combatants.

There was another reason why we should no longer take much note of the proceedings of our comrades, which was a sudden occasion we found for giving all our attention to our own interests. The second volley of the blue-jackets awoke the wrath of our leaders, who gave the order again to march, and carry the island at a blow. We had scarcely turned our faces to obey, when we were petrified at the sight of a multitude of men spread through the woods, some of them very tatterdemalion-looking personages, but all armed and formed somewhat in military order, who had marched upon us unawares, and were still advancing full in our front. And to make this apparition the more disagreeable, we immediately heard a strong voice among them, doubtless that of their leader, cry aloud—"Now, boys, there they are, the villains! let them have it!" And, indeed, they did let us have it immediately—that is to say, a volley of small arms, chiefly rifles, I believe, by which at least a dozen of our men were shot down, one of them, a sailor at my side, who rolled his eyes, and—having Tom Gunner's late observation on his memory—gasped out, "Now we gits it, too, d—n my blood!" and immediately expired.

"Cut the villains to pieces; they are only militia—charge them out of the wood!" cried our own commander-in-chief; and my fellow soldiers, whose blood was now up, obeying the order, rushed

upon the offending freemen with a fury not to be withstood, and they immediately retreated, though in very good order, rather backing away than flying, and keeping up an incessant firing all the time. We drove them thus through the woods a few hundred paces, when, all of a sudden, a volley was fired at us from the bushes on the river bank, which was on our left, and, turning to charge upon this new foe, we received a third fire upon our backs from a detachment, which, it appeared, had out-flanked us on the right. At the same time our adversaries in front came to a stand, and, having given us one more salute with their rifles, suddenly unmasked a battery of field-pieces, by the first discharge of which a score of my comrades were made to bite the dust, and the whole force thrown into confusion.

Of the remaining occurrences of the battle I do not profess to be able to give any clear and satisfactory account, having been, in fact, thrown into such disorder by the fire of the artillery, only a few rods in front, and the havoc wrought by the great balls among the trees, which came tumbling down about our ears, and among our men, whose mangled bodies, torn by these tremendous missiles, filled me with horror and astonishment, that I was no longer able to note the proceedings around. All that I know is that the militia were too strong, and their fire too hot for us; that we beat a retreat in our turn, and were pursued by the enemy, whose numbers seemed to increase as they followed us, and that our forces, or at least that portion of them with which I acted, were thrown into disorder by a furious charge of the pursuers, who became, in a manner, for a few moments, mingled with us, fighting in *melée*. I remember very well that a company of the most beggarly-looking militia of them all came rushing up, like so many devils, to where I stood (without yet an opportunity to fly), led on by a very young officer in uniform, who flourished a long cut-and-thrust sword, seemingly devoured by his own valor, and furiously cheering his men to deeds of fame and glory.

Up to this moment, the crew of the Jumping Jenny had not suffered any very great loss, and were able to retreat in a body, presenting a firm face to the enemy. But the fury of the present attack, leveled particularly against us, was more than we could stand, especially as our captain (whom, however, nobody regretted, he was such a tyrant) was shot down by a chance ball as they came on. Nevertheless we (that is my comrades) made some show

of resistance, even when broken by the fury of the shock, and engaged hand-to-hand with the assailants. Tom Gunner, in particular, swearing "he be d——d if he was going to be whipped by any riff raff milishymen," and calling upon the men to remember "they were beef-eating Britons, and not fever and aguy Virginee Yankees," rushed against the captain of the enemy with his cutlass and immediately engaged him hand-to-hand. Fierce, but brief was the conflict; thwack went the cutlass, clash went the cut and thrust; "Surrender, you bloody baby!" roared Tom Gunner, the epithet expressing his contempt of the officer's youthful looks—"Die, you British thief!" cried the latter; then thwack and clash and clash and thwack again, until, suddenly, the bold Tom, vanquished by the superior fortune or skill of his antagonist, fell to the ground exclaiming, "I'm done for, d——me," and ended his marauding campaigns forever; at least, I suppose so, that being the last I ever saw or heard of him.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

*Robin Day discovers his friend Dicky Dare ; but his pleasure is damped by a new misfortune which separates him from his brother adventurer, and sends him again upon the world a fugitive.*

THE disorder into which our company was thrown by this furious attack afforded me the opportunity I had so long desired for effecting my escape—an opportunity, however, of which I did not immediately take advantage, owing to my fears and confusion of mind, having no other thought at that time but how to get out of the reach of the frantic militia-men, who were dealing death upon all before them. But a circumstance that befell in the battle betwixt Tom Gunner and the young officer, which was fought, as I may say, hard by me, startled me from my panic, and recalled the thought of escape. The appearance of the captain of militia presented nothing unusual to my eyes; but his voice, proclaiming defiance and the confidence of victory over his opponent, electrified my inmost spirit—it was the voice of my friend Dicky Dare! Yes! a look at him, as his valiant arm whirled in the air to strike the blow that brought the vanquished Gunner to his feet, convinced me it was indeed he, whom the lustre of a martial uniform could now no longer conceal from my eyes. It was he, my friend and brother-in-arms, fighting like a young Mars, fighting in the front ranks of victory, fighting, too, which was equally advantageous and glorious, on exactly the right side—on the side of his country.

The apparition of my friend and fellow adventurer, so long lost, so long sought, filled me not only with surprise, but with joy and rapture; and shouting his name, with a cry half plaintive, half triumphant, I rushed towards him, to put myself under his protection and command, with the full intention of turning my arms against my friends of the Jumping Jenny. But it was, I soon found, no easy matter to claim an acquaintance, or renew a friendship, on the field of battle.



A dozen combatants rushed between me and my friend ; and, worse than that, they turned their unfriendly arms against me, some crying "No quarter for the robbers," while others more mercifully bade me "Surrender," which I was very willing to do. "Surrender, you British murderer and plunderer !" cried one, with tones of the most virtuous indignation, clutching me, at the same time, by the collar. The voice was another surprise ; and I beheld in the captor no less a man than the missing master of the Jumping Jenny, the detested Skipper Duck.

The villain recognized me at the moment of speaking, and a grin of exultation illumined his dark and vindictive countenance. "Little Cock Robin ! blast my oyster-tongs !" he cried, giving me at the same time a furious box on the ear, and another at the back of it, before I could recover from my surprise. Then, clutching me tighter than before, he swore I was "a valuable capture—that I was a traitor, an American born subject, who had volunteered with the British, and been with them at the burning of Frenchtown and Havre de Grace, and I know not how many other fields of foray besides—that he was a witness, and could swear to all he had charged me with—that they themselves, the militia-men, had caught me in the very act of treason, fighting with the British, against my own country and fellow citizens—for which I ought to be hanged ; as I undoubtedly would be." In short, I found that I had stepped from one dilemma into another, that Skipper Duck had consigned, or was on the point of consigning, me to that very fate I had so patriotically proposed for him, and that I was in the fairest possible way of being carried to the gallows for high treason.

There was, indeed, some prospect of my escaping this undesirable catastrophe, by being murdered on the spot, Duck's companions, the militia-men, being so exasperated by the charges which I could not contradict, (how could I, since they were all perfectly true,) that some of them proposed to blow out my brains, without further ceremony or inquiry.

At this moment, while I was vainly struggling to explain away the guilt of my apparent treason, by representing from what good motives I had acted, my friend Dicky Dare came hobbling up, (for, it seemed, he had received an honorable wound in the battle,) and, with the tremendous voice of authority, ordered his men to continue the pursuit of the enemy, who were still on the retreat, de-

claring, as if the lives of all mankind depended upon his will, that "not a soul of them," meaning the British, "must be suffered to reach their boats alive." Upon this, all opened their lips to boast their fortunate capture of a traitor, and I to claim the protection of my brother-in-arms.

Dicky Dare looked astonished at the sight of me, and was still more amazed at the charge of treason so volubly preferred by the malignant Skipper, and so hotly confirmed by his companions; but putting on the look of a commander-in-chief, and swearing like a private, he ordered his men to follow after the enemy without further delay, and leave the prisoner to him: "On my brave fellows!" said the youthful chief—"the enemy is not yet cut to pieces: on, then, and cover yourselves with immortal glory!"

"Immortal glory forever! hurrah for Uncle Sam!" cried the gallant ragamuffins, immediately resuming the pursuit of the enemy—all except Shipper Duck, who seized me by the collar again, swearing I was "*his* prisoner, and he wasn't going to give me up for nobody, blast his fish-hooks—but would carry me to head-quarters, where he expected to be handsomely rewarded for his prize."

"What, you mutinous rascal! do you disobey orders?" quoth Dicky Dare, aiming with his sword a terrible blow at the refractory Skipper, which the latter avoided by leaping aside, without, however, loosing his hold of me; until I, encouraged by the countenance of my friend, took part in the affray, and knocked the vindictive caitiff down. He then sneaked off, swearing, as he went, that he would report the valiant Dicky at head-quarters for befriending the renegade whom he had in vain taken prisoner.

"A confounded insolent scoundrel," said Dicky in a fume;—"think, by Julius Cæsar, I have seen the rascal before."

"Yes," said I, "it is that notorious villain, Skipper Duck, that used to be of our town." But Dicky's thoughts were upon more important subjects.

"I say, Mr. Robin Day, by Julius Cæsar," said he, in great haste, yet with exceeding dignity—"there's no time, while the battle is raging, to talk; a brave man, sir, can think of nothing but fighting; so we must be short. Do you mean to allow, sir, you landed on this soil in company with British forces?"

"I did, Dicky. But——"

"And that you came with arms in your hands, a volunteer in the British service?"

"I did, Dicky. But——"

"And that you fought with them at Frenchtown and Havre de Grace?"

"Yes, Dicky. But——"

"But *what?*" cried the young patriot, surveying me with disgust, and putting on the lofty part of a hero: "do you expect to excuse such an act, sir? an act of treason, sir? I'd have you to know, sir, by Julius Cæsar," he added, with increased dignity and emphasis, "I despise a traitor above all created things! My old friend Sy Tough a volunteer in the British service!"

I explained to him that that was a mere stratagem of war—that I had volunteered in the first place by mistake, and then continued to bear arms only for the purpose of effecting my escape to my friends, the Americans.

"H'm," said Dicky, with the snort of a war-horse blowing the breath of contempt on his enemies,—“and do you suppose that *that* excuse will serve your turn at a court-martial? that such a motive as that—or *any* motive, by Julius Cæsar, sir, will justify *you*, sir, or anybody, sir, by Julius Cæsar, sir, in taking up arms against your country, sir?"

These questions fairly set my hair upon end; and I felt that it was a great omission I had made not to ask them of myself, when first adopting that sagacious device by which I designed to effect my escape from the British.

"I believe I have been a great fool, Dicky," said I; "but I hope you will do me the justice to believe my motives were good."

"Confound your motives," said General Dare, sublimely; "actions, sir, actions are the things the government and people of the United States will look to. And as for actions, here you are, sir, taken in action, with arms in your hands, fighting against your country! I say, sir, by Julius Cæsar!" he cried, "do you know what will be the end of all this? Do you know, sir, what is the punishment for taking service with the enemy?"

I stammered out a faltering hope that my case was not so bad as he would have me believe.

"For my part," said Dicky, "I don't know whether they shoot traitors or hang them; but one or the other is certain for you, by Julius Cæsar! You are taken a prisoner to head-quarters, ac-

cused of high treason, convicted by a court-martial, and up you go—or *down*, sir, I don't know which—but hemp or lead finishes the business !”

“Alas, Dicky !” I cried, reduced to despair ; and demanded if he could not, or would nor help me out of my desperate predicament.

“That’s exactly what I mean to do,” said Dicky Dare, with loftier emphasis than ever. “I hate and despise a traitor beyond mention ; but, for old love’s sake, and considering it is your first offense, I pardon you. Go, sir, by Julius Cæsar ; I give you your life and liberty—I release you ; go, fly, save your bacon—run, jump, cut stick, clear out ! make streaks, I tell you, and hide in woods and caves from the wrath of your injured and offended country. As for me, sir, by Julius Cæsar, here goes again for another knock at her enemies !”

With these words the youthful patriot ran hobbling through the woods after his company and the flying foe, and I, conscious of my crime and of the imminent danger it had plunged me into, betook me to my heels returning in another direction, in which, I judged, there was least fear of falling again into the hands of my injured and offended countrymen.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

*In which Robin Day stumbles upon another acquaintance and companion in affliction.*

The words of my friend—"I don't know whether they shoot traitors or hang them, but hemp or lead must finish the business"—remained jingling in my ears for many hours after I lost sight of him, and stimulated the violent exertions which I made to escape the dangerous vicinity of the battle.

I ran through the woods and fields, until the lesser sounds of conflict, the shouts and rattle of musketry, no longer came to my ears; though I could long hear, at intervals, the dying thunder of the cannon. But, by and by, even this was no longer heard, and I had, therefore, reason to fancy myself beyond the immediate danger of pursuit, supposing that pursuit should be attempted; which I thought not unlikely, considering the malicious temper of my foe, Skipper Duck. Nevertheless, I did not cease running at the very top of my speed as long as my strength held, being impelled by the urgency of my fears to make the most of my time; and, even when quite worn out by my exertions, and obliged to pause to take breath, I allowed myself only a few moments of rest, and immediately resumed my journey, which I pursued as fast as I could walk, until late in the afternoon, when I felt satisfied I had left the field of battle more than twenty miles behind me.

Whither I was going I did not greatly trouble myself to take into consideration. My first object was to get out of danger, and beyond the reach of the patriotic militia-men, which it appeared to me would be most easily effected by striking away from the coast, where I supposed all the fighting-men of Virginia were now concentrated, to repel the invader; and I had some vague kind of notion, that, once out of their reach, I would hunt up some other field of glory, and there, by fighting very valiantly on the side of my country, wipe out the sin of treason, of which I had been guilty in act, though not in intention.

My first object, then, was to make my way into the interior : my next desire was to proceed with as little risk of interruption as possible ; for which reason I avoided, at least during the greater portion of the day, all public roads, confining myself to the barren pine woods with which that country is covered, and in which I had less fear of stumbling upon suspicious persons—for, truly, that day, I thought all persons were suspicious. With the same view I eschewed all human habitations, giving a wide berth to every farm house and cottage it was my fate to see, not knowing what dangers I might encounter by approaching them. And hence it happened, as I had laid in no store of provender for my journey, that I was in quite a state of famine towards evening ; at which period, weary and forlorn, I sat down upon the bank of a small river, where a by-road crossed it, to bewail my hard fate, and to devise some means, if possible, of escaping a death of starvation.

As for my hard fate, it was now undoubtedly harder than ever ; and I could not but wonder, while I grieved, at the variety of perils which a persecuting fortune had, in so short a period, heaped upon my back. First, I had brought myself under the danger of the law for a murder—for, be it remembered, I had no knowledge of the restoration to life of the unfortunate M'Goggin, Mr. John Dab's advices to the contrary notwithstanding ; secondly, I lay under an accusation of highway robbery and horse-stealing ; thirdly, I had been drawn into the commission of a burglary, and a most incredibly audacious one, too ; and, last and worst of all, I was a traitor to my country, accused, convicted, condemned, (at least by my friend Dicky Dare,) with the most undeniable prospect of being hanged, or shot, for my pains, the moment my country should catch me. And all this had happened within the few weeks in which I had been left to govern myself by my own wisdom. "Alas !" I cried, beginning to doubt whether my wisdom was so great as I had supposed it to be—a doubt most distressing to a sensible person—beginning to question even my ability to take care of myself—a question still more afflicting to a young person who has believed himself for a while much cleverer than others of his species.

My hunger was also an evil which sorely oppressed me, and the more bitterly as I had still a handsome sum of money about me, enough to buy food for a regiment, but which I durst not apply to

relieving my wants, for I was afraid lest the attempt should only lead to my being taken up for a suspicious person.

When I reflected upon these things and remembered that I was a stranger in a strange land, flying I knew not well whither, but, as I greatly feared, only from one chapter of dangers to another, being very hungry besides, the tears coursed down my cheeks, and I gave myself up to despair. One while I thought I would hang myself in the wood in which I must otherwise make my bed ; and then I thought I would try and catch a terrapin in the creek for my supper. But the terrapin slid off his log the moment I began to look too hard at him, and the thought of suspension passed from my mind as too disagreeable to be debated. Now, I had some notion of going back to the militia to surrender myself to the court martial, trusting to the influence of my friend Dicky Dare, whose regimentals convinced me he had become a great character, to come off in safety ; and then I half proposed even to return to New Jersey and take my trial for the killing of M'Goggin. In the one case I should have the satisfaction of being near my brother-in-arms ; in the other of being befriended by my beneficent patron ; but in either I must run a risk of "hemp or lead," which I could not bear to think of. But what was I to do ? how was I to escape the perils that followed me behind, and perhaps environed me in front ; and also how was I to get my supper ?

While I sat weeping and asking myself these questions in vain, entirely absorbed by the greatness of my distresses, I was surprised by the sudden appearance of a horseman, who rode up through the soft sandy road without my hearing him, or suspecting his presence, until he made it known by an abrupt question : "I say, brother, d——n my blood," he cried, "do you swim this river or jump over it ?"

The sound of a man's voice so near me, my dangers considered, was sufficiently alarming ; but there was something in the speaker's tones that doubled my dread, which was still further increased, when, looking in his face, I perceived to my amazement the harsh features of the pseudo Bloodmoney, my fellow burglar, the redoubted Brown, *alias* Captain Hellcat.

Nor was his memory a whit more backward than my own ; he recognized me in a moment, looked astonished, and then burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, demanding, with great emphasis, "What cheer now, lieutenant ?"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

*A conversation between Robin Day and his friend Captain Brown, in which the latter throws some light upon the adventure of the highwayman.*

MUCH as I had reason to fear and detest this remarkable personage, Captain Brown, by whom I had been so basely defrauded and cheated into a participation in knavery, and who I had cause from his own confessions to believe was, or had once been, a noted pirate, yet my feelings at sight of him mingled something like satisfaction with my fear and resentment. I was so forlorn and helpless in the midst of embarrassment and danger, so much in want of a friend to counsel and assist me, that even Captain Hellicat's countenance appeared to me desirable. At such a moment, I could have accepted the friendship of almost Old Nick himself. He had done me a great deal of mischief to be sure, but, in my present situation, it was scarcely possible he could do me any more. From his courage and worldly experience, nay even from his good will—for I almost looked upon him as a friend, though a mischievous and dangerous one—much was to be expected; and, besides, our adventures together had established a kind of community of interests between us, at least to a certain extent (were we not house-robbers and run-aways together?), which, I thought, must ensure me his good offices at this moment of difficulty and distress. I resolved, in a word, having no other way to help myself, to throw myself upon his friendship, and trust to him for rescue from the dangers that beset me.

Yet I could not avoid opening upon him in terms of reproach, the more particularly as he followed up his first questions by demanding, with another laugh as obstreperous as the first, "what curse of a scrape I had got myself into now? and why I sat there gasping on the river-bank, like a stranded catfish?"

"Sir," said I, "whatever scrape I have got into is all owing to you, who imposed upon my ignorance so grossly, and so brought



me to ruin." And I could scarcely avoid again bursting into tears at the thought of it.

"*I* bring you to ruin?" quoth Captain Brown; "why, hang *mé*, you look very comfortable, considering all things; and I don't think the first lieutenant of the Lovely Nancy, d'y'e see, intends to break his heart for a small matter."

"You may call it a small matter, Mr. Hellcat, or whatever you entitle yourself," said I, nettled into courage by the grin of derision with which he emphasized the title of first lieutenant, "to pass yourself off for another man" (Captain Hellcat grinned harder than ever, "to open letters not addressed to you, to pocket money that did not belong to you——")

"Only a hundred dollars, shiver my timbers!" quoth he, the grin becoming still broader.

"And, after cheating me so unhandsomely, to make me an accomplice in a house-robbery, to the ruin of my character, and almost the loss of my life; for, I assure you, I escaped from Mr. Bloodmoney's house almost by a miracle."

"Did you? by ——" but the oath may be omitted:—"did you, indeed?" cried Captain Brown, with another explosion of merriment—"and so did *I*; it was only by knocking out the watchman's brains with a poker, and ——"

"Good Heavens!" said I, starting with horror, "you did not commit a murder?"

"No," said Captain Brown, innocently—"only knocked out the brains of a watchman, and stabbed one of the niggers."

"And if these are not murders," said I, petrified, "what is?"

"What *is*?" quoth Captain Hellcat, giving me a ferocious stare—"why, d—n my blood, stopping the weasand of a crying baby drowning a woman at sea—twisting the neck of your own brother—*there's* a kind of murder for you, split me; but there's plenty more, when you come to think of it; such as defrauding widows, robbing orphans, belying honest men, grinding the face of the poor, and stabbing men in the dark—all murder, *that*, d—n my blood, and bloody murder, too! But as for breaking a head, or sticking a gizzard, in open fight, why that's all fair and square, and above board, split my timbers."

"But you don't mean to say," quoth I, almost ready to take to my heels and fly from the desperado, "that you killed the watchman and the negro?"

"I'll be hanged," said captain Brown, "if I know what was the end of it ; for d'ye see, I left them in a sort of tornado, having neither time nor weather for observations. But, I say, my hearty, how did *you* slip your moorings ? and what brings you into these sand-fly latitudes ?"

"*You* brought me here," said I, with a sigh ; "I fled here to escape the consequences of your imposition—to avoid arrest, imprisonment, shame and ruin. You see me now what you have made me, a fugitive from the laws."

"Shiver my topsails," said Captain Hellicat, "but you speak as if that was a great matter ! Where's the difference. You don't think Bloodmoney and the constables are still after you ?"

"I don't know but they are," I replied ; adding—"But that is not the worst of my misfortunes."

And here I hastened to explain the later evils into which I had fallen, and all which I properly laid to his door—my unlucky treason, the narrow escape I had just had from the court-martial, and the danger I was still in, a story, which, told in few words and with all the energy of distress, only renewed the mirth of Mr. Jack Brown, *alias* Captain Hellicat, who swore I was "a rum one, born to die on salt water ; or, why, I must have been triced up by Jack Ketch long ago."

"And so you think there's nobody in a pickle but yourself ?" he added, with profane emphasis, and laughing furiously ; "I'll be hanged if you ain't mistaken though. Here am I, your commander, split me, making foul weather enough to sink an Injie-man, with great guns blowing on one quarter and hellcats spitting on the other, a white squall astern, and ahead, a sea whereof I knows as much as a pig does of a mizzen-top, no chart aboard, log-line lost overboard, sextant broken all to smash, and the compass gone to the devil. Here comes I down hereaway, an honest man, to fight the battles of my country ; and, split me, didn't I offer the same thing in Philadelphia ? and a fine return I got for my venture. There's Bloodmoney, sink him ! first turned me the cold shoulder, and then would have clapped me in the bilboes, for playing him a little bit of an innocent trick, split me :—" ("A very innocent little trick !" thought I, amazed at the cool composure with which he spoke of that adventure) : "and so, shiver me, I had to slip my cable, and leave their cursed Quaker port under a press of canvas. Then brings I up here at Norfolk, to fight the bloody

British, along with the lubberly milishy ; and hang me, I could have shown them what fighting was either at long shots with the great guns, or at close quarters with pistol, hanger, and Spanish knife, whereof I knows the use ; when, as Davy Jones would have it, who should come up but a dog-faced villain named Duck

“ Skipper Duck ? ” cried I, interrupting my honest friend, now extremely earnest and eloquent in his relation. But earnestness and eloquence vanished at the interruption ; and he turned upon me, with another roar of laughter, to which he seemed ever uncommonly prone.

“ What ! you know Skipper Duck then ? ” he cried ; “ an honest dog as ever lived, may the sharks eat him ! ”

“ As big a knave as ever went unhung ! ” said I ; and immediately informed him how my present dangers were all owing to the malice of Duck, who had accused me of the treason I had so unluckily, though with no evil intention, committed.

“ Exactly my own case, shiver me ! ” cried Captain Brown, laughing harder than ever : “ Up comes the lubber, that was one of my dirty dogs of old, and spins his yarn to the Posse Come-atibus, or Come-at-us, or whatever you call it ; and therf there was a hellaballoo ; for, sink me, says he, d’ye see, ‘ Here’s Hellcat, the pirate,—the horse-marine ! So there was no cruizing longer in them latitudes, d’ye see ; and away I scuds, a ship in distress, with a whole fleet of small-craft land-thieves peppering after me ; for, hang me, them cursed Britishers have brought them down here-away as thick as land crabs on a sea beach. And in the midst of the row, up comes another enemy on the weather bow, and claims the very ship I sails on—my horse, split me—as honestly borrowed as need be ; and then there was another storm about my ears, and it was on one side, ‘ stop pirate ! ’ and on the other, ‘ stop thief ! ’ and all that. And here I am, my skillagallee, in as dirty a kettle of fish as may be, and here are you in another ; and here we are both of us, hard chased, a regiment of Jack Ketches under full sail behind, and a whole forest of gallows-trees around us.”

Here Captain Brown paused to take breath, and to indulge in another peal of laughter. His account increased my dismay, for it was evident his presence only doubled my perils by adding those peculiar to himself, and it was equally clear, if arrested, I should gain nothing by being caught in his company. Here, then,

was a man who made no attempt to conceal that he was a rogue and reprobate of the highest, or lowest, grade, whom I had known to my cost, a swindler and burglar, and who was, from his own showing, a pirate, horse thief, and most probably a murderer ; who was, besides, closely pursued, and in momentary danger of arrest, and who was of so callous and hardened a nature as to make mirth equally of his danger and his crimes. From association with such a wretch I should, at another moment, have revolted with horror, as even now I felt I ought to do. But, alas ! my fears conquered my scruples. The very indifference with which he spoke of his villainies and perils, his furious mirth and savage gaiety, proved a consciousness of power to escape all embarrassments—a power of which my necessities urged me to accept the advantage. It was better even to be the comrade of Captain Hellcat than to be hanged, or shot, by a court-martial. Besides, I felt that I was already, in a measure, degraded ; why then should I recoil, as one with an untarnished reputation might have done, from the profit of another step in dishonor ?

It is, alas, such a consideration that confirms the ruin of half the rogues in the universe. Reputation is the palladium of virtue (where religion has not substituted a diviner bulwark) ; and it is scarcely possible to lose it, or think we have lost it, without slackening in the defense of integrity.

“Alas, what is to be done ?” I cried ; “we shall be caught and condemned to death.”

“Speak for yourself !” said Captain Brown ; “as for me, I’ve no notion of any such cursed nonsense. And as for being outnavigated, or outwitted, by any snubface of a landsman, why there, my skilligallee, you’re out of your reckoning.”

“I hope, Captain Brown,” said I, “you won’t desert me.”

“Desert you, my hearty !” quoth Brown, “I never deserted a shipmate that was willing to stand by me ; and split me, I said you should be my lieutenant on board the Lovely Nancy, and I mean to stick by the articles. But, I say, you Bob Lucky——”

“Robin Day,” said I.

“Well, Mr. Robin Day, I say, have you any idea how to play nigger ? Look you, my lad,” he added, seeing that I did not understand the question ; “I’m for a voyage to see the world, sink me—that is, the land part of it ; and I goes under false colors ; and why, d’ye see, can’t you ?”

"Sir," said I, "I'll do whatever you tell me, provided it is not criminal. And I give you to understand," I added, boldly, "that I will neither steal horses, nor rob houses, nor knock out watchmen's brains, nor stab negroes, nor——"

"Hold fast there," cried Brown, laughing; "I intend to try an honest life myself, shiver my timbers, for I loves variety."

And he directed me to hold his bridle, while he, without leaving the horse, proceeded to effect some changes in his outward appearance, for the purposes of disguise. The first thing he did was to clap to his face a set of false whiskers and beard, extremely huge and ferocious looking, and yet so natural withal that no one would have suspected they were placed there in any other mode than by the natural process of growth; and it was wonderful the change they made in his appearance.

The transformation was to me the more astonishing, as I immediately recognized in the hairy visage the grim looks of the highwayman—that identical villain who, at the beginning of my misfortunes, in the night of flight, had made the unsuccessful attack on the purses of Dicky Dare and myself, and succeeded in shifting the charge of his crime upon me, and running off with Bay Tom and my saddle bags.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

*The two friends put themselves into disguise, and make preparations for a career of philanthropy.*

My start of fear made the honest Proteus acquainted with the discovery, which he distinguished with a fresh peal of merriment, exclaiming, "Aha, my cock of the game! you've discovered another old friend, have you? Happy dog, to be so well provided! But, I say, you confounded baby," he added, "do you know you came within a hair's breadth of shooting my brains out?"

"It was not I; it was my friend Dicky Dare," said I, sighing to think of his braver spirit and happier fate. "But, now we talk of it, I should like to know upon what principles you justify that nefarious attack."

"Principles!" quoth Captain Brown; "it is long since I have sailed in them latitudes, split me! But, after all, my skilligallee, it was only a bit of a joke; for there was I on the road, and here came two cursed cub-headed schoolboys, just run away from the master, bragging of their money; and so the devil got into me for a spree, and says I, 'Strike, my hearties!' An who would have thought of an unlicked schoolboy firing a pistol in Jack Brown's face—half blowing his brains out?"

"Perhaps," said I, "that was a mere joke, too, your accusing me of being the robber?"

"No, hang it," said Captain Brown, laughing, "that was quite a serious piece of business; for how else was I to get out of the jaws of them jackasses, the wagoners?"

"And pray, Captain Brown," said I, "allow me to ask what you did with my horse, Bay Tom?"

"Sold him, hang me," quoth Captain Brown, with the utmost coolness—"sold him to a lubber of a Jerseyman; and, shiver my timbers," he added with energy, "the money was all counterfeit, and was nigh getting me in limbo into Philadelphia, where not a

rogue of 'em would take it. Nevertheless," he continued, "I find it very good here in Virginia—at a discount !"

By this time, the worthy gentleman, who made all these confessions with equal frankness and composure, had completed his disguise, having substituted for the long-tailed coat he had on, a seaman's jacket, which he took from a bundle behind him, and which was, I believe, that identical garment he had worn at his introduction on the highway. The coat took the place of the jacket in his bundle; a handsome cloth cap which he had on his head was turned wrong side out, and converted into a worsted bonnet; and he looked the sailor to perfection.

Having thus effected his own "transmogrification," as he called it, he proposed making some changes also in my appearance; to which, being convinced by my fears of their necessity, I reluctantly consented. They were extremely simple, and consisted merely in gathering my hair into sundry tails or queues, which he knotted with ropeyarns, produced from his stores—in placing on my head a kind of turban made of a bandanna handkerchief, instead of my cap, which I found room for in my pocket—and finally, in darkening my naturally tawny complexion, by rubbing my face and hands with moistened tobacco, a chunk of which he furnished me for the purpose.

What particular object he had in view in thus transforming me, and especially in knotting my hair, I believe he did not know himself; but when the task was finished, he swore he had "made a man of me;" though it was my own opinion, as I looked at myself in the river, the only convenient looking-glass, that he had made me a scarecrow. I was ashamed of my appearance, ashamed of my disguise; but Brown assured me, over and over again, it was essential to my safety, and I was forced to submit.

This matter finished, we crossed the river, which was fordable, and proceeded on our adventures, Brown saying he could complete our arrangements as well while traveling as while lying at anchor there on the road, to be boarded all of a sudden by our enemies.

As I walked along at his side, my faithful friend began the completion of the arrangements as above mentioned, by asking me "how I was off in the lockers?" which question not suiting my comprehension, he explained it by asking "how much money I had in my pockets?"

As I had not the greatest confidence in the world in my com-

rade's honesty, I felt but little disposed to put it to any greater temptation than was absolutely necessary, and therefore replied ambiguously, that "if he would remember how he himself had appropriated the contents of my letter of recommendation to Mr. Bloodmoney, and call to mind the disasters I had suffered ever since, he might imagine my funds were light enough."

"That is, I suppose," quote he, "you mean to say you are as bare as a beggar's platter; and if I say so too, why there's two of us, that's all; only there's some of them Jersey counterfeits yet lying under hatches. But where's the difference? Them that knows how to fish, never dabbles among herrings for nothing; and money, my hearty, is just the same thing as herrings, split me. There's enough of it scattered about among the lubbers here along shore, and it will go hard if we don't light upon some way of grabbing our portion."

"I give you to understand, as I did before, Captain Brown," said I, alarmed at what I deemed a hint of evil designs upon my integrity, as well as upon the pockets of the good people of Virginia, "that, however you may think it a joke to seize upon the property of other people, I don't; and I won't be drawn into any kind of swindling or roguery, I assure you."

At this, Captain Brown grinned with amiable contempt, and repeated that he was going to live as honest a life as anybody; "for, shiver his timbers," he wanted to know what it felt like. "But," said he, in his usual emphatic manner, "we must put on some kind of character, my skilligallee, hoist some sort of colors, split me; and if they happen to be false ones, where's the difference? Since not a lubberly rascal of us all ever sails under his own bunting."

With that, he asked me "what I was good for—what I knew—what I was brought up to?" and I replied, that I had not yet devoted myself to any particular study, but that I had some little knowledge of the languages, the mathematics, and other academic sciences.

"Hang the languages, and mathematics, and academy sciences," quoth the vandal, contemptuously. "Can you sing a song, dance a jig, jump on a tight-rope, play hocus-pocus, eat fire, transmogrify shillings, or any of that sort of thing?"

I was obliged to reply in the negative; upon which he expressed so much disappointment and contempt of my ignorance that I was



compelled, in my defense, to remind him that I had but just emerged from my schoolday existence into the life of manhood ; that I had not yet had time to learn much, and, although about to commence the study of a profession when my wanderings began, I had done little more, as yet, than read a few medical books in my patron's office.

"Doctor's books?" quoth he, with great animation, "what, you can play Pilgarlic then? Nothing better: we'll set up doctor and physic the folks wherever we catch them."

I assured him, hastily, "I had not knowledge of physic sufficient to undertake the part of a practitioner.

"Oh, never mind the knowledge," said Captain Brown, grinning at the happiness of the conceit; "it's the idea we want, and that will do the business. And as for being regular doctors, I don't mean no such thing, sink me; I goes entirely for the quacking system."

I gave my friend to understand I had no more appetite for quacking than for scientific physicing; that I knew my own incompetency, and, knowing it, was too conscientious to be willing to trifle with the lives of my fellow-beings in a medical way; and was pursuing the argument warmly when he interrupted me with sundry oaths, declaring he intended to do all the physicing *himself*, and required nothing more of me than to look wise, while he administered to the wants of the afflicted, and when appealed to by him, to reply in certain cabalistic phrases, which he proceeded to teach me.

"You see, d'ye see," said he, with the glee of a schoolboy setting traps for the neighbors' cats, "*I* passes for an old sailor that has seen the world—and shiver my timbers, I'm just the man that *has* seen it, and that knows it; and *you* passes, my lark, for one of them wise Injiemen, d'ye see, that knows all things, an Injun *Magi*, or Midge-eye, or whatever you call it, that can make white black, and black white, and see a blasted heap farther through a millstone than other people."

"But," said I; "I *can't* make white black, and black white, nor can I see further through a millstone than other people."

"I'll be hang'd if you can't, though," said Captain Brown, laughing. "Harkee, my skilligallee; can you say *Holly-golly-wow*?"

"Yes," replied I, repeating the mystic word, "but I don't know what it means."

"And *Sammy-ram-ram*?" quoth Captain Brown.

"*Sammy-ram-ram*," said I.

"Bravo!" said Captain Brown, with another explosion of meriment, "that will do. Them two words will make a man of you; and hearkee, my hearty, they are the only ones you are to speak. You don't understand English, d'ye see, and speaks only in your native lingo."

"But what," said I, "do *Holly-golly-wow* and *Sammy-ram-ram* mean?"

"What do they mean? Why, hang me if I know, nor anybody else, for that matter," quoth Captain Brown. "All that you have to do is to roll out the one or the other, when I speaks to you, and with as much of an owl look as you can, and understand nothing that is spoke in English; for, you see, d'ye see, you don't know the language. Yes," he added, surveying me with rapture, "with that tobacco-colored mug," (here the gentleman meant my visage,) "them monkey-tailed streamers," (here he designated my dishonored locks,) "that dishclout turban," (meaning the bandanna cap) "and a small matter of wise looks, *holly-golly-wow* and *sammy-ram-ram* will carry it against the world! But now for laying in a stock of physic."

With these words, my accomplished associate drew from his pocket a twist of tobacco, which, as he rode slowly along, he bit into sundry small pieces, suitable for his purpose; and then, commanding me to pick up some clay from a puddle on the roadside, he formed of it a number of formidable looking boluses, in each of which was imbedded a morsel of tobacco. Of these he gave me some to carry exposed to the air, that they might dry the sooner; and others he stowed away in a paper in his cap for the same purpose, swearing that his head was the hottest part of his body.

I ventured to express a hope that he had no intention to administer these highly original pills to any human beings; as, from what little I had learned of the medicinal powers of tobacco, I feared that some of them were strong enough to produce very dangerous consequences.

"The consequences be curs'd," said he, with sublime disregard of all petty contingencies; "that's the lookout of the patient. However," he added more amiably, "I don't think any pill of tobacco under a pound in weight would stir the stomach of folks in these

latitudes; because how, they eats it, and it is meat and drink to them."

Being moved, however, by my remonstrances, he consented to add a store of less energetic medicaments to the boluses. He directed me to pick him up a handful of sand from the roadside, which he wrapped up in paper and deposited in his pocket, declaring that he now had physic enough to cure all the diseases that flesh was heir to.

These important preparations completed, he assured me we were now safe from all danger and suspicion, and might enter any house or village in Virginia without fear; which I was the more happy to believe, as I was now half dead with hunger, and the night was beginning to close around us. And, by and by, approaching a little hamlet, consisting of a tavern, a store, a blacksmith shop, and one or two scattered cottages, we proceeded up to it without hesitation, though, on my part, not without some misgivings, because of a great number of persons, who, at sight of us, came rushing out of the tavern door.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

*Containing Robin Day's first essay as a quack doctor, and the wonderful effects of the Magian medicine.*

"Now," quoth Captain Brown, with one of his customary expletives, "remember to hold your tongue, and to know nothing, except when I talks to you in the East-Injun tongue, or what's the same thing, any nonsensical gibberish that may pass for it ; and then out with the *Holly-golly-wow* or *Sammy-ram-ram* ; and my skilligalee, you'll see what will be the end of it."

With these words he rode boldly up to the tavern door, I following, with what face I could, at his heels.

For a moment no one noticed me ; all occupied with Captain Brown, of whom they eagerly asked the news from Norfolk—whether the British had attacked and taken it ? whether they had murdered everybody, and burned the houses ? whether they were on the march into the interior, and might be soon expected in *their* town ? with similar questions expressive of their anxieties and fears.

To these Captain Brown made answer by invoking the usual benediction on his eyes, and begging the gentlemen to know "he had more important business in the world than to concern himself about the doings of sodgers and milishymen, because why, *their* business was to knock one another on the head, while his was to relieve the distresses of mankind." "However," quoth he, benevolently, "as I see you are curious on the subject, I may as well inform you that the milishymen have, this time, won the victory, saved Norfolk, licked the enemy, and driven them clear out of the land.

At this, there was great rejoicing among the villagers, who gave three cheers for "Old Vawginnee and Uncle Sam," followed by a tremendous shaking of hands, each of the happy republicans crossing palms with the bearer of good news, and insisting upon treating him to something to drink ; while even mine host, who was a

vinegar-faced man with a hole in his hat, awoke to love and munificence and swore, "stranger should have meat, drink and lodging for himself and his hoss into the bawgain, and he wouldn't take one fo'pence ha'penny for it, or his name warn't John Turnpenny."

So into the bar-room, nothing loth, went Captain Brown, to enjoy the reward of his happy tidings; and I, having received no hint to the contrary, followed also into the room, where my presence attracted the regards and excited the surprise of one of the party, who horrified me by demanding of Captain Brown—"I say, stranger, by Jehosophat, what kind of nigger do you call that? and where did you come by him?"

"Oh," said Captain Brown with gravity, after despatching the first glass of the juice of the maize put into his hand, and extending his hand for another, "he ain't exactly a nigger, hang me, but a blackey of the East Injun breed, and such a piece of man's flesh, as, I reckon was never before seen in these parts, and will never be seen again. You've heard tell of the Magi breed?—them great wise fellers in the Injies, that knows all things—can eat fire, chaw swords, find money, read the stars, raise the devil, cure the consumption and draw rum out of a beer-barrel. Well, shiver my timbers, he's a Magi!"

"Lord bless us, you don't say so!" quoth the landlord, eyeing me, as all the rest now did, with wonder and admiration—"draw rum out of a beer barrel? Raise the devil! How did you come by him?"

"Bought him, if you must know, my hearty," said Captain Brown, "of the King of the Injies, for ten half-joes, two hunks of tobacco and a jack-knife; and then had to kidnap him away; for these Magi fellers, dy'e see, ain't to be had every day, and the King he rued his bargain."

"Draw rum out of a beer barrel!" again ejaculated mine host, to whom this faculty appeared most surprising and enviable, "perhaps he can draw good French brandy out of a cider cask, hah? I say, boy, hah! can you do *that*?" he added, addressing himself to me; who, astounded and indignant at being mistaken for a scion of the Ethiopian race, and petrified at the impudence and audacity of my comrade, was now afraid that the attention he had drawn upon me, and the incredible account he gave of my qualities, might eventuate in suspicion and danger. But Captain Brown

stepped immediately to the rescue—that as soon as he had dispatched a second glass of liquor.

“Harkee, shipmate,” said he to Mr. John Turnpenny; “you might as well preach a Dutch sermon to a ship’s figurehead as ask any of your palavering questions of that young whelp of a Magi; because how, he don’t understand English. And as for drawing rum out of a beer-barrel, raising the devil, and so on, why I will just take the liberty to inform you, d’ye see, he don’t do no such tricks, because how, I bought him young, before he had finished that part of his education. No, in all them things he is no better nor wiser than any other jackanapes. But what I bought him for was for the good of human natur’, whereof he knows things enough to make your hair stand on end. Look at him! There’s the boy—Chowder-Chow they call him in the Injies—who is the seventh son of his father, which was the seventh son of his grandfather, and the greatest doctor in all the Injies, and cured the king’s wife of the cholery, after she had been lying dead three days in her coffin; and Chowder-Chow here, for all his being so young and looking so like a jackass, is just as great a cure as his father.”

“Can he cure the aguy?” cried an indigo colored personage, who, with his hands buried in his trowsers pockets, his head sunk on his breast and otherwise looking very chilly and disconsolate, now stared at me with solemn eagerness, and a doleful yawn in the face.

“Can he cure the aguy?” repeated Captain Brown with disdain, “aguy and bilious cholery, and the small-pox, consumption, happyplexy, sore eyes and stich in the side, lock-jaw and the falling-sickness, liver complaint and the horrors, rheumatiz, tooth-ache, and water in the brain—every unfortunate disease you ever heard of; besides all the ills of horses, cows, sheep, dogs, asses, pigs and niggers—what is he the seventh son of a seventh son, which was an Injun Maji for, if he can’t cure the whole of ’em just as easy as look at ’em?”

“Because,” said the blue-visaged man, his visage growing still bluer, “I have a touch of the complaint, which has been hanging about me, on and off, I reckon now for about seven years, and I fancy I am about having a shake of it right off now, because my nose is as cold as a dog’s, and it is coming on to the time, which is about early candle-light. And if so be as how

this Injun doctor can cure me, why, I'll pay him for his trouble, that's all."

And to prove that the poor fellow was not mistaken in his reckoning, his speech was ended by a sudden snap of the teeth, which was followed by another, and another, until presently there was such a chattering and clattering of his jaws as might have moved an alligator to surprise and envy,

"Can he cure a weakness in the small of the back, with a pain in the inwards?" quoth the landlord Turnpenny, "Can he cure a misery in the tooth?" demanded another. "Can he do anything at a weak stomach, and the hophthalmy in the eyes?" cried a third, and presently there was not a man of them that was not busy recounting his bodily infirmities, and inquiring my abilities to remove them.

Captain Brown was not satisfied with replying boldly in the affirmative; he assured them my powers were so wonderfully great that I could remove half the diseases of the world merely by looking at them; and, for the other half, I required only two remedies, each of such peculiar, yet incompatible virtues, that, although either was a perfect specific for all the diseases to which it was applicable, it was certain death if administered to the maladies requiring the use of the other.

"And," said he, with a great oath, "here's the wonder of the thing; for, whereas you might think that with two such drugs, you, or I, or any body else, might go into the world and spoil the regular doctors' business, you would think, axing your pardon for saying so, like so many jackasses; because how, we should never know which of them to give, and if we gave the wrong one, we should send your sick man to Davy Jones in no time no, I'll be hang'd, none but a Magi knows *that*. Now," said he, turning to the shivering subject of *ague*, and producing his wondrous medicines—viz., the tobacco boluses and the paper of sand; "here I have the great cure-alls, split me, the holy medicines of the Magies, one in one hand and t'other in the t'other; and I knows *one* of them will cure you, d'ye see, the other kill you; and that's all *I* knows, or *you* knows, or anybody else knows; and if you want to try your own luck at 'em, here's at your sarvice—you may have a trial all for nothing; I allows all people to do *that*, for the good of human natur'. But," he added, "if you axes the Magi to tell you the true one that will cure you, why, then, here's the

case, shiver me, all in short—out with your rhino ; for that's not a thing to be done free gratis for nothing."

Fever-and-ague recoiled from the perilous choice, so charitably offered him, and fell to fumbling, as well as the "shakes" would permit, in his pocket for the means of engaging the services of the young Magi ; while the others, gazing with reverent curiosity on the magical drugs, begged to know "their names and natures, if it was axing a fair question."

"Fair enough," quoth Captain Brown, with conscious dignity; "I am not one of them ignoramus quacks that makes a secret of their kill-dog stuffs, which does no good, except to kill off jackasses, whereof there is too many in the world ; because as how, if they tell the secret, any body may lay hold of the same nonsensical trash, and set up a quacking in opposition. But there is no fear of that with me ; because as how, if any body gits the medicines, he can't use 'em, d'ye see, without a Magi to help him ; and, secondly, he can't get them, without he sails all the way to the Injies, and then buys them of the Magies. These here," quoth he, extending a handful of boluses, "is them rare and precious things, Mermaids' Eggs, fished up by the pearl divers from the pearl banks of the Injun Ocean."

"Lord bless us !" quoth Mr. Turnpenny ; "do mermaids lay eggs ? I thought they was half fish and half woman !"

"And so they are," quoth Captain Brown ; "but they lay eggs notwithstanding. I harpooned one, off the coast of Coromandel ; and I'll be hang'd if she wasn't as full of eggs as a tortoise, and, split me for a ninny, (because as how, I didn't then know of their virtues), I had 'em all cooked in a mess, and the sailors eat 'em for dinner ; but the carcass we threw overboard, because as how, it was too human looking for eating."

Here Captain Brown had very nearly forgotten himself, as was proved by one of the men present asking "what were the medical effects of this extraordinary dinner upon his crew ?" to which, however, he immediately replied, that the effects were in the main, bad enough, as they killed twenty-seven men, out of thirty that eat of them ; though they cured *him* of a terrible Bengal fever, that then possessed him, and that so thoroughly that he had never been sick since, and never again expected to be—"because how, it was the virtue of these Magi medicines, that, when they cured a man of any disease, no matter what it might be, he was never sick



afterwards of any malady whatever, and always died of mere old age."

"And this here stuff that's in the paper," quoth Captain Brown, displaying the second treasure.

"Lord bless us," said Mr. Turnpenny, "it looks for all the world like common sand!"

"And so it is," said the voyager, "but such sand as you, nor any other man, never before saw in America. It is that wonderful sand, more precious than gold or silver, the Holy Sand of the Ganges."

"Lord bless us!" ejaculated Mr. Turnpenny.

"It comes from the holy places in the mountains, where the river comes out of a rock, and where none but the Magies goes," said Captain Brown; "and it has such a wonderful power, that if you throw one single grain of it into a pine-wood fire, it will blow the house up; and where you give it in the wrong cases, and the man swallows it, he falls to pieces like an unhooped hogshead. And to tell you the honest truth, d'ye see," he added, "it is not safe to swallow it in any case: the true way to take it is to put it into a bottle of water and shake it, and then smell at the bottle when you get up in the morning, seven days fasting."

By this time, fever-and-ague had collected all the small coin in his pocket, which he proposed to exchange for a dose of the wondrous physic, provided the Magi Chowder Chow should select it, and provided also Chowder Chow's master should warrant him against all danger, and guarantee a perfect cure into the bargain. Captain Brown deposited the money in his pocket, after swearing that he had never before taken so small a sum for such valuable physic, no, not he; but that "something was better than nothing, split him, and he would go a great way for the good of human nature"; and then bade them observe in how wonderful a manner Chowder Chow would proceed in deciding upon his case, and its proper specific.

"You see him, there he stands," quoth the villian, "and knows no more of our lingo than I do of a cat's conscience or a monkey's mathematics. Well now, mayhap, you may think he will have to ask a whole heap of questions, and I to answer them, in his lingo, for this here gentleman that is a shaking like a shutter in a high wind, as to the state of his inwards, and all that, like a common physicianer; which is all nonsense, d'ye see; because why, a Magi looks into a man's face and sees through him, and knows all about

him, inside and out ; and where then's the use of asking questions ? I shall just put the poor devil—which is to say, begging his pardon, the poor gentleman—before his eyes, and you'll see what will come of it."

With that, he took the shiverer by the shoulder, and placed him before me, saying, " Well now, Chowder Chow, my hearty, what do you think of the poor man, and what is to be done with him ?"

Chowder Chow, in spite of the reluctance he felt at being made a party to a fraud so impudent and yet so ridiculous, felt, nevertheless, the necessity of acting up to the character he had assumed ; and, taking the hint from the words of his master, of which he was supposed to understand not a syllable, and from instructions previously given, he stared in the man's face with as much courage as he could muster, backed by a suitable proportion of solemnity, and "*Holly-golly-wow !*" he muttered.

" Ah, indeed !" quoth Captain Brown, turning with admiration to the expectant company—" there you see the use of having a Magi : for shiver me, if I didn't think, from my own numskull notions, that the Holy Sand of the Ganges was the very thing to cure the gentleman of his aguy ; whereas Chowder Chow says, says he, ' The man has got the fever-and-aguy, and has had it for seven years, and it has turned his liver into milk and molasses :—give him a Mermaid's egg, and wash it down with half a pint of whiskey.' "

" Lord bless us !" said the landlord ; and " By Jehoshaphat ?" said the others, expressing their wonder and admiration. One of them, however, looked a little perplexed, and repeating the word—" *Holly-golly-wow,*" asked how it was possible it could express so much as honest Brown had rendered as its meaning. To this Brown replied, " the Magi lingo was a short-hand language, which crammed a barrel of notions into a pint of words, and was extremely difficult to learn, it was, split him." Then, having thus ingeniously satisfied the doubter, he made the sick man, to my horror, swallow one of the hugest of the boluses, and immediately after wash it down with an immoderate glass of whiskey.

He then turned to mine host Turnpenny, who was eager upon Brown's offering, " out of respect to the house," as he said, to physic him for nothing, to have the great Magi at work upon his weakness in the small of the back, and pain of the inwards ; and Brown having brought him before me accordingly, I was about to

deliver another oraculous opinion, when the bolus we had administered to the ague patient, being, I suppose, at length dissolved by the whiskey, produced such a sudden and tremendous effect upon *his* inwards, as to discompose the company, and interrupt my Magian proceedings. The poor man turned from blue to pale, gave a hideous gasp, clapped his hands upon his epigastrium, arching his back up, like a frenzied cat, and then, with a yell of astonishment and distress, he rushed from the room into the porch, where his rebellious digester discarded the Magian medicine ; but not without such throes of anguish and convulsions of nausea, as left the poor fellow, when the operation ceased, more dead than alive.

I was very much frightened when they brought him in, and so, indeed, was everybody else, except Brown, who grinned, declared all was right, and ended the scene by ordering them to give him another glass of whiskey, and carry him to bed, which was immediately done.

This calamitous termination of the first miracle of Chowder Chow, the Magus, (or *Magi*, as Captain Brown would have it) cast a discredit, at least for a time, over the Mermaid's Eggs, and the company no longer showed an inclination to be physiced. Even Turnpenny, upon being appealed to, to resume his station before the dispenser of panaceas, excused himself, giving a reason that supper was now ready, and he could not think of losing so great a luxury, which, it was evident, he must do, if the Magian medicines produced so strong an effect upon him as they had done on his aguish neighbor.

The word supper was music to my ears, and quite banished the fears I had felt as to the ulterior effects of the bolus, and while dispatching it, which I was obliged to do at a side table, (for, as a slave, which my audacious friend had represented to me to be, no one thought me a suitable companion at the table, while my Magian character fortunately preserved me from the ignominy of the kitchen), I resolved to bear the ills and degradation of my present state, as long as circumstances made it necessary, with as much as resignation and philosophy as I could.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*The Mermaids' Eggs effect a miraculous cure, and Chowder Chow rises in reputation.*

WHEN the supper was over, Turnpenny, with some others, went up stairs to visit the victim of the bolus, whom, wonderful to be said, they found relieved of his ague, and, according to his own account, as well as ever he was—better, indeed, as he said, than he ever remembered to have felt before in his life, and desirous to know the great doctor's will, whether he might not get up to enjoy the company, or, at least, have another glass of whiskey to recompense the pains of solitude.

This wonderful cure, which I suppose was owing to the tremendous shock of the bolus upon the martyr's whole system, produced the effect that might have been expected upon Turnpenny and his friends, especially as Captain Brown declared the man would never be sick again as long as he lived; and their eagerness was renewed to have the extraordinary Chowder Chow administer to their various ailments.

Turnpenny again offered himself to my inspection, though it must be confessed his resolution faltered a little at the moment, and he assured Captain Brown, "if it was all one to him and to the Doctor, he would rather prefer having a dose of the Holy Sand of the Ganges to smell at than a Mermaid's egg to swallow, because his stomach was naturally a tender one, and, he was sure, any violent attack upon it would be the death of him." Captain Brown averred upon his honor that his Magi medicines, administered by the Magi, never were the death of any body; and comforted him with the assurance that, if severely handled by them, he might be sure he had been desperately in need of their assistance, "because as how," quoth Captain Brown, with exhaustless ingenuity, or impudence, "the way these Magi medicines cures a disease is by fighting it out of a man's body—it is pull dick, pull devil between them; when the disease is strong the fight

is strong, but when it is small matter, why the fight is a small matter; and that's exactly the way of it."

Then, turning to me, he said, "Well, Chowder Chow, my lad, *Polly-wolly-smash?*" which he interpreted to the company as meaning, "What is to be done with the landlord?"

Fortunately for this anxious worthy, his doctor was as desirous as himself that his medicine should be of the mildest character; I had no inclination to bring him within an ace of his life, for the sake of removing a weakness in the back and a pain in the inwards. I, therefore, after giving him the wisest look I could summon to my assistance, pronounced the magical "*Sammy-ram-ram*," which, I justly inferred, would condemn him only to a dose of the Holy Sand of the Ganges. Captain Brown picked, with the utmost care and circumspection, a single grain from his paper, and presented it to Mr. Turnpenny. "Put this," said he, "into a bottle, and fill it up with water;" which being immediately done, he bade Turnpenny smell it seven times, and then asked, "if he did not feel much stronger in the back and easier in the inwards?"

"Well," returned mine host, with a look of wonder, "I don't know but I do. But, I declar', it has the most powerful smell I ever *did* smell!"

"Has it?" quoth Captain Brown; "that is a sign, then, that there is a powerful strength in the weakness of your back, and the Holy Sand is taking a powerful pull at it. But this is nothing to the good it will do you, when you smell it in the morning, which you must do, fasting, seven times, and for seven days running; when, if you ain't clear of all ailments forever and a day after, I give you leave to eat me, that's all. But, I say, shipmate," he added, solemnly, "take care you don't let that grain of sand, by any mischance, get too near a pine-wood fire, or sky-high goes the house to Davy Jones in a twinkling."

The landlord vowed he would take great care to avoid such a misfortune; and Captain Brown turned him to the others, all of whom, in turn, now applied to Chowder Chow for relief. Nay, business thickened on my hands. Turnpenny brought in his wife and children to be prescribed for, an example that was followed by two others present, being the blacksmith and shopkeeper of the hamlet, who went out for their families to have them doctored; not because they were sick and wanted doctoring, but because Captain Brown, in the plentitude of his impudence, assured them

that the Magi medicines, administered, according to the constitution (and it was the peculiarity of constitution, he swore, and not of disease, that indicated the medicine), to people in good health, were sufficient to prevent the takers ever being sick of any disease in their lives.

From all these happy people, for whom I took care to order nothing but the Holy Sand of the Ganges—or from as many of them as had any money—the brazen fellow exacted a reward, being every penny he could get; so that, when the entertainments of the evening were over, and we retired to bed, he swore he had pocketed at least five or six dollars. I told him “the money was not acquired honestly;” to which he replied, that “he had often heard of money being acquired honestly, but had never yet seen a case of it; and all the honest people he ever knew were as poor as King David’s goslings, and expected to remain so.”

I would have argued with him upon the knavery of our proceeding; but I saw argument was all wasted upon a man who seemed actually to think that cozening and swindling were excellent pastime—the finest thing in the world—or, as he called it, “as good as a glass of grog.” But I gave him warning, it was against my conscience to persist in such deception, and that I would abandon the Magian vocation as soon as I found myself beyond the reach of pursuers and courts martial.

This protest I made in the chamber assigned to the honest Captain; in which was spread upon the floor a bundle of straw, a bed scarce worthy of the dignity of an East India doctor, but fit enough for the favored bondman of a traveler. Upon this score of bondage, too, I had some indignation to express; for I saw no reason why he should represent me in so degrading a light as his slave. “Oh,” said he, “it is your only safety; who will think of court-martialing a slave for high treason?” With that he bestowed a profane benediction on my eyes, and closed his own, being in a moment sound asleep; and I, being weary and heavy enough, was glad to follow his example.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

*The progress of Chowder Chow and his master continued.*

WE arose at an early hour in the morning to resume our journey, but not until Captain Brown, from an impulse of friendship, had bought of our host, for my use, a sorry nag, with saddle and bridle; for which, as he told me afterwards with great delight, he had paid in counterfeit money, being some of the remaining portion of the notes he had got for Bay Tom. This grieved and disconcerted me greatly; but I was not informed of it until it was too late to make restitution.

I discovered, during the previous evening, from some expressions of honest Turnpenny, that his little hamlet was in possession of a post-office, at which mails were received once a week; and that the dignity of postmaster, along with that of publican, centered in his honored person.

This recalled to my memory the letter I had written, and still carried about me, while in the Jumping Jenny, to Dr. Howard, informing him of my misfortunes and captivity, of the extraordinary and most happy discovery I had made of his son Tommy, and of my intention to effect for him and myself a speedy escape from the hands of the invaders. I sighed to think how I had been baffled in regard to Tommy, who was still a prisoner; but I felt the necessity of informing my patron of the discovery without further delay. For this purpose, I determined to seize the present opportunity of committing my letter to the post; and I designed, in the morning, to add an envelope, in which to acquaint him with my having escaped alone, and the necessity of his taking some steps to effect the liberation of his son.

But when morning came, I found our early setting-out, which Brown declared was necessary to our safety, deprived me of the power of adding anything further to the letter; which I was, therefore, enforced to send as it was. As I was sensible it would be an obviously suspicious step for me, in person, to hand the letter to

Turnpenny, I was obliged to request Captain Brown's good offices in the matter ; and, as I gave it to him, I begged he would not think it necessary to make as free with it as he had done with my letter of introduction ; for which there was the less reason, as there was no money in it. Brown laughed, and carried the letter to Turnpenny ; but I took care to keep my eye upon him notwithstanding. As it was addressed to *Dr. Howard*, which Turnpenny observed, Brown took the occasion, and such an occasion he manifestly never could resist, to tell him a very big falsehood, namely, that it was a letter of his writing-to a very great and rich doctor, who wanted to buy the secrets of the Magi and the Magi himself for which and whom he had offered twenty thousand dollars in hard money ; but which Brown had refused, "because as how it was not half the value of the articles."

This business settled, and to my satisfaction, for I saw the letter safely deposited in a trunk, the strong box of the post-office, we mounted our horses, and rode forth upon our adventures, taking care, however, for very obvious reasons, to seek them upon the most retired and unfrequented roads.

We stopped to dine at another out-of-the-way hamlet, where I was compelled a second time to assume the character of a Magus, and dispense the wonderful drugs of the East to such as were willing to be administered to in our wonderful way.

As I had my reasons for preferring the Holy Sand of the Gangee to the Mermaids' Eggs, I took care, when the first patient appeared before me, to pronounce the Magian *Sammy-ram-ram*, not doubting that the lucky sufferer would get off with the mildest dose of our medicines. But I soon found that I had reckoned without my host ; for Captain Brown, who, I began clearly to perceive, was possessed by a devil of mischief, and preferred the energetic operation of the boluses to the gentler effects of the Holy Sand, interpreted, this time, *Sammy-ram-ram* to mean Mermaid's Eggs ; and a Mermaid's Egg he forthwith administered to the patient. And, indeed on all future occasions, whether I commenced my proceedings with *Sammy-ram-ram* or *Holly-golly-wow*, he was sure to begin his with a tobacco bolus.

Our efforts in the cause of humanity, in this way, were continued for rather more than a week, and might, but for an accident of which I shall presently speak, have continued much longer, as our Magian pretensions, and the miraculous cures which, it seems,



we effected, began to swell the trump of fame. And, I believe, we might have made our fortunes, too, so great became our renown and the eagerness of our patients, had we not unfortunately commenced operations in a poor and but thinly settled district, where credulity was much more plentiful than money. Nevertheless, I inferred from what Captain Brown said, that we did a pretty fair business.

Another inference I also made, namely, that of all the modes of swindling mankind, and in particular, American mankind, yet devised, drugging them with quack medicines is at once the easiest and most profitable; and this opinion, drawn from my own youthful experience in the honorable trade, I find in these my riper years, confirmed by the accounts of others, and especially the accounts daily published in the newspapers, by which it is apparent that the quack trade has arrived at a pitch of stupendous importance, and bids fair to become, in time, the great business of the country.

To Captain Brown this kind of life, which entirely fulfilled his ideas of an honest one, presented a variety of charms which my conscience did not permit me to find in it. To gull was the first of his delights, and the more impudent the cheat the better; and as to the consequences of his roguery, whether serious or not, they gave him not the least concern. His only regret, as constantly expressed, was that my obstinate adherence to the Holy Sand of the Ganges prevented his oftener administering the Mermaids' Eggs, which he had the greatest satisfaction in doing, as well as in watching their lugubrious effects upon the visages and stomachs of his patients.

Next to this was the pleasure he took in stretching the credulity of his patrons to the utmost. He was not even content with exacting full belief in the extraordinary pretensions he put forth in favor of his medicines; he vowed Chowder Chow could cure a patient without seeing him, nothing more being necessary than that some friend should step forward as his representative and pronounce his name; whereupon Chowder Chow could, and would, immediately, he declared, with unerring sagacity, determine the medicine that was necessary for his case and constitution; which medicine was warranted by him just as certainly to effect a cure as if administered by his own hands. In this assumption, in truth, we found our greatest advantage and profit, since, as we never tar-

ried at any one place longer than to eat or sleep, and therefore did not wait until the sick and ailing could be brought to us to be physiced, we must have lost a great many patients, had we not thus possessed the power of physicing them at a distance.

To me, as I have already hinted, this life of deception and roguery was distressing enough, and only endured for a time to serve the purpose of self-preservation. Every day increased my longing to throw off the humiliating mask of the merry-andrew which I was compelled to wear, and with it the friendship and company of Captain Brown, whose character now fully exposed, his wild, graceless, unprincipled, devil-may-care disposition, I knew not whether I most wondered at or detested.

Of this desire I did not scruple to make him acquainted ; but he only laughed, and asked me "how I was to navigate clear of the officers of justice, if I lost his convoy ?" a question that commonly reduced me to silence and submission. Towards the end of the week, however, I began to think I was now so far removed from the coast, and from the theatre of war—for we had been journeying westward all the time—as to be no longer in danger of a court-martial ; and one fine but sultry evening, upon the banks of the river Roanoke, which we had now reached, I resolved that that should be the last day of my humiliation.

"To-morrow," quoth I to myself, "I will tell Captain Brown, or Hellcat, or whatever he may call himself, that he must, in future, be his own Magus ; pronounce the absurd *Holly-golly-wow* with his own lips, and dispense with his own hands (as he has, in fact, done all along,) his confounded Mermaids' Eggs, and the Holy Sand of the Ganges."

## CHAPTER XL.

*Another miraculous cure, but the credit of which Chowder Chow is willing should rest with Captain Brown entirely.*

As these resolutions were forming in my mind, we perceived of a sudden, in a cotton field, which we were riding by, a group of men, all of them negroes, except one, who seemed an overseer, surrounding a fellow laborer, who had fallen down in a fit, as it afterwards appeared; though, with all my Magian knowledge, I had not the least notion what was the matter, until my comrade d—d his eyes, and swore there "was meat for our market," meaning that there was a case proper for our medicines. With that he rode into the field, bidding me follow him, and coming up to the group, demanded of the overseer what was the matter.

"Oh," said the overseer, with a drawling voice, "it's nothing—it's only a gone nigger; fell down smack with the happyplexy."

"Did he?" quoth Captain Brown, with an oath; "then here's just the lad, the great East Injun Doctor, that can cure him."

And with that, he descended from his horse, and turned the negro, who lay terribly snorting on his face, over upon his back.

"Well!" quoth the overseer, turning from the officious stranger to me, whom he regarded with a languid, yawning curiosity; while the negroes, forgetting their comrade, grinned a stupid amazement in my face—"Well, I did hear some 'un say something of the East Injun Doctor; but, I reckon," he added, looking round again to Brown, "he can do nothing for the boy; because as how, he is done for, and I don't allow any physic can touch the happyplexy."

"Nor I neither," said Brown, "except the Magi physic; which is a thing, my hearty, whereof you knows no more of than a cat of the forte-piano. But you shall see, shiver my timbers, what Chowder Chow can do; and if he don't cure him, why, I'll eat him, that's all. You shall see Chowder Chow look through his black carcass in no time."

With that, he turned to me, saying, "How now, Chowder Chow—*polly-wolly-smash*!" which he, as was his wont, interpreted for the overseer's benefit to mean, "What is to be done with the man!"

I was amazed, nay, confounded, at the audacity of Brown in offering my services in a case so desperate; for to me the poor negro seemed at the very last gasp, *in articulo mortis*, as the doctors say; and it was with a faltering voice, and rather from the associations of habit than any operation of the will, that I muttered out the customary "*Holly-golly-wow*." My amazement was increased by the interpretation Brown immediately gave this phrase, which had never before meant any thing but Mermaids' Eggs or the Golden Sand of the Ganges: but which now, he declared, signified nothing less than that the overseer should use the whip he had in his hand, and apply it to the back of the dying negro.

"Lash a feller that's dying!" ejaculated the overseer, his dull eyes opening with astonishment, perhaps with humane indignation. "No, stranger, I don't do no such thing as that, no how."

"You wont?" quoth Brown, snatching the whip from his hand; "I'll be hang'd if I don't, then; for, d'ye see, when Chowder Chow says whip, he means whip, and no mistake about it."

With that, he fetched the poor creature a terrible thwack over the shins, which happened to be bare, and with an effect the most astonishing in the world. The legs, that seemed stiffening in death, were jerked upwards with convulsive vivacity; the snort of apoplexy was changed to a yell of pain; and up jumped the dying negro, dancing about to avoid the slashes Brown still aimed at his shins, and lustily roaring, "Lorra gor, Massy! all cure now Massy! all cure." And I heard him add, *sotto voce*, when the operation was over, "dis here nigger nebber play 'possum no more!"

"Well!" ejaculated the overseer, surveying first the resuscitated negro, (who the moment Brown ceased to castigate him, caught up a hoe, and began to annihilate weeds and blue grass with astonishing zeal and industry,) then Brown, the performer of the cure, and, lastly, him, the sagacious Chowder Chow, who had directed it—"Well now! I'm hanged if I ever did hear of trouncing a feller out of the happyplexy! I say, stranger," he added, addressing Brown, "do you cure any other diseases that way?"

"The way," quoth Brown, "depends upon Chowder Chow, the Magi doctor ; who always cures every ailing exactly the right way, and never misses, because how, shipmate, a miss isn't in him.

"It aint ?" said the overseer, giving me another admiring stare ; "well, then, all I have to say is, if that's the sort of short work he makes upon a sick man, he has just come to the right place, here upon this plantation, to get his hands full of business ; because we've a heap of hands here among us, and this here Roanoke air always keeps us a full hospital."

With that he invited us to follow him to the mansion of his employer, who lived in seclusion upon his estate, which was a very great and valuable, but not very healthy one, and would, doubtless, be very happy to engage our services, as well as reward them handsomely. To this proposal Brown immediately consented, and we rode to the house—much, however, against my secret will ; for I feared lest the owner of the estate should prove a man of education, intelligent enough to penetrate our shallow devices, to laugh at, and perhaps to punish the imposition.

## CHAPTER XLI.

*Chowder Chow performs, as he hopes, his last cure, at the expense of Mr. Fabius Maximus Feverage.*

FORTUNATELY, as it proved, my fears were in this case groundless; for Mr. Feverage (which the overseer told us was the proprietor's name,) received us with the greatest possible respect; and upon being told the miraculous cure we had wrought upon the apoplectic slave, which the overseer did his best to make still more miraculous, swore, (for Mr. Feverage though a rich and respectable man, could swear too, and that roundly,) that he had never before heard, or read, of their being such good doctors in the East Indies, but that he could now believe it; asked if I cured all diseases, like the apoplexy, instantaneously; and upon Brown replying I never required more than seven days to cure the most desperate diseases, said I was "a wonderful young devil," demanded what were the nature of my remedies, and if I had a good store of them; and ended by desiring to carry me to the hospital, or sick cabins, where he said, he had some twenty or thirty hands down with various diseases, which I should be handsomely rewarded for administering to.

To this last proposal Brown, to my great relief, demurred, saying he had traveled all day and was tired and hungry "because how, he was a mortal man, and so was Chowder Chow, although a Magi; and, split his timbers, the niggers might wait till morning;" to which proposition Mr. Feverage very politely submitted, and ordered supper to be brought in.

Upon this, Captain Brown, charmed by his hospitality, told him, that although Chowder Chow was too weary to attend to the negroes, he would not object to his giving him a proof of his skill in his own person, provided he had any ailing he wished to be rid of. Mr. Feverage, who looked to me the picture of robust health, notwithstanding the insalubrity of his estate, declared "he had—he didn't know what to call it—he could not say he was a sick man,

but he believed he had, and *had* had, ever since last fall, when he had a bilious fever—he would not call it a pain or a weakness, or a stiffness, but a kind of coldness, and yet it wasn't cold neither—but his left leg wasn't exactly the same as his right one."

"Well," quoth Captain Brown, "that may be a small matter or a great one, which neither of us knows nothing about, but Chowder Chow does, and if you stands up before him, and looks him straight in the face, he'll tell you what it is in no time."

"Oh," said Mr. Feverage, "I shall be glad to know."

And up he jumped before me, who, perceiving I was to say something, and not knowing anything better to say, murmured out a modest "*Holly-golly-wow*."

"How ! you don't say so !" quoth Captain Brown, looking very much surprised, or pretending to be; and, immediately turning to Mr. Feverage, he assured him, with great solemnity—that is, with one of his choice execrations, which not even the presence of so respectable a gentleman could check—that it was a fortunate thing he had consulted the wonderful Chowder Chow, who had told him that "that coldness, or stiffness, or weakness, or whatever he thought it, was nothing less than the beginning of a palsy in his limb."

"A palsy ! God bless me !" cried Mr. Feverage, looking prodigiously alarmed ; "I hope not; I never should have believed it; I'm not that sort of a man yet. Yet, I remember, I had an uncle—that is, my wife had an uncle—who died of palsy ; and such things run in a family !"

"Oh," said Brown, with an encouraging air, "you needn't be frightened; for, if you had all the palsies in the world, Chowder Chow would clear them out of you in less time than I could empty a glass of grog, he would, split me. And if you are for making an end of the matter, before it goes any further——"

"Oh, yes, by all means !" interrupted Mr. Feverage, in great agitation; "I remember that my wife's uncle lost all the use of one side; his arm dangled and his leg hung, and one cheek was all out of shape, and his mouth awry. I wouldn't look so for the world ! And if the doctor can prevent it——"

"Prevent it !" quoth Brown with an air of pity; "if he don't, just consider me bound to make a supper of him, that's all."

With that, he bade the gentleman again take his station before me, which he did, and I, cursing in my secret thoughts Brown's

officiousness in procuring a patient, when I could have done so well without one, was obliged to pronounce the words of wisdom; and, "*Sammy-ram-ram*" concluded my part in the exhibition.

I took it for granted that Brown would be content, in this case, with dispensing the Holy Sand of the Ganges, our patient and host being a man of too much consequence and dignity to be condemned to the infernal boluses. But Brown's audacity was not of a kind to be subdued by the rank of a patron, and his affection for the boluses too great to permit the loss of any opportunity to use them. A Mermaid's Egg, therefore, he immediately administered, and with such effect, that, within five minutes, Mr. Feverage grew deadly sick, and gulped and retched in a manner doleful to behold. And to make the matter worse, Brown, at every qualm, plied him with questions, "how his leg felt?"—"Was not the coldness going off?"—"Had not the weakness diminished?"—"Was not the pain entirely gone?" until the poor gentleman, driven to phrenzy by the pangs of his stomach, and the impertinence of his physician, burst into execrations, d—d his leg, the weakness, the pain, and the coldness, and called for a basin to prepare for that catastrophe he could no longer doubt was coming, and which was, indeed, not much longer deferred.

In this way, he was, at length, relieved of the chief part of his distresses; and the remaining qualms were conquered by a glass or two of cold toddy he had previously ordered to be mixed; after which, being now restored to that happy state of ease he had been in before, he fell into a rapture, and vowed "I was a wonderful doctor, and my medicines most extraordinary—that they had certainly removed all his symptoms, his coldness, weakness, &c.; and he could take his oath upon the gospels that one leg now felt exactly like the other."

He now asked a great many questions concerning me, which Brown answered by the story he had, by constant repetition, almost committed to memory, viz., that he had bought me of an Indian king for ten half-joes, two hunks of tobacco, and a jack-knife, &c. &c.; all which Mr. Feverage heard with interest and admiration, especially the fact of my being a slave. He declared he would swap any ten of his hands for such a paragon, and offered to buy me on the spot, if mymaster would put anything like a reasonable price on me. But Captain Brown swore, with affectionate emphasis, "he would not part with me for the world, be-



cause how, split him, he was not going to sell the bread out of his mouth."

By this time the supper was laid, and a sumptuous one it was, too ; and down sat the hospitable host, having previously directed Captain Brown to do the same.

As for me, who had with longing eyes and dissolving lips surveyed the dishes as they were brought in one after the other, and so far forgot myself as to anticipate the pleasure I should have in making away with them, I received a sudden hint that I was not expected to be of the party, by Mr. Feverage bidding one of the negro footmen, of whom there were some half a dozen or more that came into the room to wait on the table, to "take the doctor to the kitchen, and give him his supper ;" an order, however, that he immediately revoked by saying—"But, after all, he's no common blackey, or company for blackeys : and so take him to the housekeeper's pantry, and there feed him like a white-man."

Alas ! how my cheeks reddened beneath their brown covering at my unworthy fate ! how my blood boiled to think that Captain Brown, a vulgar ignoramus and desperado, should sit down to a gentleman's table, from which I was driven to the half menial feast of a housekeeper's pantry ! Alas, alas ! However, I was too hungry to remain long in a passion.

My sable attendant, by whom I was taken to the pantry, assisted by her highness the housekeeper, in whom I expected to discover a respectable matron of my own hue, but found only an old mulatto wench, supplied me with abundance of cold victuals ; to which was, by and by, added a dish or two that had been removed from the parlor table, after serving the turn of my honored master. I sighed as I fell foul of them. "But never mind," quoth I to myself ; "this is the last time the vile Captain Brown shall have such an advantage over me. To-morrow I cast off the slough of a slave and resume the character of a gentleman." This thought comforted me, and I made, doubtless, as hearty a meal as Captain Brown himself did.

My supper finished, I had some hope of being conducted again to the parlor, where Captain Brown was enjoying himself over the good cheer of Mr. Feverage, and telling him, no doubt, a great many unconscionable stories ; but in this I was disappointed, being left—not to myself, for every minute there came, at least, one blackamoor visage to the door to survey the great Magus with

looks of superstitious wonder and fear—but to enjoy my own company in the pantry for a couple of hours or more. At the end of this time, there came a blackey, who made me many signs, which I could not understand, until he expressed his wishes in an ejaculation of perplexity—"Guy now! he no talk me, and I no talk him! How I make dis Injie niggah go up de garret to bed?"

I liked not the epithet "Injie niggah," but I made the Ethiopian happy by understanding his gestures, and following him up the stairs of the spacious mansion (for a spacious one it was, and I wondered to see it occupied only by Mr. Feverage and his domestics,) to a doleful little garret, where the servant showed me a blanket stretched upon the floor, and signified that there lay my bed. This done, he marched away, carrying the light with him, as if that were a superfluous luxury for one of my condition, and I got into bed in the dark. And here, notwithstanding the mortification I felt, I presently fell sound asleep, and did not awake until rather a late hour in the morning.

## CHAPTER XLII.

*Robin Day meets an astonishing reverse of fortune, and plays the Magian on his own account.*

I was called up by the same negro who had ushered me to bed, and now motioned me to follow him down stairs to his master, whom I found no longer alone, but surrounded by quite a family—his wife and children,—who, it seemed, had been away at a ball or other merry-making, at a neighboring estate, and had either just returned, or had arrived late in the night, while I was sound asleep. I was greatly abashed to find myself in such good company, particularly as two of the children were young women grown, and extremely handsome and genteel, and another a young gentleman of nineteen or twenty : besides these, there were three or four smaller children.

"Here he comes !" cried Mr. Feverage, with great exultation as I entered the room : "don't understand a word of English, but is the most astonishing fellow ever brought to America. Never could have believed in such things, but for the actual proof ; cured lazy Jim of the apoplexy without physic ; and as for me—Ah ! my dear Mrs. Feverage—Ah ! my dear children," he added, pathetically, "you never knew what was the matter with me ;—I could not find the heart to tell you anything so afflicting ; besides I wasn't so sure of it ; but the truth is, it was a palsy beginning in my leg"—"Ah, lauk !" said Mrs. Feverage. "Yes, my dear," quoth Mr. Feverage, "a palsy ; but the Lord be thanked, Chowder Chow (for that is his name), cleared it out with one single dose of physic, and I am now free of it forever. A most surprising fellow, by G——!—begging your pardon, my dear !—worth his weight in gold."

"Dear me ?" cried one of the Misses Feverage, who, like the rest, surveyed me with curiosity ; "what an ugly, awkward looking wretch it is !"

"Quite ridiculous," said the other.

"All the East Indians," quote the brother, with the air of one conscious of superior learning, "the Hindoos, Chinese, and all, are of the Tartar race, which is a kind of half-man, half-monkey family ; but I don't think the fellow is so ill-looking, only he looks to me more like a sheep than a philosopher."

"I don't care one curse—I beg your pardon, my dear !—about his looks," quoth Mr. Feverage, apparently disturbed (but by no means so deeply as myself) by these disparaging remarks ; "it is commonly the case that your wise people, your men of genius and learning, your Tullies and Mirabeaus, your Æsops, Socrateses, and Alexander Popes, are born scarecrows, but who thinks the worse of them for their want of beauty?"

"Oh, dear !" said Miss Feverage senior, "I'm sure he may be wise enough for me, but I thought all the Oriental people were handsome, like the princes we read of in the Arabian Nights' Enter tainments."

I looked around for Captain Brown to help me out of my difficulties, but he was now present ; and such was my rage and mortification at the contemptuous remarks of which I was the object, but which, of course, I was not supposed to understand, that I was rejoiced, notwithstanding my great repugnance to the Magian practice, when I heard Mr. Feverage say he was going to conduct me immediately to the hospital, to cure all his sick negroes at a blow.

But I did not thereby, as I had fondly hoped, escape from those unamiable young ladies, (for unamiable enough they now appeared in my eyes,) in whose regards I had found so little favor. Moved by curiosity, they, with their mother, brother, and even the little children, declared they would go with papa, to witness the miracles I was expected to perform. "Come along, Chowder Chow," said Mr. Feverage, making me a sign to follow him to the hospital, which I found was nothing more than a row of log cabins, though kept pretty clean and comfortable, among which the sick were distributed.

Here I had no doubt I should find Captain Brown, whose absence in the parlor had previously caused me some surprise, but no Captain Brown was there, nor did he even seem to be expected by anybody but myself. Mr. Feverage took me by the elbow and marched me up to a form, on which lay a poor negro man in what I judged was the last stage of consumption : "If he can cure

*him*," quote Mr. Feverage, with a look of confident expectation, "he can cure anybody. So, Chowder Chow, boy, begin—I wish to G—I beg your pardon, my dear!—I knew something of the lingo."

I looked around me again, and with uneasiness, for Captain Brown, without whose powerful assistance and encouraging audacity, I felt no great confidence in my Magian abilities.

"What is the scoundrel gaping after?" quoth Mr. Feverage, waxing impatient; when, perceiving I must play my part whether Brown came or not, I put on the look of wisdom, and pronounced the Magian "*Holly-golly-wow*."

"Hang your *holly-golly-wow*," said Mr. Feverage; "why don't you give him the physic?"

I gave the physic, indeed! That was the province of Captain Brown, who, moreover, carried the Mermaids' Eggs and Holy Sand of the Ganges in his own pockets, I not having about me so much as a single dose.

"*Holly-golly-wow*," repeated I, in great perplexity.

"Curse you gibberish, I tell you!" reiterated Mr. Feverage, begging his wife to excuse him for swearing; "it's the physic I want, you numskull; can't you understand me?"

"Dear me!" cried Miss Feverage, junior; "how can he, pa, when he don't understand English? You should have asked the sailor-man how you were to do things."

"D—n the sailor-man—pray, my dear, excuse me!—he told me all about it," said Mr. Feverage, growing hotter than ever; "he told me all that was to be done was to put the staring jackanapes before the sick man, and that he would cure him in from seven minutes to seven days, and no mistake about it."

I was frightened at the violence of my worthy host, but still more at what he said of Captain Brown, who—But could it be? Had he, afraid, as I might well suppose, of the difficulty of making good his impudent boasts, afraid of the responsibility of practice among so *really* sick persons—had he deserted me, sneaked away, left me to cure them the best way I could? and cure them too, without Mermaids' Eggs or the Holy Sand of the Ganges? Certainly he had, I could no longer doubt it; how otherwise was I to understand the fact of his having instructed Mr. Feverage how he was "to do things," how he was "to put the jackanapes before the sick man," coupled with his extraordinary absence at

such a time of need? My heart died within me to think of his baseness and duplicity; my blood ran cold as I thought of the scrape he had left me in. How was I to get out of it? But the intemperance of Mr. Feverage left me little time for reflection, and so I acted upon instinct.

"*Holly-golly-wow!*" I cried again: then turning upon Mr. Feverage, before he could vent another volley of abuse, which I saw him preparing, I resorted to the Magian language, (for, of course, I knew no other,) and demanded, with the looks of one asking the most important question in the world, "*Willy-whary-gonny-doggy-Brown?*"

"What is the infernal rascal jabbering about *now?*" quoth Mr. Feverage: "do you suppose I understand your diabolical jargon?"

"*Willy-whary-gonny-doggy-Brown!*" I repeated.

"He says *Brown!*" cried Miss Feverage; who, notwithstanding her want of judgment and taste, was the shrewdest person present; "he says *Brown*; and that was the name of the sailor-man: and perhaps he is asking for him."

"Are you, you baboon!" said Feverage; "why, he went off at daylight. But what has that to do with our business? Why don't you physic the sick man?"

"*Willy-whary-gonny Holly-golly-wow! Willy-whary-gonny-Sammy-ram-ram?*" I again demanded, hoping the gentleman would understand I was asking for the Magian physic; which, which, however, he did not, until I had expended a great deal of ingenuity in explanatory gesticulation, and then hit upon the device of putting my finger in my mouth, by which I meant physic, and next of turning a pocket wrong side out, to indicate that I had none.

Miss Feverage again penetrated my meaning; and nothing could exceed the mingled consternation and rage of the parent, when the conception first flashed upon his mind that I had no medicines to administer to his tenants of the hospital.

"Oh! that infernal villain!" he cried; "that swindling Brown! He has gone off with the Mermaids' Eggs and the Holy Sand of the Ganges! And what is the doctor good for without them? Bitten, swindled, most atrociously swindled? No wonder the rascal was willing to trade so reasonably; for what's the doctor without his physic?"

It was now my turn to be struck with consternation; and the

reader may judge the horror into which I was thrown by finding, from the expressions of the gentleman, that Captain Brown, my villainous confederate, had not merely deserted me, but had actually *sold* me, sold me as a *slave*, for—but I do not know what sum it was he got for me—to my *present* master, Mr. Fabius Maximus Feverage; having also disposed of my nag, which he represented as being a Tartar pony from some royal stable in the East Indies.

Yes! it was true!—astounding, horrifying as it was, it was true; the intolerable villain had sold me, and gone off with the money.

What was the difficulty I had previously lamented, of being left to play the doctor alone, compared with this newer and more dreadful dilemma in which I was now plunged? It was fortunate, perhaps, that my agitation, which was for a moment inexpressibly great—and how could it be otherwise?—was, in a manner, lost and unnoticed in the tumult of my master's (my master's!) rage; and after that had blown itself away, and the family could again turn their eyes upon Chowder Chow, his confusion was most naturally and charitably attributed to the loss of his Magian medicines, the infallible Mermaids' Eggs and the panaceal Holy Sand of the Ganges.

But not a thought, or a care, gave Chowder Chow, at that moment, to his medicines. I had more important matters to excruciate my mind; which, at first overwhelmed by the greatness of my predicaments, was next filled by a whirl of hurrying projects to escape them.

My first idea was to tell the truth—to unlock my lips, and in plain English expose the fraud that had been practised upon Mr. Feverage and my unfortunate self, and assert my freedom as a freeman should.

But alas! my fears (not to give the credit to my common-sense,) told me that expedient could only serve to translate me from the culinary vessel, in which I may well say I was frying, to the fire wherein I must suffer the equal pangs of broiling. To tell the truth would be to confess myself an accomplice in fraud, the confederate of a swindler who had been cheating the good people of the district for more than a week; and whether I (to prove that had necessity, and not my own will, had forced me into the reluctant complicity,) should reveal the cause of my submission, or keep that secret to myself, I must encounter a similar

danger ; in the one case, take my chance before a court-martial for high treason—in the other, before a court-civil for felony.

To tell, moreover, to a man who was already raging over the loss of the Mermaids' Eggs and the Holy Sand of the Ganges, a truth which must add to that the loss of the money he had paid for me, was, even of itself, an undertaking of highly questionable expediency ; and when I reflected that to the indignation at the loss of his money must be added the mortification of having been so grossly played upon, in the matter of the palsy, I shrank from the dangers of confession.

"No, no," thought I to myself ; "honesty is undoubtedly the best policy in the main ; but it won't do in this case." I have learned to put another interpretation upon the old saw of the copy-books, which is, that honesty is the best policy, where one wishes to go to heaven ; but where earthly prosperity—the attainment of wealth, and honor, and power—is the only thing aimed at, it may be often very conveniently dispensed with.

What then—since I durst not claim my freedom, by telling the truth—remained for me to do? Must I remain a slave, because the unparalleled Captain Brown had sought fit to sell, and the unsuspecting Mr. Feverage had deemed proper to buy me for one? No, by mine honor, I had no idea of *that*.

There were but two ways I could think of, in which my liberty was to be retrieved ; and one having been considered and rejected, I was compelled to place all my reliance upon the other, which was considered and adopted during that brief period of agitation which the rage and fury of Mr. Feverage gave me leisure to indulge. I resolved to submit—that is, to allow myself to be considered a slave just so long as I could not help it, and recover my freedom by running away at the very first opportunity. And this, all things considered, was perhaps the wisest resolution I could have adopted.

But I had been bought as a Magus—a dispenser of life and health—and it was necessary I should continue to preserve the character. The difficulty was how I was to do it, being robbed by Captain Brown of what Mr. Feverage seemed to consider the most important part of his purchase, the Mermaids' Eggs and the Holy Sand of the Ganges. And this difficulty, which was now the main source of grief to my master (fortunately, as I could not speak English, I was not obliged to *call* him so,) might have continued a



long time, had it not been removed by the sagacity of 'young missus,' (I have less shame in giving her the title, though I shall never forget her reflections upon my good looks,) who said, that "if I was a good doctor my knowledge could not certainly be confined to but *two* medicines;" and therefore recommended I should have the family medicine chest brought me, to see what I could do with it.

The father caught at the idea; the medicine chest was brought, and signs made that I should select from it such drugs as were suitable to my purpose.

I select, indeed! My knowledge of the *Materia Medica* was somewhat too limited for selection; but I affected to do so. I tumbled over the bottles of potions and powders, taking good care to appear not to read or understand the labels, but to judge of their qualities by smelling. Some I rejected with a learned contempt, others with frowns of knowing detestation; until coming upon a bottle of salts, thinks I to myself, "Salts can't hurt anybody," and was going to administer a dose to my patient, the consumptive negro before whose bunk had been acted the whole of the preliminary play. His ghastly looks fortunately frightened me into a doubt of the propriety of giving him such a medicine; and the same reason deterred me from a dose of calomel and jalap, which association presented as the next most natural, because best known remedies; when my eye fell upon a bottle of laudanum, of which I immediately gave the poor fellow a dose, taking care, as I did so, to look round upon my master with a melancholy shake of the head, as if to inform him I had but little confidence in the medicine, and only gave it because I could find nothing better.

"He knows what he is about, after all!" said my master, returning the melancholy shake; "he means to say poor Joe is beyond all common remedies—(May the devil seize that rascal Brown for carrying off the Mermaids' Eggs! for who knows but that one of them might have cured him?)—and that all that can be done for him is to give him laudanum, and let him die easy."

Of my next patient all that I can say is, that he was sick, and I did not know what was the matter with him; but as he was a robust young fellow, I thought no harm could come of giving him a dose of salts, which I accordingly administered. And this prescription had also the merit of meeting my master's approbation, which he expressed by saying, "After all, I believe the rascal is

worth the money, and sees through a disease with a look. What a pity we had not some of his own Indian medicines !”

To the third patient, whose case was as mysterious to me as that of the second, and who appeared to be neither particularly strong nor particularly weak, I ventured to administer a little calomel and jalap, upon which my master observed, “My practice was just like that of the regular physicians ; it was plain there was no quackery about me ;” and he ended by a hearty execration upon Brown for not leaving some of the Holy Sand of the Ganges, which was undoubtedly of greater efficacy than all the regular physic in his drug box.

In short, (for I have no design to record my experimental essays upon the lives of all the sick in the hospital,) I went through my task the best way I could; and my hap-hazard practice quite contented my master, who seemed, since I had no Magian medicines to administer, not to expect any very miraculous cures of me; and I heard him afterwards assure his wife, who, with all her children had left the hospital as soon as they found I was to do nothing astonishing, that “he believed he would have his money’s worth of me, as I would save him two or three hundred dollars a year in doctors’ bills; but he never would forgive that cursed sailor-man, Brown, (begging her pardon,) for having cheated him out of the Mermaids’ Eggs.”

## CHAPTER XLIII.

*Robin Day escapes from slavery, is chased by a bloody-minded pursuer, and relieved by an unexpected friend.*

THE extraordinary fatality which had attended all my previous efforts to escape from the different misfortunes that had befallen me, plunging me only from one difficulty into another, had now taught me a lesson of prudence ; and I resolved, this time, to act with the greatest circumspection, and arrange such a plan of escape as should, besides most certainly restoring me to freedom, result in as few inconvenient consequences as possible. To run away, I perceived, was not of itself sufficient to secure my liberty ; the fugitive slave always expects pursuit ; and from my uncommon value, it was but reasonable to suppose my master would take uncommon pains to recover me. It was necessary I should make myself acquainted with the country through which I was to fly, so as to decide upon a route the most advantageous for my purpose ; it was necessary to anticipate every possible danger that might arise, and the means of avoiding it :—in short, it was necessary to think and do a great many things, none of which could be thought or done in a moment.

While arranging these indispensable preliminaries, I submitted—or seemed to submit—with great gravity and resignation, to my lot of servitude, and played the part of the Indian doctor to perfection. The servitude itself was no great matter, and but for the name would have been nothing, since my learned character, and perhaps my complexion, which favorably distinguished me from the sons of Africa, (and which, by the way, I was obliged to renew every day,) prevented my receiving the treatment of a common blackey. Without being flattered by any particular marks of respect, I was neither kicked nor cuffed ; and I had the happiness of not being compelled to any kind of slavish occupations. It is true, I heard my master once talk of making me wait at table ; but he came to the conclusion that I was unfit for such service, while incapable of understanding a word of English.

My only business was to physic the sick, to attend upon the hospital, where I spent nearly all my time, as much to deceive Mr. Feverage with my appearance of zeal, as to keep out of the sight of his family. What good I did the patients I am not yet learned enough in the medical art to say ; but I physicked away at them with the best intentions. All that is certain is, some died and some got well ; but whether I killed the former, or cured the latter, was not so sure, even at the time of practice. And, indeed, I did not trouble myself greatly to inquire or to think upon the subject : my mind was all the time engaged with the thought of escape.

As in most sudden transformations of character or changes of conduct, one commonly jumps into extremes, so it happened with me upon this unlucky occasion. I was determined, as I have said, to act, in my project of escape, with the utmost prudence and circumspection ; and so prudently and circumspectly I *did* act that I was like never to have put my project into execution. To provide against difficulties and dangers, it was necessary to anticipate all that could happen : and I anticipated so many that I was almost afraid to encounter them. My imagination, as I dwelt upon them, drew them in such formidable colors as frightened herself : and the enterprise looked daily more doubtful and dreadful. I trembled, faltered, vacillated, and the beginning of the seventh week from the desertion of Captain Brown found me, to my own astonishment and affliction, still a slave. And it is not improbable I might have consumed still seven weeks longer in hesitation, had not a circumstance arisen which frightened me out of fear and desperately nerved me to action. This was nothing less than a project my master suddenly formed of selling me—for I believe he was now tired of his bargain, being a fickle-minded man—to a Carolina planter, who had a higher opinion of my abilities or greater need of my services. The subject was freely discussed in my presence (who was still ignorant of the English language—and, truly, that same ignorance caused me to hear a great many conversations I should not otherwise have been made privy to), in the hospital, whither my master brought the purchaser to examine me and my proceedings among the sick.

The effect of their discussion upon my mind did not tend, I fear, to the benefit of my patients ; for such was the consternation into which I was thrown, that I, from that moment, began to lay about

me among the sick with a maniacal activity and forgetfulness of consequences ; which, however, only recommended me more strongly to the stranger's regard. He observed "I was a bold practitioner, and knew how to treat negro constitutions." He then, with Mr. Feverage, left the hospital, the one agreeing to purchase, the other to sell, the only subject of controversy being the price, which I had no doubt they would soon agree upon.

It was then late in the afternoon, and they adjourned from the hospital to supper ; "after which," I heard Mr. Feverage say, "we will be able to settle the matter to our mutual satisfaction." "You may settle it to your satisfaction," quoth I to myself ; "but I doubt whether either will be so well satisfied in the morning." In truth, I resolved to run away that very night.

I stole back to the house, and into the housekeeper's room, where my presence never caused any surprise, as, indeed, the medicine chest was kept there, to which I had, of course, continual access ; and the yellow lady, the mistress of the place, had accommodated me with a little table in the corner, where I used to measure out, and sometimes compound (for I grew bold with practice) the drugs that so insufficiently supplied the place of the Magian medicines. I entered the room for no other purpose than to fill my pockets with food to sustain me in the flight ; but the housekeeper being there at the time, engaged making a pot of chocolate, I was obliged to conceal my object, and pretend to busy myself with the medicine chest.

While I was thus occupied tumbling the drugs about, the housekeeper stepped for a moment out of the room, when the devil (for I know not how else to account for the desperate prompting) put it into my head that, as nothing would more certainly facilitate my escape than the soundest slumber on the part of every member of the family, including also my intended purchaser, so nothing would more manifestly secure them a sound nap than a dose of opium thrown into their chocolate.

This brilliant idea was no sooner formed than put into execution, and without thinking (for, verily, I had no time to think) of the consequences that might result, I snatched up a huge mass of the narcotic, enough to physic the whole household, and with trembling hand tumbled it into the pot. In another instant the housekeeper returned, gave her chocolate the finishing stir, and carried it off into the parlor. I took advantage of her second

sortie to gather up a hasty supply of eatables, and then retreated to my medicine chest again, to await the period of my own supper, which I thought it necessary to take to avoid suspicion, for I had planned to begin my flight in the dead of night, after a pretence of going to bed ; and Cowder Chow, with all his bothers and afflictions, never went to bed in Mr. Feverage's house without his supper.

But by and by there arose a great scolding in the parlor, and I could hear my master and his family finding fault with the chocolate, declaring that it had a very odd and unaccountable taste ; and her ladyship the housekeeper was forthwith summoned to the room to explain the mystery.

I was terribly frightened at this unexpected turn of affairs, and scarce doubting but that the inquiry thus instituted must result in a discovery of the liberty I had taken, I saw no hope but in immediate flight. I slipped from the pantry and the back door, and fled through the fields to a wood not far off, which I reached without difficulty or notice, it being then almost dark.

One of the chief, and as I esteemed it, most necessary preparations for escape consisted in the study of a large State map of Virginia, which my master had hanging up in the hall or main passage of his house, where I had many opportunities of viewing it unobserved. And I pored over it so often and long that I had fairly committed to memory all the roads, rivers, towns and mountains in that part of the State through which I designed to fly ; nay, I had even taken the pains to construct in secret a little rude but sufficient map of my own, on which I could better rely than on my memory alone. My course I had long determined should be westward, towards the interior, which I flattered myself would be precisely the direction in which no fugitive slave would be believed to bend his steps. In that quarter I should soon reach the mountains, among which, in case of extremity, I might find hiding places and rocks of safety in abundance ; and, following among their sequestered valleys, or along their wild ridges, I must soon penetrate to the great West, whose name associated the most agreeable ideas of freedom and independence.

My course thus resolved upon, a map of the country in my head, and an itinerary in my pocket, I struck boldly through the woods, seeking for a road which, I knew, led to a ferry over the Roanoke, some seven or eight miles from Mr. Feverage's house. The road

I found, and the ferry also, where, not having the courage to call the ferryman to my assistance, I helped myself to a canoe, which I discovered on the bank, and paddled across the river.

The bank being gained, I immediately removed from my person every vestige of my late Magian character and servitude. The vile complexion, which I had been compelled daily to renew, to avoid detection, I washed away in the river; into which I also threw the detestable bandanna and the horrid yarns that bound my hair. Then drawing my cap from its concealment in my pocket, to be remounted upon my head, and securing the canoe, so that the owner could get it again if he pleased, I resumed my steps, walking with such diligence and speed that, if my map was to be relied on, I had by morning put at least thirty miles between me and my master's house.

And this was exactly what I had calculated upon in my plan of escape. I had always esteemed it a matter of the first necessity to get over the greatest possible distance the first night; and thirty miles was just what I assigned myself, besides thirty more to be accomplished during the day.

Unfortunately, however, in thus calculating the distance, I forgot to calculate the strength necessary to carry me through it, as I soon discovered to my cost; for I had scarce congratulated myself upon having done so much when I found I was unable to do any more. I was, in a word, completely exhausted, worn out, knocked up, incapable of proceeding further, compelled to come to a stand, when every moment of delay, I knew, was a big danger. The inactive life of Chowder Chow had melted away the strength of Robin Day; and, besides, Robin Day had overtaken his powers.

I sat down upon a stump on the road side to draw breath, and consider what was to be done; and I had just come to the conclusion I could do nothing better than hunt up some hiding place in the woods, and there sleep till night, at which period I hoped to be able to continue my journey, when I perceived a traveler, in a military garb, come riding up from behind on a sorrel horse.

I had no particular reason to apprehend a pursuer in the person of a gentleman of the army, regular or militia; but I held it most for my interest at that time to avoid the observation of all persons. I therefore rose from my stump, and slipped aside into the wood, hoping I had escaped the stranger's notice. But I was mistaken; and as he rode up he uttered a loud halloo, and turned into the

wood after me, at which I was thrown into such a panic that I forgot my fatigue, and immediately took to my heels to bury myself among the trees and bushes. But, alas, the stranger instantly spurred after me, ordering me to stop, to surrender, and I knew not what ; but I only ran the faster, at which, growing furious, he pulled out a pistol and fired at me, and then let fly another, and ended by drawing a long sword, with which, being now close at my heels, he offered to cut me down ; so that I was fain to come to an immediate halt, and beg for mercy. What was my amazement, what my joy, when, turning round and looking into the face of my blood-thirsty pursuer, I perceived the features of my friend Dicky Dare !



## CHAPTER XLIV.

*In which Robin retrieves his reputation in the opinion of Dicky Dare, and is restored to the friendship of that heroic adventurer.*

"OH, Dicky!" cried I, "do you mean to murder me?"—a question for which there was good reason, as my martial friend was in a towering passion, and still brandished his cut-and-thrust about my ears, as if half of a mind to carve me to pieces.

"Robin Day!" quoth he, in equal astonishment:—"may I never smell gunpowder, by Julius Cæsar, if I didn't think you were some flying jailbird of a prisoner of war or a rascal broke loose from a county prison, or some such rabblement stuff—to run away in such a cowardly style, when I only wanted to ask about the road! But I say, by Julius Caesar, what are you doing here?"

It was some time before I could reply to the question, so great was the ferment of joy into which I was thrown by this happy encounter; for in the presence of Dicky I saw a release from every affliction, a protection from every danger.

"Oh, Dicky," said I, "fate has sent you here to help me out of the greatest difficulty—as great an one perhaps as that you saved me from when I was taken prisoner by that caitiff, Duck, and accused of high treason. I shall never forget your kindness, that time, in saving me from a court-martial."

"Sir," said Dicky, in a lofty way, "that was in memory of our old friendship; but I beg you to observe that I am not to be called upon to interpose in your favor, under such circumstances, a second time. Friendship, sir, is one thing, but honor, sir—by Julius Cæsar, honor is another."

"Yes," said I, "Dicky, it is; but I hope you don't regret saving me from being shot or hanged? I'm sure I would have done as much for you."

"Oh," said Dicky, "as it turned out, I don't think they would have altogether made it out so bad a case for you at the court-martial; because that rascal Duck that accused you was a traitor himself."

"Yes," said I, "he was ; he piloted the British up and down the Bay to all the towns."

"Exactly so," said Dicky ; "the prisoners we took informed against him, and in less than an hour after you were gone we had the dog arrested, to stand his trial ; and I believe they hanged him, or intended to do so."

"I hope so," said I, devoutly. "And as for *my* being a traitor, I think I can prove to your satisfaction I was a very innocent one."

"If you can, by Julius Cæsar," said Dicky Dare, with generous impetuosity, "I shall shake hands with you, and be very good friends with you ; though, sir, I'll be hanged if I think as much of your spunk as I used to do."

"Oh," said I, "I can explain that too."

"Very well," said Dicky ; "you can explain along the road, and no time lost, as we go to breakfast ; for I understand there's a tavern only two or three miles ahead, where we can eat ; and, by Julius Cæsar, I'm hungry."

I told him I was too tired, having been on foot all the night, and must have a little rest.

And with that, I invited him to dismount and tie his horse, and take a seat by me on a log ; and, to show him he need not concern himself about his breakfast, I instantly produced a store of cold chicken legs and other dainties from my pocket, which I invited him to share with me.

"A soldier," quoth Dicky Dare, "can ask no better breakfast, or place to eat it. I remember, dad told me that General Marion used to dine off a log in a swamp, and feed on parched corn and sweet potatoes."

And so saying, the young soldier dismounted, unbitted his nag, who straightway fell to work upon the young twigs and bushes around, while his master, with equal appetite, addressed himself to the nobler provender drawn from the larder of Mr. Feverage.

During the meal, I acquainted him with all my adventures from the time of our separation on the highway up to the moment of our second parting on the field of battle, upon all which, as well as upon my conduct in them, he commented in a very free and characteristic way. He expressed great contempt of my pusillanimity in allowing myself to be seized by the wagoners, and contrasted with it his own courageous and successful resistance of

those zealous thief-takers, of which I was now informed for the first time. He highly commended the address and spirit of Captain Brown in shuffling the charge of robbery upon my shoulders, and then riding off with my horse, an act, he averred, I should, and easily might have prevented by blowing his brains out. My further adventures with Captain Brown he considered very extraordinary, as, indeed, I did myself, both from the audacity of Captain Brown and my own stupidity in allowing myself to be so easily imposed upon. But when I came to inform him how I had mistaken the British sailors for American militiamen, without perceiving the error until charging with them against my own countrymen, and how I had pretended to volunteer in their service, only to secure an opportunity of escape, his surprise was only exceeded by his indignation. He swore by Julius Cæsar, seven times over, I was the biggest ninny in warlike matters, and, he believed, in all others, the world had ever produced—a compliment which I took without offence, for I was, in truth, so happy to fall in with him, and so deeply persuaded of the superiority of his genius, that I could have borne even much more disparagement without repining. Besides, I was more than half persuaded he charged nothing more than was true.

Then followed my final adventure with Captain Brown, the story of the disguise and the Magian medicines ; at which, for the first time (for Dicky had put on the gravity of the soldier), he indulged in a violent fit of laughter, and swore, by Julius Cæsar, that "Brown was a comical dog," and that I, in the part of a quack doctor, had hit upon a character the best suited to my genius ; "because," said he, "by Julius Cæsar, I'll be hanged if you'll ever make a soldier."

Last of all came that climax of wonder and atrocity, my being sold to slavery ; at which Dicky, giving the reins to his mirth, laughed with such furious energy that the sorrel nag, who had strayed away some distance, browsing, came trotting and whinnying back, as if to know what was the matter. Nor was he less diverted at my escape, and the incidents attending it, especially that of the chocolate pot, though he immediately threw me into a panic by asking if it had not occurred to me that, in thus drugging it, I might possibly have murdered some of my master's family, or, at the very least, might bring myself under a charge of an intention to murder them ?

It was now Dicky's turn to relate his adventures, in which there was nothing near so remarkable as in mine. He had reached Philadelphia in safety, where, having the good fortune to receive a letter from his father, with a further supply of money, and being no longer able to resist the inclination to put on a soldier's coat along with the soldier's spirit, he ordered a military suit ; and when it was completed, left the city, and (as Mr. John Dabs had truly informed me) left it only a day before myself. He had spurred for the theatre of war, but in vain sought an opportunity of measuring his sword with the enemy, until his good fortune carried him to Norfolk, in time to assist its brave defenders in repelling the invaders from their shores. His company consisted only of some score of idlers and tatterdemalions, supernumeraries and volunteers in that particular battle, who, collecting in a hurry and having no commander of their own, had willingly accepted the martial-looking Dicky for their leader. He had received a wound, a scratch in the leg, of which he was uncertain whether it was owing to a British bullet, or to a tumble he had had over a stump, in the fury of the charge ; nevertheless, he prided himself on it, as being the first hurt received in the wars. This battle began and ended Dicky's campaigns in Virginia ; for, saving the horrible affair at Hampton, three days after, at which he was not present, nothing more was done by the enemy to afford him an opportunity to display his valor ; and, soon after, the British fleet deserted the waters of the Chesapeake entirely.

Dicky, I found, was now on his way to the southwest. Troubles were brewing, he said, on the Indian border ; and wise men looked soon to see the chief theatre of war transferred to the delta of the Mississippi. In either case, he observed there would be plenty of fighting ; "and where there's plenty of fighting," said my heroic friend, gnawing the last morsel from a chicken-bone, "there, sir, by Julius Caesar, there is the place for me."

I told him at once I would go along with him, and fight the battles of my country at his side ; upon which there arose a controversy between us, he assuring me he thought I was too big a coward for a soldier, and I insisting, with heat, that I had as much courage as he ; for, he knew, I had as good as trounced him a dozen times at school.

"I don't know any such thing," said Dicky Dare ; "though I allow, you always fought me spunky. But this fighting a school-

fight, and this fighting the battles of your country—by Julius Cæsar, they are quite different matters. There are some fellows that have great pluck for a war of fisticuffs, and will stand hammering like old iron; but when you put them before the muzzle of a musket, with a man's finger at the trigger—or a park of artillery, with the matches all smoking—or a squadron of horse drawn up ready for charging—why then, by Julius Cæsar, these fisticuff bulldogs are exactly the fellows to fall all of a tremble, and run off like so many rats before a bull-terrier. It's the seeing one's blood flow, and feeling the pain of a wound, that tries what stuff one's liver is made of. As for me, sir, by Julius Cæsar, I have had an enemy's bullet through the leg, without minding it !”

“Or you scratched it over a stump, as you admitted of your own accord was probable,” said I. “And if you come to that, I have had a severer wound than you; for I was knocked on the head with the butt of an Irishman's musket, which broke my head open, and I was laid up six weeks by it in the doctor's hands.”

“I allow,” said Dicky Dare, “you have had the hardest knock: but how did you take it? there's the question.”

“I took it I don't know how,” said I, “for it knocked me out of my senses; but all the sailors said I was as brave as a lion. And besides, if you come to that, you have been in action but once; whereas I have been three times in battle.”

“But how did you go into battle?” demanded Dicky; “did you feel proud, and happy, and furious, and all that?”

“No,” said I; “I felt uneasy.”

“To be sure you did !” said Dicky, with disdain; “and that's not the way a brave man feels.”

“I have no doubt,” said I, “I should have felt proud, and happy, and furious, and all that, had I been on the right side; but, I fancy, if you had been, like me, fighting against your country, *you* would have felt uneasy too.”

“And so I should,” said the soldier, with generous frankness; “I forgot you were fighting against your country; which must make even a brave man a coward. But, I say, Robin,” he added, “by Julius Cæsar! you were so terribly frightened at all these other matters—so frightened about roasting that old tyrant, M'Goggin—frightened at Brown and the wagoners—frightened at Mr. Bloodmoney—frightened at John Dabs, the constable—frightened when we took you prisoner—frightened when you were

sold a slave—and, by Julius Cæsar, you are so frightened *now* that you have run away! I say, by Julius Cæsar, I don't think a fellow that gets frightened so often can have the true grit in him, after all."

"Oh," said I, "Dicky, fear in such cases is not cowardice. Every man is afraid of getting into the hands of the law—of being put into prison, tried for felony, and perhaps brought to the gallows. In all these cases, you must see, I had the dangers of the law behind me. With the wagoners and John Dabs I was in fear of being carried back to our town to be hanged for murder; with Mr. Bloodmoney, of being imprisoned for house breaking; and, to skip all other matters, here I am now in fear of being pursued as a runaway slave, or laid up by the heels for a swindler."

"By Julius Cæsar, that *does* alter the case," said my friend, for I recollect, when I left our town, I was afraid myself of having the constables after me, though I tell you what," he added, with a grim look of fortitude, "before they should have taken me, there would have been a fight, and somebody's brain blown out, by Julius Cæsar."

My ingenious defence, by which I was half convinced myself, satisfied the valorous Dicky that I was worthy of his friendship; whereupon he gave me his hand, and said I should follow him to the wars. He bade me discharge from my mind all fear of Mr. Feverage and his emissaries; "for," said he, "if the worst comes, we can fight them off, by Julius Cæsar." He then asked "how I was off for money," and being assured I had, in all my troubles, held fast to my pocketbook, he expressed great satisfaction, "for," said he, "you can now buy a horse and arms, and so travel onwards like a soldier." And thereupon he bade me for the future cease calling him Dicky, like a great schoolboy, and desired I would address him as *Captain Dare*; "because why, by Julius Cæsar, he had on a captain's uniform, and everybody was a captain in Virginia."

Inspired by the presence of my martial friend, and refreshed by the meal, I now professed myself able to resume the march; Dicky very generously offering me his horse till more thoroughly rested, which, however, I refused. He therefore mounted the saddle himself; and I walking at his side, we left the wood and returned to the highway.

## CHAPTER XLV.

*Robin Day and his commander, Captain Dare, set out again for the wars, and win a great victory along the way, in which, as is usual, all the honor and profit fall to the commander's share.*

We arrived in a short time at the tavern where Dicky, or, to give him his desired title, Captain Dare, had expected to take his breakfast, and where he now for a moderate sum succeeded in purchasing me a pony that would serve my turn, though he was but a sorry nag after all. And having again set out on our journey, Captain Dare proposed I should give him, as was proper for a soldier's charger, some handsome name; informing me at the same time that he called his sorrel steed Bucephalus, after the war-horse of Alexander the Great. I proposed dubbing mine Hard-Back, which I considered expressive of one of his most striking qualities, but Dicky demurred, insisting that that was a vulgar and unmilitary title; and I agreeing, at last, he might bestow upon him what title he pleased, he named him Pegasus, "which," he said, "was the name of the horse ridden by the great general, Perseus, when he slew the Centaurs." Without venturing a hint to Pegasus's godfather, that his classic reminiscences were none of the most accurate, and that the steed of the Muses was dishonored by carrying such an insignificant and unpoetic personage as I, I accepted the name, and Bucephalus and Pegasus pricked forward with their riders in peace.

We reached and dined that day at a village, where Captain Dicky, who took the charge though not the cost of equipping me into his own hands, bought me a rifle, (which, he said, was the properest weapon for a soldier going to fight the Indians) with a powder horn, scalping knife, and other articles appropriate to a backwoodsman; and I adding, at my own instance, a hunting frock of light summer stuff, a brace of cotton checked shirts, and some other articles of apparel of which I was in want, I was presently trigged out to my own satisfaction as well as Captain Dare's.

And now our journey was commenced in earnest, and continued during a space of more than two weeks, with all the zeal to be expected of two such gallant adventurers, and with as much speed as the nature of the country, which was full of savage mountains, and the strength of Bucephalus and Pegasus, who rivalled one another in laziness, would permit. And during all that time, such was the lenity of our fortunes, we met not a single adventure worth recording ; though I must confess to a fright I received by stumbling, at a village inn, upon a newspaper, in which, under the caption of "Stop the Villain," was an advertisement subscribed by my late master, Mr. Fabius Maximus Feverage, offering a reward for the capture of the slave Chowder Chow, who had absconded after an atrocious attempt to poison his master's family with opium. But the terror was only momentary ; I was growing valiant under the countenance of my valiant friend, and once parted from and out of sight of the inn that contained the detestable paper, I declared that Mr. Fabius Maximus Feverage, with his advertisement, might go to—a certain personage who shall be nameless, and snapped my fingers in token of my disdain.

The end of the second week of our travels saw us upon the frontiers of Tennessee, and we had scarce crossed them when we discovered that we were already upon the eve of great adventures. News had just reached this secluded district of the commencement of the Indian war, which my comrade and captain had so confidently anticipated—of the horrible catastrophe, the Massacre at Fort Mimms on the Alabama River, by which it was opened, and in which, as is well known, more than four hundred human beings, half of them women and children, the families of poor settlers, fell under the Creek tomahawk at a blow.

This dreadful intelligence, spreading fast among the inhabitants of this wild mountain country, had created the greatest excitement among them. Some, the young and manly, burned with fury, and swore they were only waiting the movements of the proper authorities, the proclamation of their Governor and the commands of their military leaders, of which they were in daily expectation, to snatch their arms, march upon the bloodthirsty barbarians, and sweep them from the face of the earth. Others, again, were in a horrible panic on their own account ; for though the Creeks were afar off, the Cherokees were their near neighbors, and might be upon them, murdering and destroying, at any mo-



ment. It is true, the Cherokees were then, as they had been for many years, and, in fact, continued during the whole of the ensuing war, the friends of the whites ; but they were Indians ; and, in the logic of fear, nothing was more natural than to suppose they would join their red brethern in the contest.

The further we advanced, the greater seemed the ferment, which was attended, and augmented, by rumors of the most portentous character. It was now reported that the savages, uniting in innumerable hordes, had destroyed the great city of New Orleans, and roasted all the sugar-planters in their own boilers ; and that they were, besides, marching upon the capital of Tennessee, with the fairest prospects of carrying off the scalps of the whole body of Legislators, then in conclave ; and now there was a cry that the Cherokees had taken up the hatchet, and were already killing and burning in their own neighborhood. In short, the excitement was prodigious, and it extended to Captain Dare and his follower ; exhibiting, in the one, that warlike fury which distinguished the bolder portion of society, and the other, I am ashamed to say, a little of the panic that marked the less heroic division.

But what may not a great military genius effect even upon the worst of materials ? The fervor of Captain Dare dissipated the doubts and uneasiness of my mind ; I caught a spark of his ambition ; and was infected with the audacity of spirit which contemned danger, derided wounds, and thought of battle only as the stepping stone to victory and renown. Hot for the conflict, we spurred—or rather, Dicky spurred, and I pommelled with my heels, for I had no spurs,—the snorting Bucephalus and the grunting Pegasus, (for Pegasus was broken-winded,) to hasten our approach to the theatre of war ; and along the way we devised a hundred stratagems by which the enemy was to be defeated, and ourselves raised to the pinnacle of fame. Dicky talked strongly of raising a company—nay, his thoughts sometimes rose to a regiment—of mounted riflemen, along the way ; which, received (as, considering the urgency of the occasion, he had no doubt it would be), into the service of the United States, would secure him at once a commission, and that power and consideration among men of the steel, of which he was so ambitious. He even made attempts to persuade several valiant persons we met at the inns and farmhouses, where we stopped to bait or sleep, to follow his banner to the wars ; but the hurry of our progress, which left no time

for persuasion, interfered with his success ; not to speak of the disinclination of even the bravest and most patriotic to go a soldiering under a commander whom they had never seen before, who bore no commission either from State or National Government, and whose military chest did not allow of any bounty beyond a glass of grog.

But fate, which had created Dicky for a leader, willed that he should have a command, notwithstanding, and that he should achieve it by his own valor.

It happened, one day about noon, as we were pricking along the road, that, at a solitary place at the bottom of a hill, we stumbled suddenly upon a company of volunteers, who had that morning, in such a fit of warlike enthusiasm as inflamed Dicky Dare and myself, set out from their native village, some fifteen or twenty miles off, intending to offer their services to the commanding general of the district, and who, their dinner hour having arrived, had halted, like veterans, to discuss their bacon and hominy upon the road, disdaining to seek the ordinary luxuries of shelter. They had halted like veterans, but they had not troubled themselves to form a camp, or establish sentinels, or do any thing else in a veteran-like manner. On the contrary, they were scattered about in a very disorderly harum-scarum way, divided into groups, which were so distributed that when we came in view there were only four persons of the whole company to be seen, and these sitting around a fire, where they were broiling their dinner and enjoying themselves.

I know not whether it was on account of their hunting-shirts, which they had newly bedizened for the wars with colored tapes and fringes, or for whatever reason ; but no sooner had the valiant Dicky caught sight of them, than he swore by Julius Cæsar they were Indians, and therefore enemies ; and proposed, as they were only four in number, that we should make war upon them ; “for,” said he, with a tremendous look of slaughter, “we can take them by surprise, and shoot down three at the first crack—you, one with your rifle, I two with my pistols ; and then charge upon them ; and I answer for the other fellow with my sabre ;”—for so he called the cut-and-thrust.

I cannot say I had the greatest appetite for such an encounter, and, indeed, my natural impulse was to turn Pegasus the other way, and beat an instant retreat. But the fire of Dicky prevailed

over my hesitation ; and following him into the wood, that we might approach the enemy unobserved, we succeeded in reaching within a hundred paces of them ; at which distance we let fly our fire-arms, and then charged upon them at full speed.

Who can calculate the effects of resolution ? The surprise, the terrible volley, (by which, however, no one was harmed), and our furious charge, secured us an immediate victory. The four enemies started to their feet, and, marvellous to be said, a score more to the back of them ; who, leaping into view from among the bushes which had concealed them from our sight, fled away, with yells of astonishment and terror ; some jumping upon their horses, which were haltered around a tree, others flying on foot, but all doing their best to escape the danger that had so suddenly fallen upon them. The rout was irretrievable, the victory complete ; but just as we had effected it we made the discovery that our supposed Indians were all white men ; and they making the same discovery in regard to us, whom they had taken for a band of five hundred Cherokees just bursting into war, they returned to their camp—at least, the majority of them did, the others having continued their flight all the way back to their native village—burning with shame and rage ; and, for a few moments, I thought they would have murdered Dicky and me, so much did they take to heart our bloody-minded assault, and their own disgraceful retreat.

But a revolution soon took place in their feelings ; they admired the surprising courage of their conqueror, who could rush into battle so regardless of odds, and his handsome uniform won their hearts ; and when, after a little explanation, they found that Dicky was a volunteer for the Indian Wars, like themselves, and that he was fresh from the battle fields of Virginia—that he had seen the red-coats and fought them—ay, and beat them too—they fell into a rapture, and immediately offered to elect him their captain, which they were the more able to do, as their own commander, the first to fly, had now entirely disappeared, and was never more heard of. To this proposal there was but one dissenting voice,—that of the first lieutenant of the company, who insisted upon his right to succeed to the command. But his obstinacy was immediately overcome by one of the company, who, indignant that an officer of volunteers should presume to oppose the will of his followers, fell foul of him and gave him a tremendous drubbing ; where-

upon he threw up his commission in disgust, and mounting his horse, followed after his runaway superior.

I had, on my part, some hopes of being preferred to this second office, as I also had seen the red-coats, and fought among them, as well as Captain Dare, though, to be sure, not on the same side ; but as I had no handsome uniform, as I had not perhaps preserved quite so bold a front as Dicky, at the moment when the enraged warriors were upon the point of blowing our brains out, and above all, as I had not the same good luck as my companion, I was destined to be disappointed. The lieutenant's seat was filled by the intrepid fellow who had just flogged him out of it ; and I, finding I could do nothing better, was content to be admitted a private member of the band, of which Dicky Dare was unanimously elected captain.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

*The Bloody Volunteers arrive at the field of battle, and acquire distinction under the command of Captain Dare.*

THIS important business finished, and order restored, we proceeded to despatch the dinner we had interrupted, and soon after resumed the march, Captain Dicky Dare riding in great state at the head of his company, which, originally got up in the hurry and enthusiasm of the moment had never numbered more than twenty-seven men and was now reduced to nineteen including Captain Dare and myself. But Captain Dare, before he reached the battle-field, had, by dint of energy and eloquence, managed to increase its numbers by the addition of some ten or a dozen ambitious lads, whom he, at different times, seduced to join his standard.

In truth, the Bloody Volunteers—for such was the sounding name the company had assumed, even at the starting—had sealed their own good fortune in electing Dicky Dare their commander. His courage and great experience in war—for the victory at Craney Island was, in their apprehension, equivalent to a whole life of battle—inspired them with a fortitude akin to his own; while his heroic bearing at their head, and especially his address in providing supplies, and ministering to their wants on the road, prodigiously increased his popularity.

The dinner on the road-side had pretty well exhausted the rations laid by the Bloody Volunteers; who, forming a sort of *guerilla* or independent troop, attached to no particular regiment of their district, and acting without any authority, began to be doubtful, as the supper hour drew nigh, in what manner, and at whose expense, the needful provender was to be obtained; and these doubts became the more distressing, when an unpatriotic tavern-keeper on the road-side, at whose house we sought refreshment, swore “he would be hanged if there was a man of us should have supper without paying for it.”

Captain Dare solved the difficulty in a moment, by ordering a file of men into the pig-pen, where they slew a pig and a dozen chickens, and then by taking military possession of the kitchen, where the spoils were prepared for supper. Another file was despatched to the barn, to find quarters and provender for our chargers.

In short, Captain Dare acted as if he knew what he was about ; to prove which, next morning, having first given me to understand that he appointed me his military secretary, he bade me draw out a bill against the Treasury of the United States in favor of Mr. Tobias Small, the innkeeper, for the pig, chickens, horse-meat, and night's lodging of the company, which I did ; and he immediately appended the important order,—“Treasury of the United States, pay the above,”—signed “Richard Dare, Capt. of the Bloody Volunteers of Tennessee, now in service of the United States,” and handed it over to Mr. Tobias Small, with a magnificent—There, you dog ! there's an order upon the Government : send it to the Treasury and get your money !”

Our breakfast was paid for with a similar order ; and so was our dinner, but with this difference, that the order was now addressed to the Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Tennessee ; because we had learned from a mail-courier on the road that the Governor of the State had at length issued his proclamation, calling out the militia, and empowering the commanding officers of the State army to receive and enroll all the mounted riflemen who might offer their patriotic services ;—news vastly relished by the Bloody Volunteers and their warlike captain.

With a sovereign State to back us, there were no longer difficulties to hinder us on the march ; and in a few days more we arrived at the town of Knoxville, the headquarters of the General-in-Chief of the Eastern District of Tennessee ; where the Bloody Volunteers were immediately received into the service of the State, and incorporated with a regiment of mounted men, all as ardent and bloody-minded as ourselves. And here we remained a short time, until all the forces of the division required for the war were mustered ; after which, we took up the line of march for the Indian country.

This period of rest—but rest not to us—was, I may say, the beginning of the campaign to the Bloody Volunteers ; the history of whose adventures on the march to headquarters, and especially

the attack by Captain Dare and their consequent rout, with his immediate election to the command, having leaked out in the regiment, became the theme of many witty remarks, that were not, however, at all agreeable either to the commander or his men. But the former knew how to support his dignity as an officer, as well as the dignity of the company he had the honor to command; and, accordingly, the day after our introduction to the regiment, he pulled the nose of a brother captain who spoke disparagingly of the company, and challenged him, in addition, to fight a duel; and the challenge being immediately accepted, and the duel fought, he had the good fortune to shoot his adversary through the leg, which was the very place he aimed at, because the gentleman had too freely commended the legs of his company.

This spirited vindication of their honor endeared Captain Dicky still more to his company; and the Bloody Volunteers, taking example from their leader, turned in like manner upon a brother company, who were pleased to crack similar jokes at their expense; and immediately there was a battle royal between the two, the fight being waged furiously with fists and feet for two mortal hours; at which period victory declared in our favor, though it was a victory dearly won. Indeed, the colonel of the regiment declared, next day at parade, he had never before seen so many black eyes together in all his life.

This double triumph somewhat abated the humor of our adversaries; but we did not entirely escape their gibes, even when we marched, as we at last did, into the enemy's country, and were immersed in the business of war.

The history of the Creek Campaign, to which the victories of General Jackson, commanding the forces of the Western District of Tennessee, gave such brilliant eclat, is well known to every citizen of the United States; and it is not therefore necessary that I, who played in it so subordinate a part, should attempt to relate it to the reader. My business is with the history of the Bloody Volunteers, whose valiant achievements, owing to some unaccountable neglect, have been entirely overlooked by the historians of the campaign. And this is the more extraordinary, as the actions of the Bloody Volunteers were, with but a single exception, the only ones performed by the Eastern Division worthy of commemoration. Our General, marching through the country of the Cherokees, who, notwithstanding the fears at first enter-

tained of their martial inclinations, remained firm and faithful friends during the war, established his camp on the Coosa River, on the borders of the Creek territory, and there remained I know not how long, (for it was my fate soon to part from him,) doing I know not what, unless holding councils of war and digesting plans of conquest ; while his rival of the Western Division, without troubling himself to do either, was already carrying sword and flame to the enemy's wigwams. The victory of Jackson at Talladega, one of the Indian towns, fired the emulous spirits of our own troops, and perhaps the envy of our commander ; who, wakening at length to life and ambition, detached a brigade with orders to march against another Creek village or cluster of villages, called the Hillabee towns, and win him a similar victory. It was the good fortune of the Bloody Volunteers to form a part of this detachment.

The march from headquarters to the scene of action, distant about a hundred miles, occupied us a week ; during which the Bloody Volunteers had the honor of being constantly employed on the most important and critical duties. Sometimes we were sent off to burn little hamlets of deserted wigwams—villages proper to be destroyed, though too insignificant to demand the presence of the brigade ; but, more frequently, we were employed as a scouting party, to beat the woods in advance, look for trails and stray squaws, from whom to glean intelligence of the foe, and perform other similar services.

This honor—for so our superiors told us we must esteem it—we owed, in a great measure, to Captain Dicky, whose decided military genius, his zeal and activity, his intrepidity, and, perhaps, his experience in battle, had recommended him to the notice of the brigadier ; but, I believe, we owed it in a still greater degree to the troublesome valor of his men, who had grown so proud of their victory in the *melée* of which I have spoken, that they were now always ready to go to battle with any of their comrades who reminded them, as some were always willing enough to do, of their adventures on the march to headquarters : and such affrays were now become dangerous, because Dicky Dare had succeeded in obtaining permission to arm his men with swords, to be able to act when occasion required as cavalry, which they took a great pride in wearing, and showed much inclination to use in their private bickerings. To keep the brigade, or, at least our regiment,



from being continually at loggerheads, it was necessary to keep the Bloody Volunteers at a distance from their brothers in arms.

This was a happy circumstance for Captain Dare, who thus obtained a kind of independent command, the most agreeable to his lofty spirit. Free from restraint, left half the time to his own resources and judgment, and feeling within himself that consciousness of greatness which inspires the destined hero, he longed for independence still greater, for a yet wider field of action, for a still braver opportunity of winning his way to distinction. He wished—for to me, his friend and secretary, he revealed his thoughts—he wished the President of the United States would make him a major-general, and confide to *him* the two divisions of the Tennessee army, with the task of conquering the Creeks; which he thought he could do in a much more rapid and glorious way than any body else; and then he sighed to think he was only a militia captain.

But Dicky was too old a soldier to omit making the best of his present circumstances; and while executing every duty assigned him with a zeal that ensured approval, he took means gradually to increase the numbers of his company, by soliciting occasional reinforcements from among our Indian allies—for we had many friendly Indians among us, fighting their own countrymen—whom, he assured his superiors, he could employ to advantage. Some of these painted barbarians, in fact, always accompanied us in our expeditions, as guides and spies; but Captain Dare would have had an army of them, though he never succeeded in permanently attaching more than eighteen or twenty of them to his company.

But with even this slight addition, by which the force of the Bloody Volunteers was increased to about forty men, Dicky began to have great thoughts, and entertained the hope of finding, or making, some opportunity of fighting a battle and winning a victory on his own account; “for,” as he justly remarked to me in private, “the brigade might win twenty victories and, by Julius Cæsar, as a militia captain, be none the better for any of them.” It was a lucky thing for our brigadier that, in the battle which we soon after had at the Hillabee towns, Dicky Dare, though but a militia captain, had only forty men under his particular command; for, otherwise, he undoubtedly would have snatched the victory entirely into his own hands.

We arrived, the evening preceding the attack, within a few

miles of the village, undiscovered ; and, early the following morning, marched against it, our forces being so distributed as nearly, if not entirely, to surround it. The Bloody Volunteers were, as usual, assigned to the post of honor and danger ; taking a position beyond the village, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of fugitives, who, flying from the brigade, would most naturally run into our clutches.

In such a position, it may be supposed, we could have had our hands sufficiently full of business, destroying fugitives and picking up prisoners. But the ambition of Captain Dare disdained the inglorious task of finishing the work of others ; and so he had no sooner arrived at his post, whence, from among the trees and bushes, we could see the scattered wigwams of the Indians, looking all in peace and quiet, as if unconscious of the presence of a foe, than he came to a resolution to open the attack himself, and, if possible, carry the place before the arrival of his general. And he was just on the point of ordering us to dismount for the purpose, when, fortunately for the fame of the latter, the assault was suddenly begun by his superiors on the other side of the village, and, in an instant, the village became the theatre of tumult and conflict. A thousand muskets and rifles were heard roaring through the woods ; and with them was mingled the din of the Indian halloo, the wild scream that freezes the blood of those unaccustomed to it, and gives at once so peculiar, and I may say demoniacal, a character to an Indian battle. Certainly, those horrible yells, that seemed to express the fury of devils let loose upon a newly arrived company of condemned spirits, turned pale the cheeks even of the Bloody Volunteers ; but when Dicky Dare, to reassure us, cried, "Courage, my brave fellows—remember, an Indian screech is neither a tomahawk nor a rifle-bullet !" the color returned, and they all d—d their souls, like veterans of ten years service, and swore "they valued an Injun war-whoop no more than the squeak of a stuck pig at Christmas."

At this moment a band of some fifty or sixty warriors, at whose wild appearance I felt some very extraordinary sensations, and especially a tingling at the top of my head, as if the scalping knife were already at work at it, were seen running towards us ; upon which, at Dicky's orders, leaping from our horses before they had yet discovered us, and imitating our Indian adherents by covering our bodies behind trees and the thickest bushes, we gave

them a volley, by which a number were killed, and the rest thrown into the greatest disorder. "Load again, my lads, and let 'em have another touch, by Julius Cæsar!" cried Captain Dare; which we did, and with such good effect that the savages, who had rallied and were now rushing against us with great apparent courage, were again brought to a stop; whereupon Captain Dicky immediately exclaimed, with irrepressible ardor, "Now, by Julius Cæsar! now's the time; mount, my boys, and we'll finish them with our sabres!"

The blood of the Bloody Volunteers was fully up, and they were now equal to any enterprise. So we mounted our horses and rushed upon the disordered and now retreating Indians with our swords, charging them into the village, of which we should undoubtedly have taken immediate possession had it not been for a tremendous discharge of bullets shot by a regiment or two of our own friends, who were also marching into it, and were too busy to inquire who they were shooting at. "Leave the horses," quoth Captain Dare, "and pursue the fugitives." We obeyed the order and again dashed after the band of savages, whom we had driven so far, and who were now making off in the forest, which was, for the most part, sufficiently open to allow of the operations of cavalry on a small scale. The fugitives were soon brought to bay, and, scattering they took refuge behind the trees, and gave us so warm a fire that we were compelled to dismount and fight them in the same manner; when our Indian allies, whom he had distanced, coming at last to our aid, so that we became superior in numbers, our intrepid captain ordered us to close upon them, which we did, and they again took to flight. We followed them thus for several miles, killing several of them, and doubtless wounding many more; but by and by they had all made their escape, and we returned to the village, which, with a great number of squaws and children, and some old men, was now in the hands of our forces.

## CHAPTER XLV.

*Captain Dare, at the head of his Bloody Volunteers, wins new laurels by the storm and capture of an Indian village.*

THE valor of the Bloody Volunteers was favorably noticed by the General, who complimented Captain Dare for his good conduct ; and, what delighted the latter infinitely more, gave him orders, after refreshing his men, to proceed with them and an additional body of fifty friendly Indians whom he put under his command, along the creek (a branch of the Tallapoosa River), on which the Hillabee towns stood, to destroy all the scattered wigwams he might come across.

Captain Dicky immediately set out, and the wigwams were given to the flames through a distance of ten or twelve miles from the field of battle, and the young captain might now have returned in triumph to the army. But with such a powerful force, which our red allies swelled to nearly a hundred men, at his command, Captain Dare felt it impossible to return to the camp without having performed some exploit worthier of fame than the burning of a dozen cabins of bark and logs ; and hearing from the Indians that there was a small village of the enemy some seven or eight miles further down the creek, where it was probable the Hillabee fugitives would seek refuge, he immediately resolved to stretch his discretionary powers so far as to march against it, and immortalize his name by its immediate destruction. This the Indians, who, to give them their due, were as fond of a little independent burning and killing as Dicky himself, represented as a feat neither difficult nor dangerous ; and the Captain, haranguing the Bloody Volunteers, and representing the immortal honor they had it in their power to achieve, they unanimously agreed, with great swearing, they would follow him to that Indian town or any other he pleased, and kill all the warriors and take all the squaws prisoners.

We set out accordingly, and by nightfall had come to a hill

within a mile of the devoted village, and overlooking it; and here the Indians proposed we should encamp for the night, and surprise the town next morning at dawn, according to the usual Indian mode of attack. But Captain Dare, too impetuous or too sagacious to waste time in delay, was resolved to commence the assault immediately; he represented that the fugitives were now weary with flight, and overcome with panic, and might, therefore, be more advantageously assailed than in the morning, after having refreshed their bodies and recovered their spirits. "They will think," quoth Dicky, "that they have been followed by our General, and that he is pouncing upon them with his whole army. And besides," he added pathetically, "if we stay here all night we shall get no supper; whereas, in that village, we shall doubtless surprise the squaws in the midst of their flesh pots, and so feast like fine fellows."

His arguments were effectual even with the allies, who grunted their approbation, more especially at the idea of the flesh pots.

Never were military calculations better borne out than by the issue of our attack on the village. A single volley from our guns, with one peal of warwhoops from the allies, settled the whole affair. I have no doubt the Indians thought, precisely as Captain Dicky said they would—that the whole army from the Hillabee towns was on them; and the gloom of the twilight, which was gathering fast, prevented their discovering their error. Such were the confusion and terror among them that not so much as a gun was fired at us by the warriors; who fled from the cabins, like the squaws and children, yelling terribly, until the woods and darkness assured them of escape. Many of them even left their arms and ammunition behind them, as we discovered by searching the huts; in one of which we lighted upon a plentiful store of corn and dried meat—a valuable capture, as there was great scarcity of provisions in the camp at that time. What injury, besides the loss of the village and stores, we had inflicted upon the enemy, we could not well determine; but we found the bodies of two warriors in the street, besides another discovered in a wigwam, which, from appearances, we judged was that of a fugitive, who had been wounded in the battle of the morning, and had been carried by his comrades thus far and then died.

The victory achieved, it was now to be decided whether we should destroy the village and stores of provisions, and endeavor

to retrace our steps to the camp, without regarding the darkness, or fortify our position in the village and keep possession of it until the stores could be transferred to the army.

The latter course was resolved upon by Captain Dare, who, removing all arms and other valuables into the wigwam in which we had found the stores, clapped the torch to the other cabins and burned them to the ground. Then fortifying the store wigwam, which was converted into a camp, and stationing sentinels, like a man who knew what he was about, Captain Dare called his secretary, Robin Day, who wrote after his dictation the following important dispatch (which was immediately sent off by one of the Indian allies) to his commander, the Brigadier:

“General:—Hearing of an Indian town, where it was supposed the enemy might harbor, I have the honor to report its capture by the forces under my command, after an action of two minutes; together with a store of corn equal to six days, rations for the army, and enough meat to make a feast all round; and also some guns and ammunition. I have burned the town, except one wigwam which I have fortified for the protection of the stores, until further orders.”

This dispatch will mark the genius of Captain Dare. The judicious reader cannot but observe the sublime brevity of its opening—that little clause in which the young conqueror condensed, without words, ideas which would have caused another to resort to his dictionary. Even the thrasonical Cæsar found it necessary to clap down his *veni* and *vidi*; whereas Dicky Dare may be said to have accomplished his purpose with a *vici* only. “Hearing of an Indian town, I have the honor to report its capture.” What a laconic concatenation of extremes, of dissevered circumstances, of a past and a future condensed into a single present. “Hearing of an Indian town, I report its capture”—as if the hearing of it, or having heard of it (for it is not necessary a great man should be particular about his grammar), was not merely necessarily followed by its capture, but was to all intents and purposes the *same thing* as its capture. It is thus genius leaps from its thoughts to their results disdainful or unconscious, of the steps that connect them.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

*Captain Dare, with the Bloody Volunteers, attempts the conquest of the Indian country—He fights a great battle, and fortune declares against him, but still more decidedly against Robin Day, who falls into the hands of the enemy.*

THE night passed away without disturbance ; and the Bloody Volunteers rose from their couches the proudest of militiamen.

And now it was that Captain Dare (who, I believe, from the greatness of his aspirations, had not slept a wink all night), being convinced from the ease with which he had won so great a victory that it would require but little more trouble to accomplish still greater ones, resolved to pursue his good fortune still a little further. His dispatch to the Brigadier, he had no doubt, would bring that officer, with all his army, before many hours, to take possession of the village and valuable stores Dicky had won for him. What need the Bloody Volunteers, then, to remain longer in watch, idling the time that might procure them a second victory ? There were plenty more Indian villages waiting to be sacked. Why might not Dicky Dare, while his General was following at his heels, march bravely forward with his command, and capture another of them ? and, after that, another, and another, until there remained no more—until the Creek nation was entirely subdued.

In short, Dicky Dare was seized with the ambition to conquer the Muscogee nation himself, with his Bloody Volunteers and Indian allies ; not, indeed, that he thought his band, however swelled in numbers, was of itself sufficient for such an enterprise ; but it was amply competent, he argued to me, to whom he confided all his mighty plans, while backed by the brigade, following nigh at hand, and sustained at a distance by the army of General Jackson, and the other forces, which, at different points were operating in the Creek territories.

And here it is proper to observe, that besides our own division,

now descending the Tallapoosa River, and General Jackson's, at that time on the Coosa, both assailing the Creeks from the North, there were two other detachments attacking them from other quarters one from Georgia in the East, another ascending the Alabama River, of which the Coosa and Tallapoosa are tributaries, from the South.

With so many armies assailing them, the Creeks, Captain Dicky argued, must be worried and bothered, and frightened out of their senses. "There's not a man of them," quoth he, "turns his face towards one army of enemies without being apprehensive the other three may at any moment be upon his back ; if he hears a rifle bang, he takes it for granted a whole division is at him." In fine, Captain Dare decided that in the midst of these distractions of the enemy nothing further was required for his destruction than a moderate force of men under some intrepid leader, with judgment enough to know how much might be done by audacity and energy. "I attack this village here," quoth Dicky ; "well, the enemy fancies its a whole division at him, yells and flies, and the town is mine ! I attack another, and the same thing follows ; and so it may be to the end. And who, *then*, is the conqueror ? I take it for granted the President and Congress of the United States could do nothing less than send me a general's commission immediately ; and, by Julius Cæsar, I should know better how to employ it than some of these old grannies, that do nothing for a whole year, and then let the enemy trounce them."

I objected to Dicky's plan the possibility of his being attacked by superior numbers. "In that case," said the hero, "we must fight for it, by Julius Cæsar ; and, at the worst, we can fall back upon the brigade."

"But they may cut us off from the brigade," said I. "Indians have a great knack at getting on an enemy's rear."

"Well then," quoth Dicky, "we can fall back upon one of the other armies, which is the comfort of the thing ; retreat must always be open in some quarter or other."

Such were Dicky's plans, which, confided to me alone (for he had some misgivings they were too grand to be properly appreciated and approved by others of the band), he resolved to make trial of ; and accordingly, as soon as the Bloody Volunteers had finished their breakfast, he directed each man to help himself



from the stores to a week's provisions, and as much more as he thought fit to carry, remarking, that "while we had such scurvy contractors to take care of us, it was best for every man to take care of himself;" which was meant to prevent their suspecting he had a particular purpose in thus providing them. He requested them also to fill up their powder horns and bullet pouches; "because," quoth he, with a grim facetiousness, "if we have many more villages to take by storm we shall run through the ammunition chest in no time;" a jest which was not very witty, but highly agreeable, because of its complimentary character, to the Bloody Volunteers.

This being all done, he told them "the General and army were now close at hand, and they must mount for a little more duty among the wigwams;" which being nothing more than usual, no one made objections; and, accordingly, out we all marched to subdue the Creek nation.

Our first movement, as Dicky had informed me, was to be against another village twelve miles off of which the Indians had told him; though he had not yet thought fit to acquaint these faithful auxiliaries of his having any further designs than to reconnoitre in its neighborhood, to collect such information as might be advantageous to the army. But I believe these painted sons of the forest began, by and by, to suspect there was more in the wind than they knew or could approve of, as some half dozen or more of them took their opportunity, one by one, to slip away from us; while others became very importunate to turn back, without, however, giving any better reason for the step than that they thought we were getting too far from the Big Captain—that is, the Brigadier. By and by some of them saw, or said they saw, numerous signs or trails of the enemy, and swore with sundry oaths, which they had learned from their white friends, that we should all be killed if we went any further; an assurance which, I am sorry to say, had an unfavorable effect upon the spirits of the Bloody Volunteers, who burst into a sudden mutiny, came to a halt, and swore they loved their captain, but they would be—not killed, as the Indians said—but they would be hanged if they went any further. Alas! Captain Dicky, in laying his plans, had quite forgot that his valiant volunteers were free and independent militiamen.

But Captain Dicky did not yet despair of the Bloody Volun-

teers. He raised himself in his stirrups, and began to address them in a speech, full, or intended to be full, of ingenious arguments to prove that the first duty of a soldier, and even a militiaman, and even an American militiaman, was to obey his officer; when speech and logic were both brought to a close by a sudden volley of small arms, let fly from a clump of bushes not far off; by which one of the allies was brought to the ground and a volunteer slightly wounded.

"By Julius Cæsar," cried Dicky Dare, triumphantly, "I reckon you'll obey orders, *now*, my fine fellows; because if you don't you will be whipped, that's all!"

And with that he directed them immediately to charge the enemy out of their cover; a command which the Bloody Volunteers, recovering from the first feelings of consternation, readily obeyed—and perhaps the more readily, as it did not seem from the weight of the volley that the ambushed party could be a numerous one. Of this opinion also were the allies, who, uttering a spirited whoop, darted away to right and left with the intention of surrounding the enemy, who were immediately seen, to the number of twelve or fifteen warriors, flying through the woods.

We pursued them, with sufficient ardor, a little way to a thicket in which they had taken refuge, and from which they gave us a second fire; while almost at the same moment a third volley was discharged from the wood at our left, by which we perceived we had more than one party to contend with.

Upon this, there was a cry among the men to fall back, lest we should be surrounded by superior numbers and our retreat cut off.

"Very well," quoth Captain Dicky Dare; "but we must first trounce these vagabonds; for by Julius Cæsar, I am not going to fly before them."

The auxiliaries were directed to dislodge the first party from the thicket; while Captain Dare, with the Bloody Volunteers, rode against the other in the wood. Both parties were soon driven from their coverts, with some loss on their side; and as both the bands were greatly inferior in strength to the forces acting against them, we were tempted to continue the pursuit a little further, the friendly Indians chasing their party in one direction, and we ours in another.

In this manner we became a little separated from the allies;

when, on a sudden, a great firing was heard in the direction they had taken, by which the Bloody Volunteers were thrown into a second panic, and were with great difficulty persuaded by the magnanimous Dicky to ride with him to the assistance of our red friends, who, it was now plain, had fallen upon and were engaged with a considerable body of enemies. We found them in full retreat before a force of savages as strong as our own, but disputing every inch, and fighting, in their way from tree to tree, as they retired.

Observing the condition of the battle with the eye and judgment of a Bonaparte, Dicky ordered us to dismount, and leave our horses in charge of the wounded man, who retired a little distance to the rear; while we took a concealed position such as would bring us upon the enemy's flank, as he drew nigh in the pursuit. This in a few moments procured us an opportunity of delivering a most successful and destructive fire, by which the savages were for a moment greatly disordered; so that nothing more was necessary to secure us the victory than firmness on the part of our allies, whom Dicky, not doubting their faithful co-operation, now called on to unite with us in a general charge. But, alas! the Bloody Volunteers charged alone; the allies taking advantage of the diversion effected in their favor, only to continue their retreat.

Our gallantry only served the purpose of bringing upon us the whole body of enemies, who came rushing up with terrible whoops and yells, brandishing their knives and hatchets, gnashing their teeth—in short, acting like so many tigers hungry for their prey.

The Bloody Volunteers forgot their fame, and fled. It was in vain Captain Dicky entreated them to "stand firm, and let the villains have it;" the cry was "every man for himself;" and away they ran pell mell after the horses, to secure their escape. Even Captain Dicky himself, thus abandoned by his heroes, was compelled to follow their example; and so, it may be supposed, was I. I ran as hard as I could; and being both lighter and fleet of foot than any of the Bloody Volunteers, I was soon up with the headmost, and, indeed, a little in advance of them, looking eagerly for the horses, none of which, however, were to be seen, when the flight of the whole company was terribly brought to an end, at least in that direction, by a volley from another and more powerful band of Creeks, who had laid an ambush upon our rear,

and now, having fired their guns fairly in our faces, leaped upon us to finish the work with their tomahawks. As for myself, being in advance of the rest, I actually rushed into the very midst of the ambuscade, and almost into the arms of a warrior, who started up, shot off his piece within two yards of my head, and then, dropping it, ran at me with a long scalping knife, roaring with triumph, and in good English, "Shiver my timbers, shipmate, I'll have *your* scalp anyhow!"

The words, unspeakably dreadful to my ears, were not less wonderful than dreadful; they came from the lips of my extraordinary friend, Captain Jack Brown, whom, notwithstanding that his face was all streaked over with paint like an Indian's, I immediately recognized, because—not to speak of his voice, which I could not so soon forget—he wore the very same sailor's clothes in which I had last seen him in Virginia.

It was no time *then* to remember the wrongs he had done me: at such a moment I could have forgiven him if he had robbed, cozened, and sold me to slavery a dozen times over. I called immediately for quarter. "Quarter, Captain Brown!" I cried; "don't kill an old friend."

"What! Chowder Chow, sink me!" he cried; and his fury evaporated in a tremendous laugh. "And so you're out of *that* scrape, are you? But I'll be hang'd if you ain't in a much worse one *now!*"

## CHAPTER XLVII.

*Robin Day, a prisoner among the Indians, is carried to their village, where he is made to run the gauntlet—The happy device which he puts into execution against his tormentors.*

WITH that he laughed again, but seized me by the arm and pulled me down into the bushes to conceal me from the Creeks, who, he said—and, truly, I believed him—would murder me if they saw me ; and there he held me until they had got a little away in pursuit of the Bloody Volunteers, who were now flying in another direction.

“Split my topsails !” cried Captain Brown, laughing again, “but I believe you’ll be my lieutenant yet ! How, in the name of Davy Jones and all the prophets, did you get here among these blasted Injuns, and how do you like ’em ? For my part, sink me, I think its a fine thing, this fighting in the way of nature—banging away from a bush, and cutting off scalps as you’d slice the top off an orange.”

“Captain Brown, there’s no time for talking,” said I, and would have said more, but he interrupted me.

“True enough,” quoth he, “and while the red raggamuffins are making mince meat of them milshymen, the lubbers, why we’ll just save your numskull from their dirty fingers.”

And with that he bade me follow him, which I did some distance through the woods, until the savages were no longer to be seen, though we could hear a brisk firing, as if the Bloody Volunteers, or perhaps their Indian allies, had turned bravely to fighting again ; when I told him I thought I could now make good my escape, and find my way back to the brigade.

He told me, “no—the woods were now full of Creeks, who had cut off the retreat of our party, and not a man of it could escape ; the savages would have every scalp in less than an hour, and mine too, unless he took good care of it for me, which he intended to do, because, split him, he loved me.” And thereupon he said he

would take me to the Indian town (that very one Captain Dicky had set out in the morning with such a valiant design of taking by storm) as his prisoner. I assured him, in great tribulation, "I would rather take my chance in the woods, because it was notorious the Creeks in this war had never admitted a prisoner to mercy," which he agreed was very true, but I was *his* prisoner and not theirs; and with that he delivered a volley of oaths and gave me his word of honor the Indians should not kill me.

"But," said I, grasping my rifle, which I had not yet deserted, "I have no notion of remaining even their prisoner. And so, Captain Brown, with many thanks to you for your good-will, and especially for having saved my life (for which reason, I forgive your having made a slave of me), I bid you good-by."

And so saying I turned to escape, when, to my horror and astonishment, Captain Brown let fly his piece (which he had recharged as we walked along) within an inch of my ear, and then seizing me by the collar, as I stood petrified, brandishing at the same time a knife in my face, as if he meant to cut my throat, he cried: "Hold still, you blasted skilligallee, or you'll be murdered to a certainty!"

I understood in an instant that his purpose was to save, not to destroy me, for even as he spoke I heard a shrill whoop, and up ran three wild savages, who must have been within view as I started to run, and would undoubtedly, had I got any distance from Brown, have served me the turn they were now most anxious to do, that is, to kill me. They came yelling and ravening up, and it was all Brown could do to save me from their knives and hatchets. He cursed and swore, threatened, looked big and ferocious, and told them repeatedly, now in English, now in a mongrel Indian jabber he had picked up, that I was *his* prisoner, and if they wanted one they might go hunt for one themselves. In short, he prevented their murderous designs, though he could not entirely drive them off as he wished; and when he presently signified that I must accompany him to the village, which I prepared to do without resistance, being no longer able to help myself, they followed at a little distance behind us, looking sullen and ferocious and expectant, like so many wolves awaiting the moment to snap up the poor traveler whom they are dogging on his journey.

This circumstance, in addition to other causes of grief,—the fate of my brother volunteers, who, I feared, were by this time all

massacred, and the prospect of captivity, supposing nothing worse should ensue,—it may be supposed had no very favorable effect upon my spirits.

But the natural buoyancy of my mind, added to the assurances of Captain Brown, who repeatedly declared I had nothing to fear, and laughed at my uneasiness, gradually brought me into a more cheerful frame, so that I could give ear to the conversation with which he beguiled the way to the village.

He desired again to know how I had escaped from the hands of Mr. Feverage, upon which I related the whole story, and asked him how he could reconcile it to his sense of honor to treat me in that way? "Oh!" said he with a grin, "the devil got into my head, and I couldn't help it. Besides, it was what the sodgers call a mine countermined, a trick for a trick, split me; because how, d'ye see, my hearty, you were just meditating how you should give me the slip, and hang me, no craft yet ever took the weather of Jack Brown on land or water."

I then, having informed him of the remainder of my adventures, with which he was vastly diverted, but with none so much as the discovery that the gallant Dicky Dare, his vanquisher on the highway, was the commander of the Bloody Volunteers, the heroes and sufferers of the day—I then requested, in my turn, to know what had thus brought him among the Indians, and arrayed him so traitorously in arms against his own country.

"My own country be d—d!" quoth Jack Brown, with lofty contempt; "I sails under my own flag and nobody's else. But as for how I came here among these red Injuns, why, blast me, it was partly because of an accident; for, d'ye see, hang me, I took to the road again for diversion, just to kill time on the way, but some how, split me, I killed a niggur trader——"

"Killed a negro trader!" cried I, with a faltering voice.

"Yes," said Captain Brown, with ineffable coolness; "I knocked him off his horse with his own riding whip, which I borrowed for the purpose, and then marched his niggurs to the next town to sell them; for, shiver my timbers, d'ye see, the niggurs, being niggurs, could not witness against me. But somehow or other they got up a row about it, and so there was nothing but to up anchor and crowd on all sail for the Injun country. And so, hearing the paint-faced lubbers loved an Englishman, why, sink me, says I, 'I'm an Englishman, and I'm come to have a brush with you against

your foes, my red-faced hearties, for I loves it.' And so they made much of me, and I have very good times with 'em, taking top-knots. And," concluded Captain Brown, "there's fun in it."

What a perverse fate was mine, to connect me, and, as it seemed, so inextricably, with the fortunes of such a man as Captain Brown, a fellow to whom swindling and fraud of every kind were but jests—who spoke of killing a man as if nothing were more natural and proper, and saw nothing but very good fun in helping savage Indians to take the scalps of his own countrymen.

Nevertheless, Captain Brown had, just that moment, saved my life, and was the only person who could afford the protection of which, it was obvious, I still stood in need. And, therefore, I had no idea of letting the horror and disgust with which he inspired me deprive me of the advantages of his friendship.

After an hour or two, walking, we reached the village, where my unexpected presence produced a furious hubbub among the squaws and papooses, the only inhabitants, all the warriors and others capable of bearing arms having gone out against the unfortunate Volunteers. They screeched and raved like so many furies and little imps of darkness; some pelted me with mud and chunks of wood, the little boys shot at me with arrows, and set the dogs on to devour me; while one or two old beldames, as ugly as baboons and as fierce as tiger-cats, ran at me with knives, making every effort to dispatch me. Captain Brown interposed, as before, to save me. He cursed the boys, he kicked the dogs, and tossed the old women away; but I did not esteem myself perfectly safe until he had dragged me into a cabin, of which, I soon found by the airs he put on, he was the master.

Here, though I was protected from the mob of the street, I found myself confronted by three young but by no mean handsome squaws; who also burst into a rage at sight of me, and seemed inclined to give me as savage a reception as the others had done; but upon Captain Brown swearing at them, which he did with great energy, they slunk away to their domestic occupations, one to pounding corn in a mortar, another to puffing a fire under a pot, the third to some other work, but all grumbling and scolding in their own language, like viragos of the most acid temperament, giving me every now and then looks of implacable hatred. I asked Captain Brown who they were; to which he replied, to my astonishment, "they were his wives, sink them, and as cursed a pack of



jades as were to be found in the whole Creek nation." And thereupon the intolerable Turk told me, "if I wanted one, I might have one—or, for the matter of that, all three of them ; and for his part, split him, he would never marry another Injun wife again as long as he lived, because why, he believed one was just as big a jade as another."

This was a new illustration of the extraordinary want of principles which Brown had long since coolly avowed, and which every act and word of his only more surprisingly confirmed.

A half hour or more was spent in conversation, in which Brown gave a more detailed history of his adventures since abandoning me to Mr. Feverage; and then we sat down to an Indian dinner of meat, corn, pumpkins and sweet potatoes, all boiled together in a pot. The dish was not the most savory in the world, but, being hungry, I should perhaps have very well enjoyed it, had it not been for the entrance into the hut of a savage-looking warrior, apparently fresh from the battle, who was presently followed by another, and then another and another, until there were more than a dozen of them present. I was not much dismayed at the appearance of the first visitor, who, at Captain Brown's invitation, squatted down at his side, and partook of our dinner; and, being asked upon the subject by Brown, proceeded, in broken English, to inform him of the results of the battle. He stated that the affair was not yet over ; that the Bloody Volunteers had been unluckily driven in such a direction as to stumble upon and effect a junction with their allies, the friendly Indians, who had been also intercepted ; that the party, thus reunited, had rallied under the encouragement of the intrepid Dicky, and taken possession of an old deserted wigwam, from which it was not thought prudent to attempt to disdodge them until night; and that, accordingly, the Creeks had retired to a distance, still, however, surrounding the ruin, which, there was no doubt, they would carry at the approach of darkness. This had given an opportunity to our informant, and, as it afterwards appeared, to many other Indians, to return for a while to the village.

It was some satisfaction to me to hear that poor Dicky and his followers were yet alive; but the appearance of so many savages in the cabin drove from my mind all thoughts of my friends, and of every thing else but self; especially when one of these desperadoes, after having eaten a very hearty meal, got up, and in the

course of a long speech, addressed in broken English to Captain Brown, proposed that I, his prisoner, should be taken out and made to run the gauntlet, for the satisfaction of the women and children; who, he represented with great pathos, were mourning the loss of many a husband and father, slain by the white man, and stood therefore in need of some such consolation.

To this amiable proposal Captain Brown, to do him justice, at first returned a flat refusal; but the other Indians now joining in the request, and some proceeding to the length of actually laying hands upon me, as if determined to have their will, whether Brown consented or not, he made a merit of necessity and surrendered me up, notwithstanding the many piteous entreaties I made him to protect me. I reminded him of the promise he had made, on his honor, that the Indians should not kill me; to which, he replied, very coolly; "they were not going to kill, but to carbonado me;" and comforted me with the assurance that "one was not to expect to get through the world without a few little rubs, split him."

In short, Captain Brown, with all his professions of friendship, seemed not in the least distressed at my affliction; and I was immediately haled out into the air, where my former tormentors, the squaws and little boys, already collected in expectation, received me with cries of mingled fury and delight. They immediately arrayed themselves, with the assistance of the warriors, into two lines about six feet apart, and perhaps a hundred paces long; thus forming a narrow alley, through which I was to run to Brown's cabin, at the door of which the lines ended. All the persons forming the lines—squaws, children, and warriors—were armed with sticks and bludgeons, and some of them, I am certain, with knives and hatchets, notwithstanding that Brown, who assisted with great apparent spirit and gusto in arranging the lines, assured me the warriors had agreed there should be no dangerous weapons used.

I need not tell the reader with what emotions of indignation and grief I found myself degraded to such a fate, to make sport and pastime for vagabond Indians, whom I despised, even while I feared and hated them. But indignation and grief could not save me from the fate. I must run the gauntlet through those lines; and Brown, cautioning me to "run fair," as he called it, declared I would be infallibly murdered if I broke through the lines; and all

I could hope was, by employing my utmost speed and agility in avoiding the blows to be aimed at me, to get through the infernal ceremony as quickly and with as little hurt as might be.

Such was the advice of Captain Brown ; who, having proved his friendship by giving it, and placed me at a point a few yards in advance of the lines, ready to start at the signal, took post at his own cabin door to give it, and to receive me when the race was over.

As I stood a moment, looking down the living alley, bristling with clubs upheld in readiness, and sparkling with eyes all turned towards me with diabolical expectation, my fears got the mastery of me, and I felt a sudden inclination to run the race the other way—that is, fly to the woods, instead of to Captain Brown's wigwam. My next feeling was wrath and malice, and a desire, since escape was impossible, to make the sport result in as much suffering to my tormentors as to their victim. This vengeful feeling, or some good angel, I know not which, suddenly brought to my mind the recollection of my adventures with the negroes in the streets of Philadelphia, and the device by which I had so effectually revenged upon the black dandy the indignities I had suffered from his brethren. I had no Scotch snuff, to be sure, to enable me to play the same game over again on the present occasion ; but my eye was attracted by a mass of loose light sand strewing the path on which I stood ; and I felt that a better substitute for Scotch snuff could not have been offered me. Stooping down to the ground and busying myself a moment about my shoe, as if securing it for the race, I took the opportunity to snatch up in each hand as much sand as I could well cram into them ; and then, the word being given by Brown crying out, " Now, my skilligallee, run, you lubber !"—words that brought a peal of yells from the savages, I started at full speed down the alley, scattering, as the husbandman does his seed, a little sand from both sides, and aiming it with admirable accuracy full at the eyes of my persecutors, administering always a double dose where I had reason, from the bigness of the club or the fury of the visage, to apprehend the most dangerous enemy.

The device succeeded wonderfully ; it protected me from many a blow, aimed or intended to be aimed, at my unprotected body ; and it changed the cries of ferocity of my enemies to yells of pain and anguish. Nothing can express the horrible confusion I left at every step, as I ran, behind me ; two hundred and fifty savages—man, woman and child—were suddenly consign ed to blindness,

with each at least ten grains of sand in either eye ; and how they ever got rid of them, as I am certain I left not a sound eye to help the afflicted in all the village, I know not.

Next to the satisfaction of thus repaying, or anticipating, their cruelties, was that of my almost perfect exemption from injury. Some slight blows I received, indeed, and one cut, which I supposed was from a knife, on my left shoulder ; but I should have reached Brown's cabin without a hurt of any consequence, had it not been that this worthy himself, my faithful friend, after giving the signal, had jumped in at the end of the line with a shillelah ; with which, roaring in animated tones, "run, you lubber," he hit me a tremendous thwack, by which I was tumbled, or rather darted, headlong into the cabin. Unfortunately for my own interests, as I had entertained no apprehensions of such a salute from Captain Brown, I had made no preparations to prevent it ; unfortunately for Captain Brown, however, I was aware of his intent in time to revenge it ; and at the very moment his stick came in contact with my back, I succeeded by a violent effort in flinging all my remaining ammunition into his face ; and his furious exclamation, "shiver my timbers, I'm blinded for ever !" was mingled with the less comprehensible but equally agonized ejaculations of the Indians.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

*How the Indians condemn Robin Dag to the stake, along with Captain Brown, their adopted brother ; and in what manner the two are saved from being burned alive.*

"You have blinded me, you cub of a sea dog !" cried Captain Brown, groping his way into the cabin, where were now none but ourselves ; for his amiable wives, it seemed, had been too happy to take part in the savage entertainment, in which they had suffered as well as others. The smarting of my back gave a bolder emphasis to my reply,—*"No craft yet ever took the weather of Jack Brown on land or water !"*

"Bravo !" cried Jack Brown, bursting into a laugh, which, however, ended in a growl : *"I've heard of a rat taking a cat by the nose, and a jackass kicking a lion. But, split me, no more gabbling ; pick the sand out of my eyes."*

This piece of friendship I performed for the gentleman ; who, being at last freed from pain, fell into a good humor, and highly commended the novelty and ingenuity of my device, and swore, the next time he went cruising, he would take in a cargo of sand, *"because why, it would be a great saving of gunpowder."* I had my doubts and fears as to the effects of my stratagem upon the tempers of the savages ; but Brown assured me it was a good joke, which they would themselves enjoy, as soon as they got their eyes washed out.

By and by, having tired of jesting upon the subject, he proposed I should turn savage like him—though he recommended me not to trouble myself with any wives, *"because why, they were infernal jades, all of them"*—and accompany him forthwith to the scene of battle, for the honest purpose of assisting in the destruction of my late friends and comrades, the Bloody Volunteers, which, he said, would make the Creeks fond of me. I rejected the proposal with indignation ; upon which he himself started off, leaving me, to my great grief, to the tender mercies of his spouses

who, perhaps, thinking themselves responsible for my safe keeping, immediately laid hands upon me, and with a deal of scolding and glowering, proceeded to tie me hand and foot, which being done to their liking, they rolled me into a corner of the hut, and left me to my meditations.

And thus to my meditations I was left for more than twenty-four hours—that is, until late in the afternoon of the following day—during all of which time I suffered inexpressible pangs from the tightness of the rope, and from hunger and thirst; for the Mistresses Brown, having established me in the corner, paid no further regard to me than if I lay at the bottom of the Red Sea, bringing me no food, taking no notice of my moans and lamentations, and petitions to have my bonds slackened a little, and, indeed, appearing to be almost unconscious of my existence.

At the end of that period, the savages returned to the village, as I was apprized by a great number of wild yells that suddenly arose in the forest; and presently Captain Brown came into the hut, looking very much fatigued, and with a handkerchief bound round his arm, as if he had been wounded. He looked surprised, and then laughed to see me bound, but swore very majestically at his wives, and immediately released me from my painful bonds, with the observation, made by way of apology for the treatment I had endured from the furies, that “I might thank my stars they had not taken a twist of the rope round my neck, instead of my wrists and ankles!”

He then informed me, to my great surprise and joy, that Captain Dicky, with his Bloody Volunteers, instead of being devoured by the savages, had outgeneraled, if not even defeated them; that he had taken advantage of the night and the confidence of the besiegers to creep from his fortress, and, after an attack as furious as it was unexpected, in which he had inflicted considerable loss upon them, to steal away, marching so vigorously during the whole night, that the savages had not been able to overtake him, though following hotly upon the track from morning till noon; and that, in consequence, many of the latter, and especially the Indians of the village, had given over the pursuit in despair, and returned home in a very bad humor. But, he added, there were plenty of other Creeks in pursuit (for the enemies of the Bloody Volunteers were not confined to a single village), and they would undoubtedly, sooner or later, come up with and destroy them; because Dicky,

supposing himself cut off from the brigade, had turned in another direction, and was marching into the heart of the Creek territories.

While Brown was speaking, I was sensible of a great hubbub in the streets, which increased and approached, and, directly, a multitude of warriors, fierce with paint and rage, came rushing into the hut.

"Shiver my timbers," said Brown, "the rascallions are after mischief !"

And so, indeed, they were ; for rushing upon me, the object of the visitation, in a body, and with such eagerness that some of them tumbled one over the other to the floor, they seized me with violence, and began to drag me from the cabin. I cried out to Brown for protection ; upon which he repeated one of his profanest interjections, adding, with what seemed to me more of surprise than concern, that "he believed they were going to roast me." Nevertheless, he made some effort for my relief, demanding, with some appearance of indignation, "what they wanted with *his* prisoner," and insisting they should do me no hurt, "because why, sink him, he had adopted me into the nation."

The savages took not the least notice of his remonstrances, but haled me from the cabin into the streets, where I again saw all the squaws and children collected ; and they burst into yells, at sight of me, as they had done before, crowding eagerly and tumultuously around the warriors, who pulled me to the river bank (for the village stood on the banks of the Tallapoosa), and there tied me by the back to a pine tree that grew near the edge of the bluff, and immediately many of the squaws ran up, bearing armloads of wood, which they began to pile in a ring around me.

It was no longer to be doubted that they were going to burn me alive, and that they were in the greater hurry to begin their diabolical pastime, because the night was now coming on fast, leaving them scarce sufficient time to enjoy the spectacle of my dying agonies by daylight.

I looked around for Captain Brown, who had followed to the scene of execution, and was, I believe, doing all he could among the warriors, by argument and dissuasion, to save me from the horrid fate to which they had consigned me ; but I was in such dismal confusion and anguish of spirit, that I could note nothing but that he was among them, and think of nothing but the share he had had in bringing me to the present pass. I called to him, and

reproached him bitterly with the promise he had made that my life should not be touched, and reminded him he had pledged his honor for my safety. At another moment, I might have smiled at the idea of appealing to the honor of such a man as Captain Brown; but, after all, he had something of the kind yet left in his breast, or some dare-devil sense of right and wrong, for I doubt if there was virtue in it, which took the place of honor in his composition.

"I sticks to my honor, my hearty," he cried, with a resolute voice, "and I don't intend the lubberly rascals shall do you any hurt."

And with that he forced his way up to the tree, and, in open defiance of the whole herd, began deliberately with a knife to cut the thongs that bound me. The savages seemed for a moment staggered at the act, as well as at the intrepid bearing of their ally, but, presently relapsing into rage, they fell upon him tooth and nail, some snatching the knife from his hands, and others seizing him by the shoulders to drag him away.

"Are you *there*, shiver me!" cried he, shaking himself free from their grasp, which he immediately requited by some half dozen or more terrible blows of his fist, planted with admirable precision full in the faces of those who had made most free with him. This exasperated their passion into frenzy, in the midst of which, overpowering him with numbers, he was at last tumbled to the ground, and in two minutes after, bound like myself to a tree, on the point of sharing the death he was no longer able to prevent.

But fate had not willed we were to perish the victims of Indian tortures. The day was closing fast; but it was the darkness of a tempest that shortened it prematurely. A wild moaning sound, the uproar of a hurricane booming through the forest, was heard even above the yells of the Indians, during their conflict with Brown; and, when that was over, and the whoopings came to an end, it had increased to such a degree as to engage the attention and excite the fears of all. Indeed, the ropes had not well been secured upon Brown's body, when, on a sudden, the trees on the opposite bank of the river, were seen snapping and flying in the air, while the river, late so dark and still, was converted into a chaos of boiling foam, intermixed with the limbs and trunks of trees, as the tornado, with the speed of the wild horse, swept across it to the Indian village.



The savages, screaming with fear, fled to the refuge of their cleared fields ; and so, doubtless, would their victims have done, if able; for I can declare, at least for myself, that the horror of that dreadful tumult of the elements, the sight of great trees whirling in the air like straws, and of the river spouting up from its bed—for no other word will express its commotion—as if the whole body of waters were about deserting it, filled me with such consternation, that I quite forgot I was on the point of being burned alive, forgot, too, that death by a thunderbolt or falling tree would be mercy compared with immolation by the hands of torturing Indians.

The tornado was on us in a moment, and—but I have no kind of knowledge what happened, or how it happened ; but I remember having looked, one moment, with horror upon Brown, who was venting terrible execrations, in no apparent fear, but great amazement at the appearance of things, and, the next, finding him lugging me down the bank of the river, swearing as furiously as before, and assuring me, “if I was not done for, now was the time to give them blasted Injuns the go-by.” And with that, tumbling me into a canoe that lay on the verge of the river, and pushing her off into the water, which was still in great commotion, he jumped in, snatched up a paddle, and, giving me another, bade me “flap away like a mud-terrapin.”

The storm was still blowing, though with moderated rage; but a great rain had succeeded, and was now pouring in such deluges, that as I looked back to the scene of the intended torture, I could barely discern that the village was in ruins, and the trees that divided it from the river all prostrated. I could see no Indians ; they had not yet returned in quest of their victims. The next moment, the site of the village was concealed from my eyes by a bend of the river, down which our canoe was urged at the greatest speed we could give it.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

*Robin is separated from his fellow fugitive, and after wandering through the wilderness, stumbles on his old friends the Bloody Volunteers, and with that corps of heroes, is taken prisoner by the Spaniards of Florida.*

I ASKED Captain Brown the particulars of our escape, but he said "he knew nothing about it, except that the blasted pine" (meaning the tree he was bound to), "came down like the mast of an Injieman in an ox-eye off Good Hope, and so snapped him loose, and then he had cut me free, sink him ; and that was all he knew of it, except that if he ever turned Injun again, the devil might fry him in butter for breakfast, split him."

And with that he bade me paddle away, which I did with all my strength, asking him the while very anxiously what we were to do, and what was the prospect we had of making good our escape from among the Indians. He replied that we could do nothing better than paddle down the stream as fast as we could during the night ; that it was lined with Creek towns, which, however, we could easily pass unobserved ; that two nights' paddling would carry us out of the heart of the Creek settlements, after which we could proceed on by day as well as by night, and so he supposed that in four or five days we should reach some American fort or other on the Alabama River.

"But what," asked I anxiously, "during these four or five days are we to do for food, having none with us, and no means of procuring any?"

"What are we to do? Why *starve*," quoth Captain Brown, coolly ; "a thing I have had great practice in, for once, hang me, I lived nine days on a pair of shoes and a gallon of rum ; and another time, fourteen days on nothing, except the hind leg of a niggur, which was none of the best, because how, it wasn't crooked and no rum, salt, or pepper to make savory. And as for starving five or six days here on a fresh river, where one may fall to on the

dry grass like a hippopotamus (and shiver my timbers, I don't believe grass is such bad eating neither, because why, how do the cows get so fat on it)? I don't think that any great matter. And mayhap if we have luck, we may catch a young alligator or two for dinner, though split me, it wouldn't be wonderful if we were snapped up ourselves by the old ones."

I liked not at all the prospect of fasting four or five days, or feeding on dry grass and alligators; but the thought that I was escaping from the savage stake determined me to meet my fate with fortitude. It was not my fate, however, to starve long in the company of Captain Brown.

The storm that followed the hurricane lasted but a short time, but it rained violently during nearly the whole night—a circumstance we esteemed no great misfortune, as it gave us the better hope of passing the Creek villages unnoticed. We paddled on, therefore, with zeal and confidence, and by and by when the rain ceased, as it did a little before daylight, we had left the torture-ground many a long league behind us.

But while congratulating ourselves upon our success, we had the misfortune, while rounding a point on the right bank of the river, suddenly to come in contact with a great sawyer, as I believe they call it, by which our bark was turned topsy-turvy and wrecked, and ourselves tumbled into the tide.

Everybody has heard of the drowning sailor who caught hold of the anchor for preservation, and went with it to the bottom. In the confusion of the moment, I was guilty of a somewhat similar piece of folly, for I grasped the tree which had wrecked us, and upon which I was no sooner mounted than it plumped under water, then up, then down again, giving me such a tremendous seesawing, and all between wind and water, that I lost the little wits left me by the immersion, and so was on the point of drowning before I could think of making an effort for safety. I was partly recalled to my senses by a sudden snorting from Captain Brown, who immediately roared out a little down the stream, whither he had been carried by the current, "I say, split me, hilloa there, my hearty! have you gone to the bottom? Here's the bank near;—swim, you horse-mackerel!"

But alas, the voice of Captain Brown pealing over the river, awoke upon that solitary bank he recommended me to swim to, and which he was doubtless himself striving to reach, certain

echoes, the most disagreeable and fearful that could fall upon my ears. They were nothing less than the yells of Indians—first, a single startling shriek that was responded to by a multitude of voices, as of a party that had just been roused from sleep ; and in the midst of the uproar, a dozen or more rifles were fired off in the dark, as I supposed, at Brown, and then I heard or fancied I heard the noise of moccasined feet jumping into canoes, and the rattling of paddles against their wooden sides.

Roused by the new danger, I immediately let go my hold of the tree, and swam to the other side of the river, where not pausing to look for Brown, or even to think of him, because I fancied the Indians in their canoes were close behind me, I ran up the bank, and was presently in the depths of a trackless forest. I then indeed, thought of Brown, but it was too late to look for him, supposing he had escaped to the bank, as I had done, and besides, I dare not stop for such a purpose. It was now almost dawn ; in half an hour the Indians would be able to follow me by my trail, and well I knew how necessary it was to make the most of the advance I had of them. I ran on, therefore, through the woods, and by sunrise I reckoned I had left the river five or six miles behind me. I then slackened my pace somewhat, but not much, being still in fear the Indians might overtake me.

Towards midday I felt a little more at ease, and was able to collect my thoughts, and consider—though I did not come to a stand to do so—what I was to do, thus left by my cruel fate alone in a wide wilderness. I had treasured in my memory all that Captain Dicky and Brown had said of American armies entering the Creek Nation from the East and South, and of forts recently built on the Alabama River. But how I was to find either an army or fort, unless I should stumble upon them by mere accident, was not very clear, as the east was a wide quarter of the compass, and the Alabama a pretty long river. It appeared to me but a hopeless task to go in search of either ; yet, as it was necessary to go in some direction, I thought my best course would be to proceed to the Southwest, which from a general notion I had of the country, I fancied would bring me to the Alabama River, near to its confluence with the Tombecbee, where I hoped to find myself in the neighborhood of forts or settlements.

But, alas, I soon discovered it was much easier to resolve upon a course than to pursue it. The sun, upon which I chiefly depended

to guide me on my way, presently refused to shine, and for not that day only, but several others, for it was now November, the month of fog and storm; and, when night came, and it was even clear, I found there was no seeing the stars through the overarching boughs of the forest that spread around me, apparently without end. I could, indeed, *sometimes* manage to determine the points of the compass; but the end was, that I soon became bewildered, lost in the wild desert, in which—not to dwell upon an adventure that was varied only by my fears and distresses—I wandered for seven weary, dreary days, subsisting upon nuts, when I had the good fortune to find them, which did not happen every day, and more especially toward the last, when I entered upon a barren, sandy country, upon which nothing grew but pine trees; and where, therefore, I had the best prospect of dying of famine. But there was relief in store for me, and it came at a moment when, being quite worn out with hunger and fatigue, and reduced to despair, I stood most in need of it.

It was the seventh day of my flight, in the afternoon, and I had thrown myself upon the ground, as I almost hoped, to die; when I heard at a distance a sudden firing of guns, at first a volley, and then an irregular succession of discharges, which convinced me there was a battle waging nigh at hand. This dispelled my despair, and my first thought was to fly, not doubting that, where there was fighting, there must be Indians also; but remembering that although Indians might be engaged on one side, there must be white men on the other, and being emboldened by my desperate condition, I resolved to steal towards the field of contention, and, if possible, effect a junction with the supposed white men.

This proved to be no very difficult matter; for although the firing suddenly ceased, so that I was deprived of the means of directing my course, I presently saw a body of men, twelve in number, marching pretty rapidly through the woods towards me, all of them armed, and all, as I knew by their clothes, good American backwoodsmen. I ran towards them, crying out that I was “a friend,” not desiring they should shoot at me as an enemy; and, accordingly, I arrived among them unharmed, and immediately discovered myself in the midst of my old friends, the Bloody Volunteers—or what remained of that once formidable company, their gallant leader, Captain Dicky Dare, still marching at their head.

Yes! there they were, twelve heroes and men of might, who

finding their return to the brigade cut off, had carved their way through the heart of the Indian nation, and fighting and flying together, had arrived in the piny desert, bringing, not merely famine and fatigue such as I endured, but a host of enemies, by whom their march was continually harassed, and their numbers thinned, and from whom they owed their daily escapes only to the military genius of their commander. Where they were, or whither they were going, they knew no more than I; nor had they known for many days. Some attempts the valiant Dicky had made to penetrate both to the east and west, to execute his preconcerted plan, in case of necessity, of effecting a junction with one of the American armies; but those quarters were precisely the ones in which he found it impossible to proceed; and during the last four or five days he had been content to march to any point of the compass which his fate, or his foes, permitted.

Great as were the wonder and joy on both sides—for the Bloody Volunteers were all rejoiced to see me alive again, having supposed me long since dead, and Captain Dicky, who looked half-starved himself, pulled a handful of corn from his pocket, being all the food he had remaining, and generously divided it with me—there was no time to indulge in congratulations. There were Indians close behind; the Bloody Volunteers had just repelled their attack, but it might be at any moment repeated. “Push on,” was the word; and away we went—whither, as I said before, no one knew, but with the encouraging assurance of our captain, that, “whichever way we went, we must sooner or later, come to *some* place or other.”

Fortunately, our commander’s words were soon verified; for we had not continued the march more than an hour, when our ears were unexpectedly saluted by the tones of a bugle pealing through the woods. Whence could such a sound proceed save from some American fort or camp? We pressed onward with renewed speed, and by and by caught sight, not of a fort or camp, but of a train of forty or fifty mounted men, all in handsome uniform, who came trooping along through the forest, but at sight of us suddenly halted, and we perceived them unslinging carbines, which they had hanging at their backs, as if preparing to meet an enemy. Then galloping towards us, they came to a second halt within a hundred paces of us, while their leader, parting from them, rode up nearer, and saluted us, to our surprise, in the Spanish language, demanding who we were, and whence we came; questions which I,

being the only one of the company who understood the language, interpreted to the Bloody Volunteers, as well as the reply of Captain Dicky to the officer, that we were a detachment of such a brigade of such a division of the Tennessee army. Upon this, the officer very politely informed us we were his prisoners, and begged we would do him the favor to surrender our arms to those of his Majesty the King of Spain, upon whose territories we were now unlawfully bearing them ; hinting, at the same time, that our refusal to do so would place him under the disagreeable necessity of cutting us to pieces.

This was a greater surprise than the other, though, it proved by no means painful to the Bloody Volunteers ; who, repelling a suggestion of the indomitable Dicky that " he thought they might whip the haughty Dons, if they would, for all of their numbers," insisted upon laying down their arms immediately, whereby they would escape all future danger from the Indians, as well as the pangs of starvation that now afflicted them.

" Well," said Captain Dicky, with a sigh, " it can't be helped, then ; and perhaps the American Government would not sustain us, even if we trounced them, because we are at peace with Spain. But the consolation is, the greatest generals and bravest soldiers have been sometimes prisoners of war. Tell the officer," said he, " we surrender to the arms of his Majesty the King of Spain. "

So the twelve of fame gave up their arms, and were forthwith marched off to the town of Pensacola, from which we were only twenty or thirty miles distant, and which we reached early in the afternoon of the following day, being treated very well on the road, and sumptuously feasted.

## CHAPTER L.

*The Bloody Volunteers are carried to Pensacola, where Robin Day receives an agreeable surprise.*

As soon as we arrived, Captain Dicky's eleven followers were carried to a fortress near the town, where they were confined; while the young hero and myself—I being invited to officiate as interpreter—were conducted to the house of the *Intendente*, or military governor of the town, the Señor Coronel Aubrey, or de Aubrey; for such Captain Valdez, our captor, told us was his name; and upon my remarking that the name appeared to me rather English than Spanish, he admitted with a shrug that seemed to be full of meaning, though I could not divine what the meaning was, that his Excelencia the Coronel was but a half Castilian after all, nay, that he was a North American by birth, who had left the Carolinas at the period of the American Revolution, and entered the Spanish colonial service, in which he had remained ever since. And Valdez added, with another shrug, as profoundly significative and as incomprehensible as the first, that Colonel Aubrey had acquired wealth as well as power, while many pure-blooded Castilians might be found in the service of his sovereign, who, *caramba!* were no richer than *he* was.

A few moments saw us ushered into the presence of this dignitary, a fine, and, indeed, noble-looking man of fifty or fifty-five years; in whom, notwithstanding the difference of years, I was struck with a resemblance to the portrait of the Spanish gentleman which I had so much admired in the drawing-room of Mr. Bloodmoney. And to prove that he could be no other than the original of that picture, I saw hanging upon the wall of the apartment in which he received us, a copy, the very counterpart of that portrait. Allowing for the difference of years, there was but one characteristic in which the Intendent differed from his effigy. The countenance of the latter expressed a deep and settled melancholy; whereas Colonel Aubrey's was in the main a



cheerful one, or at most sedately cheerful. "But," thought I to myself, "a man is not in sorrow all his life."

He received us—or rather, I should say he received Captain Dicky, whose regimentals, though greatly the worse for his forest campaign, distinguished him as my superior—with courtesy, but seemed very much surprised at his juvenile appearance; indeed he turned to our captor, and asked him with some sharpness—fortunately for the pride of Captain Dicky, the question was in Spanish—whether he had not made a mistake, and brought him the drummer instead of the leader of the American party?

"Upon my soul," replied the officer, "the little fellow is commander-in-chief of the whole party. And," he added, casting his eye upon me, "if we are to believe what the young gentleman, his friend and follower, says of him and his feats, it is time the American Government had made him a general of division."

The Intendant here gave me a scrutinizing look, which ended in a smile, and he addressed himself to the business in hand, by asking a great many questions in regard to the Bloody Volunteers, their objects in thus invading the territories of his Catholic Majesty—whether they were acting under the orders of General Jackson, or any other American commander—and a multitude of other inquiries, such as were, doubtless, proper to the occasion; and to all which Captain Dicky, as soon as I had rendered them into English, returned the most appropriate and dignified answers.

He assured the Governor upon his honor as a soldier, that neither his government nor commanding general had the least idea of violating the territory of their Spanish friends; that the invasion was an affair of accident, attributable solely to him, and to him only on account of his ignorance of the Spanish boundaries. In short, he answered everything, and said everything necessary to allay the suspicions that might be entertained by the Governor as to any sinister movements of the American army in progress or designed against his little Intendancy.

So far all went very well; but a difficulty unexpectedly arose when his Excellency, politely assuring Captain Dicky that his explanations were quite satisfactory, begged to be permitted to look over his papers—that is to say, his commission, and the orders of his brigadier, in the attempted execution of which he had been driven so very far from headquarters. The difficulty was that Captain Dicky had *no* papers; the irregularity of his election, and

the hurry of affairs, had prevented his receiving, before marching to the theatre of war, a formal commission from the executive of Tennessee; and as for orders, he had never yet been distinguished by any but verbal ones from his general.

To remove the difficulty, Captain Dare entered into a labored explanation of the circumstances, from the period of his election up to his surrender to the arms of his Majesty of Spain, including the whole of his adventures during the flight through the Indian country—an exploit that can be compared only to the memorable Anabasis of the Ten Thousand; in which Colonel Aubrey seemed much interested, and I am sorry to say, diverted; for he laughed once or twice very heartily. He then asked me if I could as a gentleman (for, upon his demanding what my rank was in the company, I took the opportunity, which the ragged appearance of my outer man rendered desirable, to tell him I was a gentleman volunteer, a soldier of fortune serving in the ranks), indorse all the statements of my friend Captain Dicky; and upon my hinting in reply, that my captivity among the Indians, and long separation from the company, rendered me an incompetent authority as to a portion of the statements, though I had no doubt of their truth, he became very anxious for the recital of my adventures also, which I gave him that is to say, my adventures in the Indian nation with Captain Brown; whom, however, for my own sake, I took care to represent as a mere fellow in misfortune, without saying anything of his rascalities and piratical character; and it seemed to me, that while equally diverted, he was still more interested by them than he had even been with the exploits of Captain Dare.

These representations satisfied him that Captain Dare's statements were to be relied on; or at least, he said as much; upon which, Captain Dicky assumed, in his turn, the character of questioner, and demanded to know of his Excellency his intentions in regard to himself and his Bloody Volunteers; whether they were to be detained as prisoners of war (in which case he begged the Intendant to observe he protested against the detention, as an act unfriendly and injurious to the United States, the ally of Spain), or whether they were to be treated as friendly visitants, and allowed to depart immediately to their own country; in which latter event, Dicky declared that, having now found out how the land lay, he had no doubt he could conduct his command to the American lines at Mobile.

To these interrogatories the Governor replied, with a smile, that the affair being a very extraordinary one, he did not feel himself at liberty to decide upon the course necessary to be pursued, until he had deliberated further on the subject ; but, for the present, he said he would consider Captain Dare only in the light of a guest, and immediately requested the honor of his company to dinner ; an invitation which, on the faith of my being a *gentleman* volunteer, as he said, with some emphasis on the phrase, he extended also to me.

But here another difficulty arose, founded on the condition of our habiliments ; in which we were the more loath to appear at a gentleman's table, as Captain Valdez had hinted the Governor had a very charming daughter, who would, doubtless, preside on the occasion ; and I was obliged to confess on Dicky's account, that, captain as he was, he had not a shirt to his back, having torn it into bandages for his wounded volunteers ; while I lamented, on my own behalf the ferocity of the Indians and the fury of the bri-ers, which had quite destroyed the beauty of a handsome hunting frock I had bought at the beginning of the campaign. Colonel Aubrey laughed, and said he was happy to have it in his power to relieve us from so serious a dilemma ; and with that, he conducted us into a chamber, where we were left in charge of a negro servant, who supplied us with linen from his master's wardrobe, and the means of making a very gentlemanly and luxurious toilet. And by and by another slave made his appearance, bearing for my use a handsome military frock ; which, as it very nearly fitted me, I fancied the Governor had obtained from some juvenile officer, to serve my purpose, until I could fit myself out in a manner becoming a gentleman volunteer.

Having completed our toilet very much to the satisfaction of both, and rejoined the courteous Intendent, we were immediately conducted by him into a sumptuous saloon, where we found a table already spread, with many black servants around it, besides whom there were three other persons in the room, one an old man in a clergyman's dress, his Excellency's chaplain ; the second a stiff and starched matron, whom I took for a duenna, but who proved to be merely the *caséra*, or housekeeper, and the third a young lady, the fair daughter, as I could well believe, of the Intendent. But, heaven and earth ! what was my amazement and confusion, when, looking bashfully up into the face of the

*senorita*, who received the two strangers with graceful courtesies, I beheld the beautiful somnambulist, the Spanish girl to whose gratitude or humanity I had owed my escape from Mr. Bloodmoney's house, on the memorable night of the burglary! She recognized me at the same moment, and her confusion was almost as great as my own; though with me to surprise was added the fear and anticipated shame of exposure: "In a moment," thought I to myself with such thrills of dismay and anguish as I had never before felt, "I become, instead of a gentleman volunteer, a rascally housebreaker, angrily and ignominiously expelled from the Intendent's house, perhaps consigned to a Spanish prison."

At that very moment of discovery, Colonel Aubrey, who had already presented Captain Dicky to his daughter, was in the act of commanding me, *el Senor Voluntario*, as he called me, to her notice. He smiled at my agitation, as supposing it, perhaps, the mere bashfulness of a gawky boy; but when he saw that his daughter shared my confusion, he was struck with astonishment, which immediately darkened into suspicion and displeasure.

"How, Isabel!" he cried with a frown, "you have then seen the young man before?"

"*Si, padre mio querido!* yes, my dear father," cried the lady, with a voice whose faltering tones cut me to the soul, and I thought I should have sunk through the floor; for the next word, and all must be revealed, and the poor housebreaker—Fy! I thought of Captain Brown and the Indian stakes on the banks of the Tallapoosa, and I wished the Creeks had finished their work, and burned us alive—*him* for his villainy in making me a burglar, and *me*, if for no other purpose than to save me the humiliation of the present moment.

But the humiliation endured *only* for a moment; the voice of Isabel ceased to falter, her eye to dwell upon the floor, and the angelic creature—for such she now appeared—added, with equal firmness and address, "I have seen him, my dear father; and I owe it, perhaps, to the young gentleman that I am now here alive before you! It was in Mr. Bloodmoney's house: I wandered in my sleep—*Santa Maria!* I shall never wander in sleep again!—a robber was in the house: he seized me; and—and—yes, *mi padre!*" she cried with animation, "this young man saved me from his murderous clutches!"

At this dreadful story, for dreadful it seemed to all, Colonel Aubrey turned as pale as a ghost, the ecclesiastic crossed himself, the *caséra* fetched a half shriek, the negroes rolled their eyes, and Dicky Dare, giving me a nudge on the ribs, whispered eagerly—"I say, by Julius Cæsar, what's all this the girl's talking about?"

"Seized by a robber!" at last ejaculated the Intendant; "your life endangered!—in Mr. Bloodmoney's house, too? and I not told a word of it!"

"Alas!" cried Isabel, "the Senor Bloodmoney was so much affected that such a thing should happen to me in his house, and the Senora, his wife, so deeply afflicted, so much afraid of your anger, that, at her entreaty, I promised, before we sailed, you should not know of it; and, though loath to conceal anything from my dear father, I should not have told you what may be of disadvantage to the Senor Bloodmoney to be known (though, indeed, it was not his fault, but the audacious villainy of the robber),—had it not been for my surprise at so suddenly seeing the young gentleman who rescued me."

What an amazing transition in my position, as well as feelings! From a burglar, I was, as by a touch of magic, converted into a hero; and from emotions of terror and disgrace I passed into sensations of the most rapturous delight and exultation. My original feelings toward the lovely Isabel were, as I have long since confessed, of a highly romantic and tender character; and such was the nature of those which now seized me, that I felt an almost irresistible impulse to catch her in my arms, as the scoundrel Brown had done, and profess I know not how much of love and gratitude. And perhaps I might, in the fervor of the moment, have committed myself by some such demonstrations of affection, had not Colonel Aubrey been prompted by a similar impulse in favor of myself, whom he immediately caught in his arms, calling me the preserver of his child, his friend, his benefactor, and I know not what beside.

But I *do* know that I had at that moment some idea of what might be the feelings of a modest young woman in a man's arms, by experiencing those of a modest young man in a similar predicament. I was, in a word, very anxious to get out of them, notwithstanding all the Intendant's obliging expressions; and perhaps I blushed the harder, after the embrace was over, for Dicky Dare, whose curiosity was waxing hot to penetrate the mysteries

of my good fortune, giving me a second nudge and whisper,—  
“I say, by Julius Cæsar, what was the old gentleman hugging  
you for? And why the deuce don’t we sit down to dinner, be-  
fore it spoils by standing?”

## CHAPTER LI.

*In which Robin Day makes a rapid progress in the regards of the fair Isabel.*

It seemed as if Colonel Aubrey divined the meaning of Captain Dicky's questions, or, at least, the latter one ; for banishing his fervor with a smile, he bade us "sit down ;" adding, "that from all I had told him of my forest feats, he did not doubt I would prefer a good dinner to all the fine words he could utter, or the warm embraces he could give me." But as soon as the reverend *padre* had delivered a benediction on the meal, and we had taken our seats, he renewed the subject, and requested that his daughter would now inform him of the particulars of the adventure in which I had played a part so interesting and questionable.

But Isabel looked again embarrassed, and gave me a quick uneasy glance, while she replied .

"Indeed, my father," she said, "I have told you nearly all I know. As to the robber, he was a vile fellow, a sailor, Mr. Bloodmoney informed me, who had applied to him to have the command of the vessel, which it was supposed Mr. Bloodmoney was equipping as a privateer ; and the wretch, to convince Mr. Bloodmoney he was the best man for his purpose, assured him he had passed his life in an employment, which is doubtless the best school for privateersmen—piracy—nay, that he was a famous villain too, called Tiger-cat, or Hell-cat, or some such name of renown ———"

"Hah !" said Colonel Aubrey, "there was some such fellow in the gulf here, that I have heard of ; *El Gato* I think they call him, and sometimes *El Infernal*. But they said he was marooned or murdered by his own men, because too bloody-minded a villain even for a pirate. And this fellow would have commanded the brig then ? What said Bloodmoney to that ?"

"Oh," replied the damsel, "he would have none of him, and threatened besides, to hand him over to the police. But Mr.

Bloodmoney did not, in reality, believe he was the rogue he so freely professed to be, thinking that that was a mere braggadocio, crack-brained piece of bantering ; and he threatened him with the police only to get rid of him. But, however this might be, the man broke into the house that very night, collecting with unexampled audacity all the plate and other valuables ; with which he would undoubtedly have got off undisturbed, had it not been for my misfortune in walking in my sleep, and so stumbling upon him in the midst of his operations. He was seized and overpowered, yet made his escape, after dangerously stabbing a watchman, who had been called in from the street to take charge of him. And this, my dear father," added the maiden, giving me another uneasy glance, "is all I know of the man ; for the brig sailed away from Philadelphia with me a few days after."

"All this is very well," quoth the Intendant ; "but you say nothing of my young friend here, who, I presume, is a friend or connection of Mr. Bloodmoney's ?"

"Yes, sir ; I believe so," said the young lady, giving me a third, and very piteous look. "But as I had never seen him before, and sailed away immediately after——"

"Never seen him before !" said Colonel Aubrey with surprise ; upon which, I, feeling that it was necessary to prevent his astonishment going any further, and perceiving that the fair Isabel was no longer able to help me, hastened to explain that I was, in reality, neither friend nor kinsman of Mr. Bloodmoney, and that I had never been in his house before the eventful night ; but that I was on my way to him with letters of recommendation and credit from a gentleman, Dr. Howard, who was his connection, and my friend.

"Yes," cried Isabel, here eagerly interrupting me ; "Dr. Howard came himself, soon afterwards ; and Mr. Bloodmoney told me he was his kinsman, and a man of great wealth and respectability."

Encouraged by this interruption of the young lady, who, I could not but see, was as anxious as myself to make the most of every favorable circumstance, and to avoid all unfavorable ones, I proceeded to assure the Intendent, that "a strange accident" (and so it *was* a strange accident), "together with my ignorance of the city, and other circumstances, had prevented my reaching Mr. Bloodmoney's house until a late hour—in fact, when all were asleep ; but that I should never regret the irregularity of a visit which had enabled me to be of service to the young lady, his daughter."



"Nor I neither, by my faith," said Colonel Aubrey, warmly. "But I wonder Bloodmoney did not inform me of the affair, were it only to afford me an opportunity to show what kind of gratitude was due to the preserver of my Isabel."

He then asked me what was my relationship to Dr. Howard ; to which I, being seized with a devil of mendacity and deception, for I was ashamed to confess my humble origin in the presence of the fair Isabel, replied that it was a very distant one ; but added (what I was not ashamed to confess), that I owed everything, my education and even my subsistence, to his benevolence. And I would have added more in his praise, had not Colonel Aubrey, with great delicacy, immediately shifted the subject, by asking jocularly, "whether I had gone to Mr. Bloodmoney for the purpose of turning privateersman, like honest Captain Hellcat?"

Upon my replying that, in fact, I had, he looked surprised, and laughed very heartily, and informed me that the vessel was no privateer, after all ; that he had bought her, through Mr. Bloodmoney, and fitted her out for his own purposes ; that she lay then in the port, though under another name ; for he had called her *La Querida*, because she brought back to him his *querida*, or beloved Isabel, after two years of absence, which the young lady had passed in Philadelphia, completing her education.

He then alarmed me by a question, which was, doubtless, very natural and appropriate to the occasion—what, since I had set out to go to sea, had turned me from my purpose, and converted me into a soldier? But I got over the difficulty by hinting that my friend and schoolmate Dicky Dare, had persuaded me to follow him to the wars—and, truly, had he not?—an explanation that perfectly satisfied the Intendent. And from that moment, giving over his questions, he addressed himself to the business of the table, bestowing a due share of his attentions upon Captain Dicky, who had been previously rescued from neglect by the fair Isabel addressing him in English, and thus giving him an opportunity to enter into conversation without the intervention of an interpreter.

At the dessert, in which we were feasted with the delicious fruits of the tropics, fresh brought from the neighboring island of Cuba, the reverend padre left the table to attend, I presumed, to some clerical duty ; and presently, after the servants were discharged, and we were left a little party of four persons, who were enjoying ourselves very agreeably in conversation, when a

messenger came running post haste from the fort, with an account that the Bloody Volunteers, for some reasons best known to themselves—suspicious, perhaps, from the long absence of their captain, that some foul play was intended them—had burst into a mutiny, which it was feared would terminate in bloodshed. Upon this, the Intendant got up in haste, with Captain Dicky, whom he invited to go with him and appease the tumult, committing me, who, he said, might remain to entertain his daughter, to her sole charge and keeping.

The moment the two had left the room, Isabel, starting up, and advancing a step or two towards me, exclaimed in low and hurried, but earnest tones, and in English, "Senor! lay no misconstruction upon what I have said and done. If I have deceived my father—if I have descended to evasion, and almost to falsehood—know that I was paying a debt of gratitude, which makes *me* forget things my father could not have judged but with harshness. I lament that one so young, so warmly befriended, so seemingly full of promise, should have fallen into evil hands and practices; but fear not exposure from me, who neither can nor will betray you."

I was confounded by the words and manner of the beautiful girl, who it was apparent, thought me a rogue in earnest. A moment before, I fancied I required nothing but an opportunity to speak to her in private to retrieve my character in her eyes and convince her I was no robber. But on a sudden I felt it might be no such easy matter.

"Alas!" I cried, in extremity, "have you seen Dr. Howard—was he at Mr. Bloodmoney's house—and can you still think me a burglar? Did *he* think me one?"

"What otherwise could he think" replied Isabel firmly; "what ought he to have thought after what had preceded? After a beginning in murder—Ah! you perceive, he told us all! And, though he softened the circumstances, and the poor man did not actually die——"

"M'Goggin did not die? Thank Heaven for that!" cried I; "for that was the only thing which to myself seemed like crime. And yet that was no murder, had the wretch died twenty times over; and, if you know the circumstances of that unfortunate affair, you must be aware it was a mere silly schoolboy scheme of vengeance, in which a serious injury to the pedagogue was neither desired nor intended."

"But," said Isabel, "there was still more they spoke of ; that—but it seemed to me, even then, too extraordinary for belief—there were people who charged you and your companion with a highway robbery upon a poor sailor, on the road to Philadelphia !"

"Oh, the confounded wagoners ! it all arose from them, I have no doubt." And with that, I told the whole story to the young lady, who, listening at first with eager interest, at last, when I came to describe the audacious trick of Brown, by which, the inconveniences of the crime were transferred from the robber to the robbed, suddenly burst into a most unromantic fit of laughter.

"And this impudent sailor, then," she cried, "was the same man—the fellow with the horrid name, from whom you—but gratitude makes me too readily take sides with you ! How, señor," she demanded more seriously—"how comes it that you are the next moment found in company with this man, whom you already knew to be a robber, in Mr. Bloodmoney's house—or, indeed any where ?"

Upon this I told her how, having changed his clothes and removed his hideous beard, he had made me believe he was Mr. Bloodmoney himself, robbed me of my letter of introduction and money, carried me into Mr. Bloodmoney's house ; in short, I told her the whole of that unlucky adventure, which moved her to as much risibility as before, though she soon reproved her mirth by the expression, "Alas señor ! it is not well to laugh at an adventure which, however ridiculous, was the cause, and perhaps is yet, of pain to your friends, and of injury to your good name. And it is still less proper for *me* to laugh," she added, "since it brought me relief at a moment of need and terror."

I told her, with much fervor, I cared not how much she laughed at my folly, provided she was satisfied of my innocence. Upon which she said my story was too ridiculous not to be true ; that it explained all the circumstances of my case very perfectly, and that she believed it. "And, indeed," said she, with charming frankness, "I always thought there must be some delusion in the matter, and that you could not be a robber in reality, because you did not look like one, and because, you know, you told me so."

## CHAPTER LII.

*Robin Day is surprised by the appearance of Skipper Duck and other old friends.*

I THOUGHT at that moment I had never seen so celestial a creature, and felt prompted to say I know not what silly things, and perhaps should have said them, had not the maiden requested me, with an enchanting smile, to inform her what other extraordinary adventures ("for truly," said she, "you seem to have been born for extraordinary adventures") had followed my flight from Mr. Bloodmoney's.

I took up the tale accordingly, and had proceeded as far as my unlucky mistake with the British sailors, and the discovery of it, while marching into battle with them against my own countrymen, an incident which recalled the mirth of the beautiful hearer, when Colonel Aubrey suddenly returned, and being surprised at his daughter's merriment, requested to know the cause of it. "Oh," quoth she, "the Señor Day has been entertaining me with the history of his surprising adventures, which I hope, some time" (and here I thought she gave me a significant look, besides emphasizing the word some time) "he will also relate to my dear father."

"I shall be happy to hear all that the Señor Day may think proper to relate," said the Intendant; "but, in the meanwhile, I must beg of him the favor to attend me to the audience chamber, where ——" Here Isabel looked pale, and I, thinking the summons must have some reference to the Bloody Volunteers, interrupted him by hoping that nothing unpleasant had resulted from their quarrelsome outbreak.

"Nothing at all," said he: "they had, somehow, got into their heads a ridiculous idea that they were to be sent off to South America, to be condemned to the mines. But all is now quiet; and Captain Dare, who chooses to remain with them awhile, will presently return to favor us with his agreeable society." He

added, that the business at which he begged my assistance, was the examination of several men, the crew of a small vessel, which had that day entered the port under suspicious circumstances, but who claimed to be good and honest American citizens ; in which case it would, doubtless, be advantageous, as well as agreeable, to them to have a gentleman, their own countryman, present as an interpreter. The suspicious circumstances were chiefly the want of sufficient papers, and of cargo ; the disproportion between the crew and vessel, the latter being a mere coasting shallop, while the former comprised eighteen or twenty men, of whom nearly two-thirds were negroes ; and, and what was more suspicious still, a great piratical looking long-tom, stowed away with a quantity of small arms and ammunition, in her hold. In short, Colonel Aubrey suspected the vessel to be a pirate, a stray member perhaps of the fraternity then known to exist under Lafitte at Barataria Bay ; though the master, or chief man among them, insisted he was an honest negro-trader from the Carolinas, come to try his luck, with a small cargo of slaves, among the Spaniards of the Gulf.

Having given me this explanation, the Intendent led me, all loath to leave the charming Isabel, into the audience chamber ; where among a number of soldiers, who kept guard over them, were six or seven men in sailor's clothes, whose appearance startled me a little out of my propriety ; because some of them I immediately recognized as my quondam friends of the Jumping Jenny, the followers of honest Tom Gunner ; and another look showed me, standing foremost among them, and looking excessively dogged, yet discomposed, the detestable Skipper Duck ; whom, of all the men in the world, I least expected to stumble upon in this remote quarter. When I first caught sight of the fellow, he was stealing a glance at the Intendent that expressed perhaps more than a rogue's usual fear of the face of Justice ; but when, rolling his eyes askant from Colonel Aubrey, they fell upon me, I was myself astonished at the actual dismay into which his uneasiness was immediately converted.

"What!" cried Colonel Aubrey, "you seem to know the fellow?"

Before I could reply, one of the sailors, having caught sight of me, exclaimed, pointing me out to his messmates, "I'm blasted if that aint our little fighting-cock, Day, that was with us in the

Chesapeake, and was snatched up by the blasted Yankees at Norfolk !”

These words covered me with confusion ; for I knew not, in the moment, what unlucky construction the Intendent might put upon this portion of my history, unless told him in my own version ; and the embarrassment was increased by his suddenly giving me a sharp look, and saying “ he thought it proper to inform me, that, although long years of disuse had made it a very painful and disagreeable task to him to *speak* English, it was nevertheless his mother tongue, and he retained sufficient knowledge of it to understand every word that was spoken.” Yet I recovered my courage in a moment, upon reflecting that neither Skipper Duck nor any of his men could accuse me of murder, or highway robbery, or burglary ; and immediately replied—“ Señor, I have no objection you should understand anything, or all, that these men may say to me, or I to them. In truth, I *do* know them ; this fellow,” pointing to Skipper Duck, who still looked frightened out of his wits—“ in particular, who is as foul a knave as the sun ever shone on. The others are, or were, British sailors, with whom, and with others, their comrades, it was my misfortune to be compelled to bear arms—or rather to *appear* to bear arms, against my own countrymen on the Chesapeake ; an adventure which I was but this moment engaged relating to the Señorita Aubrey.”

“ Ah !” cried the Intendent ; “ you told her ? And it was that she was laughing at ?” Upon my assenting to which, he looked pleased, and smiled, declared he was impatient to hear my whole story, and then requested I would inform him more particularly in regard to Duck and his accomplices.

I told him, that if the vessel was, as I supposed, the *Jumping Jenny*, Duck was her skipper, and, I believed, her owner ; that she had been captured by the British in the Chesapeake, manned, armed (whence, doubtless, the long-tom and the ammunition), and employed, with other similar vessels, in their plundering expeditions ; and that Duck had served on board as their pilot ; that he had been, after a time, taken prisoner by the Americans, or made his escape to them ; at all events, he must have told them a good story, as I had seen him, apparently at liberty, fighting with them against his late employers, the British ; and there ended my knowledge of him and the *Jumping Jenny*. How he got

possession of her again, I knew not ; but I suspected he must have returned to her voluntarily, and then, with the sailors who were now with him, and who, it could scarce be doubted, were deserters, had run away with her, at a convenient period, when the rest of her crew, with their officers, were ashore upon some adventure. As for the negroes, I supposed they were slaves whom he had stolen from their masters ; or that they had been picked up along shore, with other plunder, by his British associates, and merely carried off by him, to make his flight more profitable.

In this very reasonable explanation, I, at a future period, learned I had exactly hit the truth ; and, indeed, upon examining them a little, Colonel Aubrey was satisfied the sailors were deserters from the British navy, and Skipper Duck a trader in stolen goods ; for which reason, he directed they should be confined in the fort, to be surrendered, with the vessel and slaves, to the first British commander who should visit Pensacola.

But before he sent them away, I told him the story of little Tommy, the son, I assured him, of my benefactor, Dr. Howard, the kinsman of his friend Mr. Bloodmoney ; and I immediately taxed Duck to his face with having stolen him. The villain was greatly disconcerted, and denied that Tommy was Dr. Howard's son ; but he admitted he was still on board the vessel, having been, like the negroes, thought too insignificant to be brought before the Intendant ; and Colonel Aubrey, who was much struck, and even affected, by the story, immediately gave orders to have him brought to the house, declaring he would find means to have him restored to his father.

## CHAPTER LIII.

*In which Robin Day meets another surprise, and a perilous one, which is succeeded by a story of much interest to the Intendent.*

I now thought I might return again to the society of the enchanting Isabel ; but Colonel Aubrey informed me he must beg my assistance in the examination of yet another American ; adding, with a smile, that he fancied I would meet another surprise, and a pleasant one, "for," said he, "some of my troopers have just brought in from the woods, where they found him lost and famished, a poor man, who reports that he has just escaped from captivity and torture among the Creeks ; and, as they say he has the appearance of an old sailor, it would not surprise me if he should prove the poor fellow your companion in flight."

The poor fellow my companion in flight ! A pleasant surprise, indeed ! I was horrified by the announcement, for not to say that the appearance of Captain Brown had always boded me some new misfortune, his entrance upon the present scene could not be otherwise than dangerous to me. I would gladly have dispensed with the interview, but perceived I could not do so without awakening suspicion. My hope was that the stranger should, after all, prove not to be Brown, but some other person unknown. But, alas, the hope was almost immediately dispelled by the entrance of the "poor fellow," who proved to be Captain Jack Brown himself, though sorely altered by famine and distress. His appearance was emaciated and squalid, and even his spirit seemed broken down by suffering ; the look of fearless self-possession and audacity had deserted his countenance, which now wore a hangdog expression of suspicion and fear, enough to convince anyone he was a rogue ; and I perceived it had but an unfavorable effect upon Colonel Aubrey. I might myself have been astonished at such a change in the man, who seemed scarce able to look the Intendent in the face, had I been less occupied with my own anxieties."

"Well," cried the Intendant, "is this the man?"



Brown startled at the words, and looking round him, caught sight of me, seemed astonished, and then brightened up in a wonderful manner, as if—for I thought I could read what was passing in his mind—satisfied that my presence would be of advantage to him. “Ah ! shiver me, Chowder, my hearty !” he cried, rushing forward and seizing me very affectionately by the hand ; “and so you’ve cleared them blasted Injun niggurs after all, have you ? Tell him,” he added in a whisper, which he sought to conceal from the Intendant, and uttered with great haste and vehemence—“tell him my name’s John Smith ; or d—n me, I’ll murder you !—Glad to see you alive again ;” here he raised his voice, and shook my hand with terrible ardor ; “glad to see you afloat ; for, sink me, I thought the red rascals had sunk you to Davy Jones long ago.”

With that, letting go his hold of me, he now, as if quite restored to his courage, raised his eyes to the Intendant’s face, gave him a scrape of his foot, and hitching up his trowsers, and otherwise putting on the airs of a bluff old sailor, quite ignorant of the forms and ceremonies of the world, he exclaimed, “Split my topsails ! (axing your honor and excellency’s pardon) if so be there’s no offense, I’m am American sailor, sink me ; and so I axes to know what your honor and excellency means by making a prisoner of me ? because how I sails under the stars and stripes, and I knows my rights, and split me, I sticks to ’em. But perhaps your honor and excellency don’t understand my lingo ? which is a thing whereof I am sorry, because as how I don’t know no Spanish.”

His honor and excellency surveyed the speaker very earnestly, smiled faintly at his eloquence, passed his hand thoughtfully across his brow, and then surveyed him again, when, finally, turning to me, he demanded with adruptness, “Have you known this man long ?”

“Not long, Señor,” I replied, not disposed to speak too much to the point ; “but he is the fellow-prisoner I spoke of.”

“To my mind, he has an evil look,” said the Intendent ; “and methinks I have seen him before. Do you know enough of him to answer for his honesty ?”

Alas ! what a question ! I knew perfectly well that Brown was a villain deserving the halter ; but the services he had rendered me among the Creeks, and especially his manful attempt to snatch me from the stake, even at the risk of his own life, dwelt upon my memory, and I was loath to say anything to his prejudice. But

to assume the responsibility of giving him a good name was entirely too much for my gratitude.

"I should be sorry, señor," I replied, "to be answerable for the honesty of any person, upon so short an acquaintance." The answer stuck in my throat, for I felt that, however evasive, it involved a substantial falsehood.

"His name," demanded Colonel Aubrey.

"Really," said I, "I am not certain I know even that. He told me once it was Smith ; but"—here Brown gave me a direful look of warning and menace, which I disregarded, for I found that one falsehood in his favor was all my conscience would permit—"at other times, I understood it was Brown."

"Brown !" ejaculated the Intendent, starting wildly from the chair on which he had taken his seat, and advancing towards Brown, who immediately putting a good face on the matter, exclaimed—

"Ay, your honor, there's no gainsaying it ; that's a name I sometimes sails under, and, mayhap, have the best right to, because why, it belongs to the family."

"Brown !" again cried Colonel Aubrey, surveying him with the utmost agitation. "Can it be ! Is it possible ? I knew the face. And yet—and yet"—and here the disorder of his spirits rendered his expressions for a moment inarticulate ; and he sat down again upon the chair, from which, however, he immediately afterwards sprang up, exclaiming, "Fellow, if you be *he* indeed, you must know me. Look ! My name is Aubrey ! Seventeen years have not yet changed me so far that you can say you do not remember me ?"

"Never saw your honor's excellency before in all my life," said Brown, with great apparent sincerity.

"If you have lost all memory of *me*," said the Intendent, seizing Brown by the arm, and pointing to the portrait of which I have before spoken, hanging upon the wall—"If you have lost all memory of me, *him*, at least, you cannot have forgotten !"

I had been greatly struck by this singular turn of affairs, and was burning with curiosity to know what fate could have ever connected the affairs of the Intendant with such a rogue as Brown. And, it may be supposed, I looked on with a double interest when the portrait was referred to—that very picture, or its duplicate, which, when I had pointed Brown's attention to it, in Mr. Blood-

money's house, had discomposed him not a little, and drawn from him the explanation that it was "an old friend of his who had gone to Davy Jones long before." It produced a somewhat similar effect upon him on the present occasion; and he muttered, "Ay! I knows *him*! It looks just like him, when——" But he interrupted himself. "I knows *him*," he repeated; "poor gentleman. His name was Mowbray——"

"Aubrey! Aubrey!" cried the Intendent, with a smothered voice.

"Well, it may be," said Brown, "but I always thought it was Mowbray; and sure, his own brother the sodger, told us so—the skipper and me—when he bought us over to the sarvice. It was Aubrey, or Mowbray; and poor gentleman, the hellcats (whereof I mean, the d—d Spanish constables) were after him, because how he was a traitor, or conspirator, or whatsoever you call it; and so we sent the boat, and took him off by night, him and the rest of them and a whole chest-full of money, and off went the Sally Ann a bragging through blue water. Off she went and, split me, the blue water soon had the best of her; she foundered, please your honor's excellency; and the skipper and the passengers, with our Mr. Aubrey, if so be that's his name, went down with her to the bottom."

"My miserable brother!" cried the Intendent, covering his face with his hands, and sinking into a chair. But starting up again, he demanded, "But how is this? *You* were saved—others were saved ——"

"None but me and Tim Duck," said Brown, at which name Colonel Aubrey eagerly demanded, turning to me: "What! was not that the name of the fellow, the captain of the sloop, just before us?"

This question, which I answered in the affirmative, not without alarm lest Duck should be sent for and immediately impeach my honest acquaintance, had the effect of disturbing the latter likewise; so that, forgetting his former assurance that he knew no Spanish, he hastened to exclaim, "There's more Ducks than swim on salt water; but this here fellow can't be Tim Duck, because how, Davy Jones has got him." Fortunately for Brown, the Intendent was too much excited to notice the inconsistency; and Brown, to secure his attention to less dangerous subjects, immediately resumed his story.

"None but me and Tim Duck," said he, "stood it out ; because how, d'ye see, we took to the boat—the three men and me, which was the mate, and was to be skipper next voyage, and the niggur boy, which jumped after us ; and that was all of us when we pushed off——"

"What then !" cried Colonel Aubrey, "my poor brother was abandoned, without an effort to save him ?"

"Why, d'ye see," quoth Brown, "he *would* run below after the younker ; and just then the schooner took a lurch, and so we pushed off, and down she went with him, and the skipper too, for, blast me, he was lying sick in his bunk, unable to help himself. And so we pushed off in the boat, without bread, water, or compass, and pitched about fourteen days on a stretch ; and two of the men, they died ; and says I to Tim Duck, says I, 'Tim Duck, we must draw lots ;' and says he to me, 'Let's do for the niggur ;' and so he killed the blackey, and we lived on him six days ; and then came the ship, the Good Hope, of Boston, and picked us up, and there, shiver my timbers, your honor and excellency, there's the end of the story."

"It is not *yet* the end of it," said Colonel Aubrey, with a stern voice. "It is now seventeen years since that vessel sailed out of her port, never more to enter another, and up to this moment not a word of her fate was ever breathed to human being ; and no one but believed she had foundered at sea, and that every soul on board had perished with her. How comes it that neither you nor the fellow Duck, the survivors of the wreck, ever gave information of the calamity to any one—to owners or underwriters ? How could this have happened, if your story be true ? And, by Heaven, your silence throws a suspicious character over what was before only deemed a natural accident of the sea. Speak, fellow ; though you pretend to have forgotten me, I remember you well, and I remember, too, there were persons who said the mate of the Sally Ann had not always been in so honest a vessel, and was not the safest man to entrust with either a rich cargo or the life of a wealthy passenger !"

"They lied then, d—n their blood," cried Brown, with great emphasis ; "for the mate of the Sally Ann was as honest a lad, at her sailing, as ever rose from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck, and if you're the gentleman, poor Mr. Mowbray's brother, whereof I dis-remember, who made the bargain with the skipper and me, and

brought him and the younker, and the young nigger, and the money, aboard, you must know the old skipper said I was to have the schooner next voyage, blast her, because how he was the owner, and he was old, and he knew I was a man to be depended on. And as for this here thing that surprises you," he added very bluffly, "because as how your honor never heard tell of the sinking of the schooner till now, why, sink me, that's a matter soon settled. For, d'ye see, the ship that picked up me and Tim Duck was the Good Hope of Boston ; and she was an Injieman on her outward voyage ; and so says Captain Jones, her commander, to us, says he, 'I'll send you back to the States by the first return ship we meets, or I'll drop you at the Cape ;' but hang me, there was no return ship we sees ; and when we comes to the Cape, there was nothing there ; and the Good Hope was short of hands, because she lost four men overboard in a squall ; and says Captain Jones to us, says he, "If you'll enter for the voyage, my boys, you shall be well treated, and have pay from the time of picking up into the bargain.' And so we entered for the voyage, me and Tim Duck ; but it was a blasted unlucky voyage for all of us, for the ship she was caught in a Typhoon, and wrecked on the east coast of Sumatra ; and the Malays fell on us, curse 'em ; and them that wasn't drowned they killed, and them they didn't kill they captivated, whereof I, John Brown, was one ; but Tim Duck they killed. And I was a slave among 'em twelve years, and they treated me like a nigger ; and a Dutch captain that was there after pepper, he bought me for a barrel of rum and two old muskets ; but he said it was six hundred dollars ; and so, when we comes to Batavia, a Dutch judge there says I must sarve the Dutch captain four years for the money, and I sarved him. And when my time was out, I ships in the Dutch ship called the Polly Frow for Amsterdam, and there I ships in an American brig called the George Washington, which fetches me right straight to Boston, where I landed on the seventh day of May, in this here year of Our Lord, after an absence of seventeen years, or thereabouts. And then I tells my story, and they logged it right away in the newspapers, with the whole account of the sinking of the Sally Ann, whereof nobody cared, because how the captain he was the owner, and not insured, and his wife was married to another man. And," quoth Brown, to whose relation I listened with mingled wonder and distrust, having strong reasons of my own

to believe it was a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end—"if you axes to know how a sailor like me comes into the hands of them cursed Injuns, why here's the case, blast me: for my friends they makes me up a purse in Boston, because of my misfortunes, and so I starts off to try my luck a peddling, because, d'ye see, I've had enough of the sea, sink me, and don't want to see no more of it. And so I turns my back to it, and that fetched me among the Injuns, and they snapped me up, pack and all; and they fatted me up to make a feast of me, whereof this young gentleman" (meaning me) "will bear witness, because he was tied up with me. And we broke loose, and sailed off in a canoe, and she was wrecked on a log; and we swum for it, him one way, and me another, and so we parted company, and I navigated the woods alone; and I'll be hang'd, but I found it a crooked and dangerous navigation."

## CHAPTER LIV.

*A denouement and catastrophe, and Robin Day loses the favor of the Intendent, and is packed off to a fort for safe-keeping.*

AND so ended the story, which—told with an appearance of great simplicity and truth—seemed, notwithstanding my disbelief of it, to carry conviction to the mind of Colonel Aubrey, and to remove all the suspicions he had begun to entertain in relation to the real fate of his unfortunate brother. He returned immediately to the subject of the wreck, and asked a multitude of questions, to all which Brown replied with so much readiness that it was impossible not to believe that, upon this point of his history, he was uttering at least *some* truth.

To the Intendent all his answers seemed as natural as they were affecting ; and having concluded his melancholy inquisition, he turned to a servant who was near him, and bade him go fetch the Señorita Isabel, “that she might see with her own eyes the man who ——” But what else he said I heard not, being so horrified at the idea of the young lady being brought into the room while Brown was in it that all my senses deserted me, and I stood such a picture of consternation that Colonel Aubrey, starting from the gloom into which he had fallen, asked “what ailed me, and if I were sick?” Before I could stammer out a reply—and, in truth, I know not what I intended to reply—the anticipated catastrophe had arrived ; the young Isabel had entered the room, and cast her eyes upon Captain, Brown who, astonished out of his prudence, ripped out a hasty oath, with an equally profane addition. “D—n my blood !” he cried, “we goes to h—ll *now* in a hurricane !” As for Isabel, whose recollections were perhaps stimulated by Brown’s voice, she immediately uttered a shriek, and threw herself into the Intendent’s arms, crying, “*El Gato ! El Gato !*—It is the villain himself !”

Great was the confusion produced by this turn of events, so unexpected by all but unhappy me. Even Colonel Aubrey looked

petrified for a moment, though, the next, he ordered the soldiers, who had brought Brown in, to secure him, which they did, Brown submitting with a very good grace, but all the while protesting he was "no more El Gato, as they called him, than he was Davy Jones himself."

"We shall inquire into that, as well as other things," quoth the Intendent, turning from Brown to me, whom he regarded with a stern countenance.

"So ! young man !" he cried ; "you concealed from me your knowledge of this man, of his acts and character ! pretended not to know in him the ruffian from whom you had rescued my daughter !"

"Alas, sir," I cried, "if you will allow me to explain."

"We will allow you an opportunity to do so at another moment. At present——"

But he was interrupted by Isabel, who, starting from her terrors, caught him by the hand, exclaiming eagerly, "Oh, my dear father, the young gentleman is innocent. If I had only told you all at first !"

"Hah !" cried the Intendent, bending a scowling eye even upon her—have *you*, too, united with him to deceive me ?"

The fair Isabel stammered out an excuse—"she could explain all—she always meant to explain all." The Intendent arrested her further speech by a look full of the most penetrating inquiry, which he immediately after extended to me. Then, waving Isabel imperiously to silence, he directed the soldiers to carry Brown to the fort and guard him well. "And *you*, señor," he added, addressing himself to me, "will do me the favor to accompany them, and lodge to-night with your companions."

"Appearances, as well as your suspicions, are against me, señor," I said, gathering hope from the assurance that I left a friend behind me in the beautiful Isabel ; "but I trust yet to convince you I am only the most unlucky person in the world, and nothing worse."

And with these words, and a stolen glance at Isabel, who looked the picture of grief and humiliation, I stole—or sneaked, which is perhaps the proper word—out of the room and house, in which, a few moments before, I had felt so proud and romantic, and followed, with Brown (who, instead of expressing compunction for being the cause of my present, as of nearly every other, misfortune,



indulged sundry hearty execrations upon what he called my disobedience of orders in not passing him off for Mr. John Smith only), to the fortress, which I justly regarded as a prison. At its gates I met my friend and commander, Captain Dicky, returning to the mansion whence I had been so ignominiously banished, and informing him in a few words of my mishap, I authorized, and, indeed, begged him, since no other course now remained to me, to acquaint Colonel Aubrey with the whole history of my connection with Captain Brown, to convince him I was not in reality the accomplice, but the victim of that worthy personage. I had no idea, at the moment, that he could have any other reason for his severity than the suspicion of my being a knave and the confederate of Brown. Had I been a little older and wiser, I might have seen an additional cause in an equally natural and more painful apprehension, awakened by the good understanding that seemed to exist between the fair Isabel and myself.

It was nearly night when I entered the fort, where the appearance of Captain Brown excited a good deal of curiosity among the Spaniards of the garrison, who crowded around to view a rouge bearing a name so formidable and renowned as *El Gato*; but I thought they expressed greater admiration than horror at the sight of him. Nor were there any greater pains taken to secure him from flight or mischief than to clap a pair of light manacles upon his wrists, after which he was suffered to ramble up and down the fort, conversing with the soldiers of the garrison (which was not a numerous or particularly well disciplined one), and with the prisoners—Skipper Duck and his comrades, who were not fettered at all, and a number of convicts—degraded soldiers—who idled about, each with a cannon ball chained to his leg.

My first care, upon entering the fort, was to look for little Tommy; but the Governor had sent for him, and he was already gone. I then sought out and found my companions in arms, the Bloody Volunteers, who sat retired, like Milton's philosopher devils, not yet entirely cured of their suspicions and fears of Spanish faith and South American gold mines. I did all I could to convince them their apprehensions were groundless, and that they would, in all probability, be, in a day or two, released and furnished with guides to conduct them to Mobile, but, by and by, growing weary of arguing with men who had made their minds up to their own opinions, and tiring the sooner, perhaps, that I was in a very

melancholy and contemplative mood, I walked away from them to a corner, where I could sit by myself, and build castles in the moon, which was rising over the bay, and changing a leaden twilight into a night of silver.

My meditations were soon broken in upon by Brown, who opened the conversation by assuring me, with sundry oaths, he had a regard for me, and meant to help me out of my present difficulties. He then showed me that his manacles were loose; and swearing he was "not going to stay to be strung up by that blasted old skurmudgeon, Aubrey, whom he had helped to a fortune, curse him," he informed me that he designed making his escape from the fort, and, out of his friendship for me, would restore me to liberty also.

I was astonished at what seemed the audacity of such a design, and asked how he could hope to break from a garrisoned fort, with sentries at the gates and along the walls? He replied that "the garrison was nothing—the officers were all dressing for a ball, which the Intendent was to give them that evening—" ("Alas!" thought I, "but for this vile Brown, I might have had the honor of dancing with the charming Isabel!")—"half the soldiers had already slipped away to seek their own diversions; as for the sentries, the lubbers would go to sleep as soon as the officers were off;" and finally he assured me he had friends in the fort, who would make escape an easy matter. I asked what was to be done, after escaping. Was he to fly back to the Indians again, or abscond about the town to be discovered and again imprisoned? Upon which he invoked a blessing on my brain of mud and molasses, as he called it, and told me he had struck up a league with his old friend Duck, "who *was* Tim Duck, for all his blasted lies to the governor," and that they were to escape together in the Jumping Jenny, which was lying hard by the fort.

Although I listened to this account not without interest, I felt my curiosity moved by the reference to Skipper Duck, as connected with the subject of the Sally Ann; and I could not help asking him "if there was then no truth in what he had told Colonel Aubrey?" "All a blasted yarn," said he, "from beginning to end." "But you were mate of the schooner, and must know whether she really foundered or not, and whether the fate of Colonel Aubrey's brother was as you represented it." "What's that *your* business?" said he, sharply; "stick to things that con-

cern you, sink me, and stand ready for cutting loose from the fort whenever I gives the order."

I told Captain Brown "I had no objections to his making his escape, if he could, and that nothing would give me more satisfaction than to be certain I should never more see him again in the world ; that as to escaping with him, I had no intentions that way at all : *I* was under no fears of being strung up by Colonel Aubrey, as he professed to be, and was content to remain where I was. In short, I told him I would not fly with him. Upon which he called me sundry hard names, swore, with a diabolical grin, that when I knew him better I would find the first thing for a first lieutenant to do was to obey orders, and then, to my great satisfaction, left me to my meditations, and to my castle-building, which, as it is always a seductive employment, and was then the most agreeable one I could engage in, I continued for an hour longer ; at which period my fancies began to flag, and my head to nod with all the grace of a Chinese Mandarin's, in the face of her ladyship, the moon.

## • CHAPTER LV

*Robin Day escapes against his will from the fort, and finds himself a third time on board the Jumping Jenny.*

I WAS, in a word, on the point of falling asleep, the night, though a late November one, being, in that benignant climate, quite warm and agreeable, and I had just begun to dream I saw my friend Captain Dare dancing a waltz with the beautiful Isabel, in the midst of a splendid assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, who were all saying, "what a handsome couple they were," when the rage and envy and jealousy into which the visionary spectacle threw me were suddenly dispelled by a couple of men jerking me up by the elbows, bidding me, in Spanish, follow them, and then, without waiting for me to obey, hurrying me away I knew not whither.

My first idea was that they were soldiers of the fort conducting me to some lock-up place for the night; my next, finding they were hastening me to the gate of the fort, was that they were messengers despatched by Colonel Aubrey to invite me again to his presence; a notion extremely agreeable, as it convinced me the representations of Captain Dickey, together with those of the Senorita Isabel, had fully succeeded in restoring me to his favor.

Nor was this flattering assurance dispelled until I suddenly found myself upon the shore of the bay, where were a number of men crowding into a small boat, and another, nearly empty, rowing with muffled oars from a shallop that lay anchored a little way from the beach. That shallop, my fears told me, was the Jumping Jenny, and my two unknown friends, it was plain, were conducting me to her.

I endeavored to come to a stop, assuring my conductors "I was not one of the escaping party, did not choose to run away, and would go back, if they pleased, to the fort;" upon which they displayed a brace of glittering knives, and one of them said, in

Spanish, "I might go to the mire, for all he cared," (which is a polite way they have in Spanish of telling you you may go to a much worse place,) while the other swore a terrible Castilian oath—"he would eat my soul if I gave them any further trouble." There was no resisting such an oath, two Spanish knives, a pair of whiskered visages that looked uncommonly ferocious in the moonlight; and I therefore yielded, and, with a heavy heart, stepped into the boat, which, three minutes afterwards, I exchanged for the deck of the *Jumping Jenny*.

"Are you there, lieutenant, d—n my blood?" cried Captain Brown, whom I had not before seen, but who now gave me a grin and a squeeze of the hand.

"Captain Brown," said I, intending to remonstrate with him for thus carrying me off against my will; but was cut short by his saying, in tones too diabolically emphatic to be resisted, "Hold your jaw, you—" (but I omit the epithet,)—or I'll fry you for supper!" and I saw him no more for several minutes; during which he was busily engaged restoring order among a great number of men who crowded the deck, and getting the *Jumping Jenny* under way. The latter purpose was effected with surprising rapidity; and in a moment, as it seemed to me, the sloop was under full sail, driving with a favorable wind down the bay.

The moon, which, until this period, was extremely bright, revealing the objects on shore with great distinctness, was now suddenly overcast with clouds—a fortunate circumstance, as it proved; for presently a great hubbub was heard arising in the fort, which we were fast leaving behind us; and by and by several cannons were fired off, the balls of which came dancing along the water at no great distance from us, and perhaps would have come still closer, had the gunners been favored with a better light to direct their aim. Rockets were also let off, and these were presently answered by others that appeared in the air above the fort at the *Barrancas*, as it was called—a position a few miles below Pensacola, and just at the entrance of the bay, which it was supposed to command.

Upon this, there began to be some confusion and indications of alarm among my fellow fugitives, which Captain Brown, who seemed to have assumed the command of the vessel, attempted to remove by cursing and swearing; failing in which, he threw open the hatches, and directed all who were "afraid of their carcasses" to descend into the hold; and if the spirit of his crew was to be

determined by the readiness with which the invitation was accepted, it was certain three-fourths of the company were not heroes, for just so many of them immediately vanished from the deck.

My own inclinations, notwithstanding that it might be supposed my experience in the wars had robbed me of all faint-heartedness, were also in favor of a descent into the hold ; but a sense of shame withheld me, not to say I was conscious there could be, in reality, little protection from danger in such a place, on board so small a vessel. Anxiety, moreover, to ascertain the destination of the sloop, and the designs of Captain Brown, which I feared might be none of the most virtuous or lawful, kept me upon the deck ; and I watched the first opportunity to accost him again, demanding whither we were bound. "To h—ll !" quoth Captain Brown ; ordering me a second time, in the most ferocious tones, to hold my tongue, which I did ; for I saw he was in no humor for trifling. Indeed, he seemed to have been suddenly changed into another man, and was, withal, so grum, and crusty, and savage, that I thought it was my best plan to keep out of his way as much as possible for the remainder of the night.

I accordingly left the quarter-deck, where I had previously taken my stand, and went to the bow of the vessel, where was a group of men, some of them, as I knew by their voices, the comrades of Skipper Duck, and other Spaniards, who had their eyes directed towards the Barrancas fort, which we were fast approaching, though endeavoring to pass it at as great a distance as the width of the channel would permit. As we drew nigh they began to fire upon us, but did us no harm, until, by some mischance, the *Jumping Jenny* was run upon a shoal, where she lay nearly an hour, until the rising of the tide floated her off ; and during that time the gunners of the fort, having a stationary object to aim at, and occasional moonlight to direct them, succeeded in striking us with several balls, one of which knocked a great hole into the cabin and killed a man who had taken refuge there ; while another, still more unfortunately, as Captain Brown, judging by his execrations, seemed to regard it, carried away the bowsprit, by which the *jumping Jenny* was very seriously disabled. The mischief was repaired in some way or other by the exertions of Brown and the sailors, so that presently, the tide floating us clear of the shoal, we were able to make way against the current, to get out of reach of the fort, and finally to proceed to sea.

As soon as we were beyond the range of the Barrancas guns, all hands were called up to assist in further repairs that were found to be needed ; and I had now an opportunity of making my remarks upon the crew, whose numbers, for there were nearly forty of us altogether, had previously filled me with surprise. I had already distinguished the voices of Duck's crew of British deserters ; I now saw that Duck himself was among them, and apparently on pretty good terms with Captain Brown ; and I had some reason to dread the fury of his revengeful temper ; but he was too busy to notice me. I was next struck with the appearance of twelve or thirteen negroes, all very likely fellows, whose awkwardness with their legs and hands proved they were too little accustomed to salt water to be pirates, as Colonel Aubrey had been inclined to suspect them, while their coarse tow-linen garments, resembling those in which I had seen the negroes so commonly dressed in Virginia, convinced me that they were, as I had suspected, slaves whom Duck had stolen or seduced away from their masters. Besides these, there were nine or ten Spaniards, most ferocious looking fellows, in whom I fancied I recognized the ball-and-chain prisoners, or felons, of the fort ; and my suspicions were correct, for, as it afterwards proved, there was but one honest fellow among them, if such I may call a soldier who had been an ancient comrade of Brown, and was easily seduced by him to desert his post as a sentry at the fort-gate, and assist in the escape of all the prisoners who were desirous of deliverance.

Last of all came creeping from the hold—and I was confounded at the sight of them—my old friends the Bloody Volunteers, who, as I soon learned from them, had been imposed upon by Brown, or his confederates, to believe that the Spanish Governor had ordered them all to be shot at sunrise ; that Captain Dicky sanctioned or ordered their flight in the Jumping Jenny ; and finally, that the Jumping Jenny was to carry them around to Mobile, at which American town they were assured they would certainly arrive, at the furthest, in twenty-four hours. I assured them, privately, that two-thirds of the story told them were undoubtedly false ; that the Governor could not have ordered them to be shot, nor could Captain Dicky have sanctioned, or even known, of their escape ; and as for the remaining third, I feared that was as false as the others, and that the Jumping Jenny was

more likely to carry us to Barrataria Bay, among the freebooters, than to at honest place like Mobile.

The Bloody Volunteers were indignant at the idea, and Corporal Pigeon, a courageous young fellow, the only non-commissioned officer (except the Captain,) who had survived the Indian war, began to hint that we were twelve of us, who, if we stood together, might take the question as what port the Jumping Jenny should sail to, into our own hands, and to swear, he for one, would never go to such a place as Barrataria Bay ; when the vessel, coming into rough water, began to pitch and roll, the Bloody Volunteers all fell deadly sick, and Corporal Pigeon declared, with woful qualms, the Jumping Jenny might carry him to the bottom of the sea—it was all now indifferent to him.



## CHAPTER LVI.

*The Jumping Jenny hoists the black flag, attacks and captures a superior vessel, and Robin Day finds himself a pirate.*

WITH all the repairs that could be given her, the Jumping Jenny made such slow progress that, by daylight, we were not more than ten or fifteen miles distant from the land, with the wind, which had suddenly chopped about, blowing us right back to Pensacola. And to add to our uneasiness, we could perceive a sail standing out from the bay, which the Spaniards said could be no other than the Governor's vessel, the *Querida*, which there was reason to believe had been hastily armed and sent out to retake us. At the same time another sail was discovered, which proved to be a schooner, making in, with a fair wind, for the bay, and approaching us very fast. Upon this, Captain Brown, after surveying the latter vessel from the mast-head, made a speech, as soon as he had descended, or rather, two speeches, one in Spanish, the other in English, in both which tongues he swore with equal fluency, declaring that we must "take that schooner, or hang, every soul of us; because how, we must have a better ship than we sailed in, if we expected to escape that blasted *Querida*, whereof he supposed she was full of men and guns from the fort, and would blow us into kingdom-come, unless we could give her the slip." And he hinted that a signal of distress, with our evident crippled condition, would bring the schooner near enough to make sure of her.

His words were so manifestly true, and the idea of capture so unpalatable to every soul on board, except myself, who desired nothing so much as to be out of a vessel commanded by such a desperado, and perhaps, the negroes for whose wishes nobody inquired or cared, that it was straightway resolved the schooner should, if possible, be taken and converted to our uses; even the Bloody Volunteers raising their disconsolate faces from the sloop's side, over which they had been for a long time all hanging, and bobbing and gulping in a row, to retch out a forlorn assurance

that they would fight rather than surrender, if there was any danger of being hanged by the captors. The Spaniards and sailors, in particular, avowed themselves ready for action, and proposed to raise from the hold, where it was yet lying, the formidable long-tom by way of preparation ; but Brown swore he was no such lubber as to put an eighteen pound shot through the ship he was just going to sail in, or to display so formidable an engine to the eyes of men whom he was inviting to his assistance. And, that there might be as little room for suspicion as possible, he directed all the company, with the exception of six or seven men, to conceal themselves below, keeping themselves in readiness, with such arms as they could find, to rush up when he should give the command.

This order, I found, was not to extend to myself, whom he arrested, as I was going below, telling me, with some appearance of his former devilish humor, that "the quarter deck was the place for a lieutenant, and that he expected me to do my duty and fight like a hell-cat." I summoned courage, the crisis being alarming, to assure him that we had very different ideas of our duties ; that I saw no right *I* had to attack that schooner or any other, and no right *he* had to command me to do so ; that I was not his lieutenant, and would not consent to be so regarded ; and if he was bent upon a desperate course himself, he might be assured that I was not going to be dragged into it with him.

To this he vouchsafed to reply, first, that, "as to the matter of right, I talked like a sucking pig, and must hold my jaw for the future, on pain of having it sliced off with a broadaxe ;" secondly, "shiver his timbers, he loved me, and was willing to make my fortune ; and as for the lieutenancy, sink him, he had promised I should be his lieutenant, and I *should* be, d—n his blood, or else his cook, or his powder-monkey ; for he saw nothing else I was fit for ;" and, finally, as to my assurance I was not going to be dragged by him into any unlawful act, he told me "I should be dragged through h—ll fire, if he willed it ;" and he ended the ferocious reply by warning me that he was "my captain, and he was Captain Hellcat, split him, who never had a man say nay to him ; and that upon any grumbling or disobedience of orders, he would not hesitate to tie me up and give me a thousand lashes."

I found, in short, that Captain Brown on land, and Captain Hellcat at sea, were two very different persons ; and that, however

much I might have detested the one, there remained for me nothing but to fear the other. My spirit was not heroic enough to rise in arms against an oppressor, who talked of broadaxes, and a thousand lashes, not to speak of the metaphorical fires of doom, as if nothing could be more natural to him than to employ them as instruments of authority and punishment ; and I confess, with as much shame as is proper to the occasion, that his savage menaces terrified me into immediate submission ; in which state I remained as long as it was my miserable fate to continue in his hands.

In the meanwhile, Brown had completed his preparations for the attack, by arming the men he kept on deck, who were the Spanish felons, three or four of the sailors, and Skipper Duck, with pistols and cutlasses brought from below ; which arms were laid about in places whence the men could snatch them up in a moment, and where there was no fear they could be seen by the people in the schooner. He then hoisted a flag of distress, which was no sooner seen by the schooner, than she stood directly for us, and came so near that, by some manœuvre or trick, which I did not exactly understand, Brown managed to make her run afoul of his own vessel ; which no sooner happened than he gave a terrible yell, more like the scream of an Indian than anything else, and leaped on board the schooner, followed by the Spaniards and sailors ; while the rest of the company, the remaining sailors, the negroes, and the Bloody Volunteers, came tumbling up from the hold, to complete by their appearance the victory which would have been just as easily won without them.

There were but five men on board the schooner, which was but a small one ; they had no arms to resist us, and they were so terrified at this most unexpected assault from men into whose power they had been drawn by their humanity, that they yielded at once and fell upon their knees, piteously begging for their lives. Nor had I, who, in pursuance of orders which I feared to disobey, crept, all of a tremble, into the schooner with the others, the least thought that any harm would be done them ; because it was so needless, and they had not provoked it by resistance. But, alas, I had not yet attained a full conception of the character of Brown ; who, with a most murderous spirit, called out to "give the rascals no quarter," fired his pistols at them, as he jumped upon the deck, and then rushed upon them with his cutlass, followed by the Span-

iards ; who, whether the whole thing had been arranged between them and Brown before, or whether his devilish example awoke a sudden and equally devilish spirit of imitation, as is most probable, were as forward and active as himself ; and the poor men were immediately butchered before my eyes.

The horror with which this brutal and wanton slaughter filled my whole mind was shared by others of the company, and especially by the Bloody Volunteers and two or three of the English sailors, as I could see by their countenances, turned upon one another with looks of fear and inquiry. Like me, they seemed to wonder what could have urged Brown to such a massacre ; a mystery which was presently explained by his exclaiming, "There, d—n my blood ! the thing is done, and there is no backing out of it. Now, my jolly dogs, the sea is before you and the gallows behind you—the gallows or the yard-arm, d'ye see, blast me ; whereof, on one or the other there's not a man of you but must swing the moment he turns his face backward. So a free life is the word for all, because, shiver me, my hearties, you can't help it ; a free life and a jolly one. And here you are with a good vessel under you ; and here am I, d—n my blood, Hellcat by name, to command you—to show you where gold grows on the sea, that may be hauled up by bucketsfull, and where to spend it without fear of law or lawyer. So, say the word, sink me, a gallows on shore or 'a cruise under the sign of the Hellcat !"

It was plain from his own words that Brown had murdered the poor wretches for the purpose of making pirates of us all, whether we would or not ; for, after such a deed of blood—which in the eyes of the law must dye us all with nearly equal hues—few felt that anything remained but to adopt the outlaw life on which he himself was evidently bent. Or if any there were, they were like me, too much overcome by fear of the ruthless desperado to utter a single word of remonstrance. The Spaniards received the proposal of a cruise with cries of approbation, the Englishmen shook hands and said, "if they were to be hanged, they must be, and there was no helping it ;" the negroes asked Massa Hellcat, as they called him, if they were to be free provided they turned pirates also ; and upon Brown saying they should be "as free as blackbirds," they uttered a huzza and said they could cut throats as well as anybody. The Bloody Volunteers said nothing ; horror and sea-sickness together subdued them to submission.

## CHAPTER LVII.

*In which Robin Day is carried to Cuba, and made acquainted with the tender mercies of pirate law and Captain Hellcat.*

THE capture, the murder, the proposal of Brown for a cruise and its acceptance, were altogether the work of but a few minutes. A few more served, at Brown's orders, to transfer from the *Jumping Jenny* to the schooner every thing of value which the former contained—the sails, stores, and arms, and especially the eighteen-pounder, which was swung up from the hold and received on board the schooner with acclamations, as the herald and author of many a future victory. All being at last taken from her, the *Jumping Jenny* was cut loose, after being first set on fire; the bodies of the murdered mariners were thrown overboard; and the schooner, which we soon discovered had on her stern the name of the *Moro*, or *Moor*, of Havana, bore away to the South West, leaving the sloop to burn, and the *Querida* to follow us, if she could.

A search was now instituted throughout the *Moro*, and it was soon found that she had on board a cargo of military stores for the garrison at Pensacola; a happy circumstance for the new-made pirates, for the *Jumping Jenny* was but badly provisioned, and the Intendent had taken the precaution to remove from her nearly all the gunpowder, as well as some of the small arms, so that the followers of Captain Brown, but for this discovery, would have been as badly armed as they were provisioned for the intended cruise. There was found, also, a good store of liquors on board; a discovery that completed the exultation of the commander, who immediately ordered a cask of brandy to be broached, and treated his crew to a rouse, drinking, himself, several deep potations with all the gusto of one who enjoyed and had long been denied the luxury.

This completed the conversion of his proselytes, or of all who were convertible. The Spaniards uttered many *vivas* in honor of

*El Capitan Gato*, who, they protested, was the greatest man that ever sailed the sea; the Englishmen shook hands again, and swore they cared not a fig for gallows and yard-arms, the negroes fell to singing and quarreling, and one of the Bloody Volunteers declared "he would not object to a little pirating, if he could do it on dry land, because, by George"—and finished the rest of his speech over the side of the vessel. Even Captain Hellcat became a little glorious, and expatiated upon the pleasures and advantages of a freebooter's life, robbing and murdering at will; "he had tried the land, d—n his blood, in every way he could take it; he had swindled and cheated; robbed houses and nigger-traders; taken scalps, and three wives among the Indians; cut thief-takers throats and played the quack-doctor; but after all, blast him, it was nothing; the sea was the only place for a jolly dog, a freebooter's life the only life for a gentleman and man of honor."

"And, talking of honor, sink me," said he, suddenly turning his eye upon Skipper Dick, who was serving out grog from the cask, "I have just to inform you, my young hellcats, that a pirate must be a man of honor as well as another. He that betrays his mess-mate to the harpies on shore, is a rascal, and a knife in the gizzard is too good for him.

And with that, reminding the unfortunate Skipper that he had played the traitor at Norfolk, and assuring him that he spared his life only because of his acting with good faith, and playing so important a part, in the escape from Pensacola, he ordered him to be tied up and punished with five hundred lashes.

The astounded Skipper was immediately seized upon by the sailors and Spaniards, who seemed indignant at his perfidy, and eager to prove their zeal to the commander; and, notwithstanding his remonstrances, which soon changed to pleadings and beseechings, the punishment was inflicted with a scourge hastily constructed of knotted ropeyarns, and placed in the hands of the negroes, ten of whom were ordered to administer each fifty lashes on his naked back, and to administer them well, which they did.

It cannot be supposed that I, who had such cause to hate him, should grieve for any misfortune that could happen to Skipper Duck; but the atrocity, the horrible severity of the punishment, which appeared to me only a more brutal murder than any I had witnessed, awoke emotions that were akin to pity; and perceiving the poor wretch had fainted before more than half the number of

stripes had been inflicted, I presumed to beg Captain Brown not to carry the punishment further, assuring him the man would die under it. All the answer I got was, that "he might die and be d—d," and an injunction to mind my own business; and when the bloody business was over, and Duck, at last untied, fell like a dead man on the deck, he very coolly ordered the negroes to "throw the carcass overboard."

I interfered again, and having felt the poor fellow's pulse, said he was not yet dead; upon which Hellicat swore I was a doctor, and I should be the ship's doctor, now he thought of it, and so directed me to take him in hand and cure him. I said I should be happy to do all I could for him, but asked what I was to do for remedies? "Oh!" said the unfeeling villain, "give him some *holly-golly-wow*!" and then left me, after a great horse-laugh, to solve the difficulty as I could.

Fortunately, there was soon after discovered among the stores the Moro a large chest of drugs, that was doubtless intended for hospital service at Pensacola; so that I had the means of trying my skill, though I had but little confidence it would recover the skipper from the effects of so dreadful a flogging. I had him carried below, where I established him as comfortably as I could, dressed his wounds to the best of my ability, and had the satisfaction, in about an hour, of seeing him open his eyes and restored, though it was but for a little while, to consciousness. He seemed surprised to find me administering to him, and was struck with a sudden remorse for the wrongs he had done me, for he begged me wildly to forgive him, and, still more wildly, said he could reward me for my goodness, and would do so, if he lived; and then he declared he would have vengeance on Brown, whom he said he could hang, and would, too, if he had to hang beside him. The ferment of his spirits, added to the anguish of his wounds, presently threw him into a delirium, in which condition, indeed, with occasional and imperfect intervals of consciousness, as I may here say, he remained for more than two week, in which it was my grief to be in attendance upon him.

In the meanwhile, Captain Brown, though indulging in a brief carouse, omitted nothing necessary to secure his escape from the *Querida*, which was seen to sail towards the burning sloop, and then alter her course to pursue us; though it was by and by seen that she was gradually falling behind us, which, as it was said

she was a very fast vessel, was considered a proof that the Moro was no mean sailer. Something was, however, allowed for the hurry with which the Querida had been fitted out, and, perhaps, imperfectly, to pursue us ; and Captain Hellcat himself said he would be very willing to make an exchange of vessels, and give as he added, all the negroes to boot. Long before night we had lost sight of her entirely ; and then our course was altered, and I understood from the Spaniards that we were bound, not to Barataria, as I had supposed, but to some other haunt of pirates on the coast of Cuba.

And there we arrived upon the fifth day of our voyage, during which the appearance of the schooner was altered by paint and other devices, and her name changed from Moro to *Vibora*, or *Viper*; a much more appropriate title for a thing so full of treachery and venomous hostility against all mankind. During this period, Brown had converted her into a pirate in earnest, and thoroughly organized his crew, appointing for his lieutenant (for he was now content to dub me his doctor,) the ferocious fellow who had threatened to eat my soul at Pensacola, and who was the most worthy of the honor, although no sailor, because, next to Brown himself, the most devilish spirit on board. This worthy assumed to himself the name of *Gatito* or the Kitten ; but upon Captain Brown bestowing the same title upon his followers in general, the lieutenant signified his will to sail for the future under the name of *Diablillo*, or the Little Devil, the diminutive addition being expressive merely of his modesty, for he was a man nearly six feet high, and robust in proportion.

We arrived upon the coast of Cuba without difficulty or accident, but, alas, not without further bloodshed, for, upon the fourth day of the voyage, meeting a British schooner, supposed to be from Jamaica, our captain, in a fit of drunken valor (for, indeed, he was seldom entirely sober), determined to attack her, although she was armed with two guns, and seemed not at all afraid of us. She made, in fact, a vigorous resistance, and fired a shot through us, by which one man was killed and three wounded, being struck by splinters ; but a ball from long-tom, striking her between wind and water, avenged the injury ; and five minutes afterwards she went down, her crew, in the meanwhile, making signals of surrender and distress, which no one regarded. As long as she remained above water, we continued to fire at her, and finally bore away, leaving three or four miserable wretches, who were



seen floating on the sea, clinging to planks and spars, to the mercy of the waves and sharks, of which there are always great numbers basking about in the tropical regions of the gulf.

The next day we came in sight of the highlands of Cuba, near its western cape, and entered an out-of-the-way harbor, where, however, a number of Spaniards soon made their appearance on board the schooner, seeming very glad to see *El Capitan Gato*, whom they hailed as an old acquaintance. And here *El Capitan Gato*, to the great astonishment and affliction of this portion of his followers, immediately put up for sale the thirteen negroes, and they fetched a very good price, which Captain Brown assured them, by way of consolation, was the only thing, according to his way of thinking, that a negro was good for. Their place was supplied more advantageously for his purposes by fifteen cut-throat islanders, selected from a number who begged the honor of making their fortunes under his diabolical auspices; and, truly, they approved themselves, in the end, worthy of their leader.

We remained here but two days, during which Captain Hellcat had an opportunity of establishing his authority by a second act of punishment inflicted upon a faithless follower, and proved the justice of the remark with which he adjudged it—that “one had better walk into hell with a bumb-shell hung round his neck than attempt foul play with him.” It seemed that the Bloody Volunteers, not yet enamored of the free life of the sea, and very desirous to make their escape from the *Viper*, had laid a plan for effecting their purpose, as soon as we entered the harbor. It was resolved that if any one should have the good fortune to get ashore, he should proceed in search of a magistrate, and inform him of the true character of the *Viper*; for, poor fellows, they had no thought but that we were in the harbor under false colors, fancying that all the visitors of the schooner were made to believe she was an honest trader. The public authorities, or any good citizens, informed she was a pirate, they had no doubt she would be immediately seized, the murderous Brown and his voluntary followers conducted to the gallows, and themselves liberated. The attempt was made by one, who was allowed to accompany Brown to the shore, and succeeded so well in his enterprise that, in less than an hour after he had been first missed, he was brought back to the schooner by the honest people of the harbor, to whom, or to one of them, who could speak English,

he had told his story. "Very well," quoth Brown, making use of the language I have chronicled above; adding, with horrible oaths, that "since he was so eager to make his way to the sharks, he would help him to them; but they should be water sharks, sink him, and not land sharks." And the poor wretch was immediately bound by the arms and let down into the sea from the bow of the vessel, where he was presently surrounded by these tigers of the deep, and at last set upon by them and devoured before our eyes.

With all my fear of Brown, my horror at such barbarity gave me courage to interfere, to intercede for the poor fellow's life; but Brown, who was more intoxicated, as well as more devilish than usual, caught up a cutlass, and drove me below, to "do my own butchering," as he called it—that is, to attend to the wounded men, who, as well as Duck, had been consigned to my surgical care.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

*The second cruise of the Viper.—She captures the Querida, and the Intendant's daughter becomes the prize of Captain Hell-cat.*

THIS dreadful act of vengeance completed the subjection of the Bloody Volunteers, who, from that time forth, gave over all plans and prospects of escape, and yielded to their fate and the tyrant into whose hands they had fallen, with a sullen resignation that showed it was an easy thing even for the brave and free to stoop to bondage; and a few weeks more might have seen the Bloody Volunteers, passing from despair to recklessness, converted into a set of as thoroughpaced buccaneers and desperadoes as their comrades. As for me, the case was somewhat different. My medical office, and, perhaps, the mean opinion Brown formed of my courage, prevented my being ever called on as a combatant; and hence I was in little danger of being hardened into a villain by sights of blood, and the consciousness of having shed it. But I was none the less a slave. The effect of the murder was to increase my fears of Brown, to rob me of all hope of escaping the horrible life he had assigned me, and to break down with a sense of misery and degradation the spirit which had been once before so nearly broken by my first oppressor. There was some resemblance, indeed, between my fate in the Viper and what it had once been in the Jumping Jenny. The difference was, that, in the one case, I had been beaten and tortured in the body; while, in the other, the scourge of brutality was applied to my mind. The insults and menaces of Brown (perhaps it was my prudence only which saved me from grosser weapons) were as painful and killing as ever had been the blows of Skipper Duck. A few weeks might have seen my brother volunteers changed into pirates; but I, in that time, must have pined away and died of a broken heart.

The next day the Viper sailed out of the harbor, without, however, proceeding far, and took a station to intercept vessels

doubling the west cape of Cuba ; and there she remained cruising four days, during which two captures were made—one of them a very valuable one—of vessels from Jamaica ; and, in both instances, their crews were massacred to a man, for it was a maxim Brown constantly inculcated, to leave no one to witness against him. “He had heard of many a free lad of the sea going out of the world in a hempen horse collar,” he said, “but, it had always turned out they had let some lubber off to blab against them.”

Of the particulars of these murderous exploits I have no heart to speak ; they are sickening to my memory. I have enough, and more than enough, to relate of atrocities in which my own interests and history were too deeply involved to be forgotten.

Returning for a day to the harbor to dispose of the prizes and their cargoes, for which latter, at least, there seemed to be no want of purchasers among the honest people on shore, we sailed out again to the station, to lie in wait for a certain English brig, which Brown, in some way, got intelligence of, and which, it was said, would be such a capture as would make the fortune of every man on board. Upon the second day of the cruise, she made her appearance, and efforts were made to approach her, which was found, however, to be no easy task, as she immediately took the alarm, altered her course to the North, and stood away from us in a style which proved her to be a very fast sailer. But she was too valuable a prize to be given up without an effort ; and, accordingly, the Viper crowded on all sail in pursuit, which was continued until night, when we lost sight of her.

But even then the chase was not abandoned, for, supposing from the relative position of the vessels, the character of the wind, and other circumstances, that the brig would change her course again in the darkness, Brown ordered a similar change in the course of the Viper, expecting to get sight of the chase again in the morning.

In this, however, he was disappointed, for, when morning came, the brig was nowhere to be seen ; but about midday, when we were beginning to retrace our course to Cuba, the man at the mast-head descried a sail, which, at first thought to be the lost chase, was soon discovered to be another brig, standing, like the Viper, to the south. Upon this, Hellcat, who had been assuaging his wrath at the loss of the English brig with deep potations, swore he would take the stranger, if he died for it—a resolution in which

he was confirmed by some of his Pensacola recruits declaring, after a time, that the stranger was no other than the Governor's brig, the *Querida*, which had herself so recently been the pursuer.

To Brown's desire to attack her there was, at first, a great deal of opposition made by many of the crew, who feared she was actually cruising in search of us ; in which case there was every reason to believe she was sufficiently well manned and armed to subdue us. But the lieutenant, Diablillo, swore he had no apprehensions of that—the *Querida* was a private vessel entirely, armed, indeed, as all trading vessels were in that period of war, but slightly, and, if she had been dispatched after the *Jumping Jenny*, it was because no other vessel in port could be so easily got ready, and because little danger to her was to be apprehended from the resistance of the *Jumping Jenny* ; and he added, moreover, as a thing he knew, that the *Querida*, at the period of our flight, was preparing to sail to the Havanna, with invalid soldiers from the garrison, and, he had no doubt, she was now on the voyage, and might be easily taken ; but, he added, with a freebooter's discretion, as there was no reason to suppose she could have any and much less a valuable cargo on board, coming from such a place as Pensacola, he saw nothing to be gained by engaging her, except blows ; for, truly, it might be expected the old soldiers would make some kind of resistance.

Brown swore, in reply, the gain would be the brig herself ; and declared, with many oaths, he would have her. He "had fallen in love with her," he said, "in Philadelphia, at first sight, and had nearly run his head into a noose trying to get her ; and, if she was Governor Aubrey's ship, that only made him more determined to take her ; for why, he had sworn eternal war against him and his whole blood (and, blast him, he began the world and the life of a man by shedding it) ; and he would be curst if he ever let slip an opportunity to do him a mischief."

No one presumed to debate a question already decided by Captain Hellcat, and, accordingly, it was resolved the *Querida* should be his ; upon which he magnificently promised, as soon as the prize was secured, the victory should be celebrated by a carouse, and they should all, in his own phrase, "get as drunk as emperors."

As the intended victim was steering the same course with the *Viper*, nothing more was done with the latter, after preparing the guns (of which we had now two twelve-pounders, taken from a

prize, besides long-tom) and other weapons, but to shorten sail a little, so as to let the *Querida* gradually overtake us—which, by and by, she did, not seeming to have any suspicion of our being anything more than honest British traders (for we had an English flag at the mast-head); and about an hour before nightfall she had come so nigh that Brown was able, after firing a broadside, that was meant not so much to injure the vessel as to strike a panic into her crew, to run her aboard and grapple with her; after which her capture was soon effected by boarding. It is true, her crew, who were many of them Americans, that had slipped in her at Philadelphia, though taken completely by surprise, made a gallant effort at resistance, firing off one of her guns, as we closed with her, by which several of our men were torn to pieces, and then, when the latter were leaping on board, delivering a volley of muskets and pistols, which they had hastily caught up; but they were but fifteen or sixteen in number; their captain, from whom they derived their courage, was cut down at the first flash of a cutlass, and it was madness to oppose such an overpowering force as was arrayed against them. Some threw down their arms and ran below, to gain a temporary and unavailing concealment; while others begged for quarter, which was refused them. In five minutes the *Querida* was a prize, and Hellcat her master.

During these brief moments, as well as for hours before, I had remained on the deck of the *Viper*, expecting and then witnessing a spectacle which I had always before been happy to shun—the sight of the murderous conflict. Never before had I anticipated an engagement, save with grief and horror; but on this occasion I looked forward to the attack with an eager impatience as great as that of the veriest pirate on board. Alas! I hoped that the pirates were, after all, deceived—that the *Querida* was well armed, and actually in search of us, and that the onset of the *Viper* would be the signal only for her own capture. I fancied, when she came so nigh that I could almost count the men on her deck, that she had craftily concealed, like the *Viper*, the overpowering numbers of her crew, to lure the pirates more surely to their doom; and, even when the latter were boarding her, I looked to see them suddenly leaping out to overmaster the assailants.

The fall and flight of her vanquished defenders, and the rush of the pirates, some into the cabin, others into the forecastle and hold, after the miserable survivors, dispelled the illusion, and I

covered my eyes with my hands, that I might see no more of the scene of butchery.

At that moment, there came from the Querida the shrieks of women—the cries of several female voices, one of which smote like the peal of my own death-bell upon my ear. I started up, and looked wildly to the Querida, from whose cabin issued several of the pirates, one of them dragging with him a man—a Catholic priest—who, with looks of terror, extended a crucifix above his head, as if with that symbol of divine mercy to entreat the mercy of man, the pity of the slayers around him; another hauling along a woman, in whom I immediately recognized the *Caséra* or housekeeper of Colonel Aubrey; and, a third, the lieutenant Diablillo, dragging—Oh, my God! it was Isabel herself!

I leaped—I forgot *then* the abjectness and pusillanimity of spirit to which despair had reduced me—I leaped from the schooner into the brig, and dared to seize the bulky Diablillo by the arm, with the frantic cry, “Villain, unhand the lady!” when my puny heroism was rewarded by a buffet from his Herculean fist, by which I was thrown bleeding to the deck; while, with the other, he grasped the shrieking Isabel, exclaiming with exultation, “*Fuego de Dios!* let others take what they want, here is *my* share of the plunder!”

“*Yours*, you blasted jackanapes?” roared Captain Hellcat, who made his appearance from some other part of the vessel, and gave a snatch at the lieutenant’s prize: “take the granny and the nigger gals, if you want; but, d—n my blood, this prize falls to your master.”

“You shall have my blood first,” cried the lieutenant; who, suddenly letting go his hold of the wretched Isabel, and calling, with the rancor of long concealed envy or hatred, “Let every Spaniard stand by me, and down with the American tyrant!” attacked Hellcat with his cutlass; while Hellcat, nothing loth, crying, “Let every man stand by and see the end of a mutineer!” engaged his rebellious lieutenant with equal strength and superior skill, and at the third blow brought him to the deck, with his skull cloven to the eyes. The Spanish pirates, who composed nine-tenths of the whole crew, were perhaps willing enough to side with Diablillo, and put down their foreign master, but they paused to await the result of the conflict; and the moment it terminated they returned to their allegiance, with loud cries of “Captain Hellcat forever! and down with all traitors!”

## CHAPTER LIX

*Robin Day adopts a desperate resolution, and escapes from the pirates, with the beautiful Isabel ; and what fell out thereupon.*

IN the meanwhile, Isabel, who caught sight of me rising from the deck, and grasping for a weapon, with which, in the madness of the moment, I was determined to strike her ravisher to the heart, flung herself, the instant he let her go, into my arms, wildly calling upon me to kill her. "Kill me—stab me to the heart! Oh, God! you can do nothing else! Kill me, and I will die blessing you!" But Brown, turning from the corpse of his lieutenant, tore her from my grasp, telling her, with brutal jocularly, "*he* was the man to be hugged, d—n his blood;" and —. But I heard nothing but the shrieks of Isabel, whom, despite her frenzied struggles, grinning with triumph and complacency, he folded in his blood-stained arms.

Where was the courage which, but a moment before, would have armed me for a contest with—for my death from—Diablillo? I fell upon my knees, and with the tone of a slave begged the heartless caitiff, "for the sake of the mother that bore him, to do the lady no harm. Her father is rich," I cried; "he will ransom her with his fortune!"

"Yes, yes," cried the poor priest, the chaplain whom I had seen at the Intendent's table, and who, displaying a terror but little becoming one of his holy profession, caught at the prospect of relief; "as you are Christian men," he exclaimed piteously, "do us no harm—do *her* no harm. Her father is rich and powerful; he will ransom us—he will ransom *her*. Santos Santisimos! Deus mei!" And here he fell to praying, while the *casera* sobbed from a distance, stretching her hands towards her young mistress, whom, perhaps, she had nursed in infancy, "*Oh, mi nina, mi nina—my child, my child!*"

"A priest, d—n my blood!" cried Hellcat, looking admiringly upon the chaplain. "Why, then, split me, give us a bit of your



lingo—say the sarvice, and splice me to the señorita; for I wish I may be sunk if I won't marry her."

"Ransom! ransom!" interrupted many of the Spaniards, who were evidently better pleased with the idea of a prize in money, which could be divided in shares among themselves, than one that must fall to the lot of their captain only. "The Intendent is rich, the girl is his only child. Ransom, ransom!"

"Ay, ay," quoth Brown; "but, strike my topsails, I'll marry her first, and ransom her afterwards. For, d'ye see, sink me, she'll fetch no better price to-day than to-morrow, and no worse to-morrow than to-day; and the longer I keeps her the madder her father will be to have her; and where's the difference whether she goes back Mrs. Hellcat or a plain señorita. I mean to marry her, d'ye see; and you shall all get drunk at the wedding."

And with that, the miscreant, still holding his victim in his powerful grasp, ordered the terrified priest to 'splice away, blast him, and take care to make short work of it;' and upon the latter, first timorously remonstrating, and then absolutely refusing to prostitute the sacred forms of religion to a purpose at once so farcical and dreadful, he burst into a furious rage, and would have murdered him on the spot, but for the interference of the Spaniards, to whom, though willing enough for any common murder, the killing of a priest was an impiety not to be thought of. The spirit even of Hellcat stooped before the prospect of an universal mutiny, which he put an end to by yielding his bloody purpose, pretending that he had threatened his reverence only in jest.

"But," said he, "if his holiness won't marry me in the way of the Church, I'll marry myself, d—n my blood, in a way of my own."

And thereupon he released the wretched Isabel, permitting, or rather ordering, her to go into the cabin, to enjoy a reprieve of a few moments, which he devoted to the yet unfinished business of victory. As she staggered wildly down the companion-way, I succeeded for an instant in catching her eye, and making her a sign—it was but a look—meant to express that I would save her, or perish with her; and, indeed, I had suddenly conceived a project, which, though desperate and full of difficulties enough, I was resolved to attempt in her behalf.

It had been mentioned by Diablillo that the Querida was to carry

to Cuba invalids from the garrison of Pensacola, andt wenty such invalids were found below, where some of them had been lying during the conflict, and whither others, that were not so helpless, had fled, after yielding some little assistance to the sailors in the fight. In the first rage of conflict, three or four of these poor wretches were slain by pirates, who followed them below ; but the murderers relented when they found they were killing men who, besides being their own countrymen, were half dead with disease already. And such was the new-born humanity of the victors, who had already experienced the power of determination and unanimity, that they defended the prisoners even from the fury of Captain Hellcat, who would have tossed them all into the sea, and with difficulty agreed to a mode of disposing of them devised by the crew, which, while it saved their tender consciences the guilt of murder, left it very much to be doubted whether the prisoners should ever survive to witness against them, as Hellcat swore they would, in a hall of justice. The brig's long-boat was lowered into the sea, and into this the sick men were sent, along with the priest, and the *cas ra*, whose withered looks were her safety—if being placed in the long-boat could be called safety. Some friendly hands threw them an oar or two, a cask of water, and a few pounds of biscuit, after which the boat was cut loose, and they were left upon the wide sea, several hundred miles, I believe, from any land, to perish of starvation, or to go to the bottom at the first breath of the tempest, while the Viper and her prize, the pirates being pretty equally divided between them, and Hellcat himself assuming command of the latter, proceeded, under every sail, and in company, on their course toward Cuba.

And now began the carouse which was to celebrate the victory. The pirates called aloud for their grog, and Hellcat, himself more than half intoxicated already, called, as I had expected, upon me to mix it. My commission as surgeon, though it procured me exemption from the perils and guilt of combat, did not exempt me from various other duties of a degrading and even menial character, which Brown took a wanton pleasure in imposing upon me; among others, the office of cup-bearer and compounder of strong drink, for he declared, with his usual oaths, "he saw no reason why I should not mix liquors as well as medicines, one being as much and as good physic as the other."

It was upon this degrading office, which I had submitted to sul-

lenly but without complaint, that I founded a sudden and desperate project to relieve the unhappy Isabel; I was resolved to repeat the experiment I had performed in the household of Mr. Feverage, to drug the liquor of the pirates—to drug it deeply, too—I cared not if it should kill some of them, or, indeed, all—and then, at night, when they were overcome with stupor, trusting to the jolly-boat hanging upon the Querida's stern, which I thought I could launch without assistance, with the rescued Isabel beside me, commit myself to the waves, in the hope of reaching the long-boat, or, at the worst, of remaining afloat until picked up by some passing vessel, or thrown upon some hospitable shore.

To the the calm judgment of ease and security, such a project appears nothing short of madness; but there was nothing better to be done, and the desperateness of the scheme was no objection, when no other could be attempted, or even imagined; and, above all, where from life having become already burdensome, I was willing to lose it in the endeavor.

I had every facility for the execution of such an enterprise—the command of the medicine chest and the key of the spirit-room, which Brown had committed to my keeping two days before; and the only real difficulty which I apprehended was to disguise the taste of the laudanum, of which I poured all there was in the chest into the huge vessel—in fact, it was a common bucket—in which I mixed the infernal potion—a mixture of rum, brandy and spirits, diluted with strong wine, with sugar and spices added, according to instructions originally given me by Helcat for brewing what he called his hell broth; but I got over the difficulty by throwing in a bottle of brandy bitters, Helcat's favorite morning drink, and adding an unusual quantity of spices, by means of which the peculiar savor of the opium was entirely concealed.

Nor was any objection made to the novel compound, when it came to be drunk; on the contrary, Brown, to whom, as in duty bound, I offered the first bowl, swearing, upon recognizing the taste of his bitters, "it was the best physic I had ever yet mixed, d—n his blood," and the crew also agreeing that it was excellent. They drank, and drank again; got drunk, danced, swore, fought, became stupid, and dropped about the deck, where they fell asleep, so that in less than two hours there was not a man of them all who was not overcome by the drug and liquor together.

Brown himself was the first to succumb, being, from his previous

draughts, in the best state for receiving the influence of the narcotic; not to say that he drank more deeply than any one else, according to his universal custom. He soon became very much intoxicated, and his countenance put on a look of apoplexy, when, declaring with a brutal jest, "he must look after his young wife, d—n his blood," and bidding his followers drink a rouse to her honor and health, he staggered down the companion-way into the cabin, leaning upon my arm for support, which he was obliged to accept, and which I had offered with the full determination to stab him with his own knife, if that should prove necessary to save Isabel from his ferocious clutches.

But, happily, no such dreadful act was required of me; he reeled from the last step, and fell at his length upon the cabin floor, where he instantly dropped fast asleep, snoring, or rather snorting, prodigiously.

I looked for Isabel; she had shrunk to the farthest corner of the little but handsome cabin, where I saw her on her knees, striving to pray, her cheeks as white as snow, her lips livid, her whole frame trembling, her eyes wild with fright, and her hand grasping a knife, which she had picked up somewhere in the cabin, and held as if prepared, at the moment of extremity, to bury it in the breast of the ravisher, or her own.

"Fear nothing," I hastily whispered, "and be in readiness to follow me at a moment's warning."

I then immediately left the cabin, and returned among the bacchanals on deck, to endure the scurrilous jests upon Hellcat's marriage, as they called it, and to ply them still further with drugged liquor.

It was now night, and my heart was beating with hope. Every moment added another stupefied sleeper to the list of my victims; and I might look the sooner, and the more surely to the period of escape. Before the orgies began, Hellcat had appointed a guard of five men to take care of the brig during the carouse, ordering them, of course, to keep sober the while on pain of his high displeasure. It was necessary to my purpose that they should drink like the rest, and, fortunately, I found it no difficult thing to seduce them also into the debauch, and, by and by, to see four of them laid insensible on the deck.

The fifth man alone, who was at the wheel, though he made no scruples of drinking, resisted the influence of the narcotic, even

after every other miscreant was sound asleep, and I despaired of bringing him under its power. He was a robust villain, and one of the basest and cruellest spirits on board, and the knowledge of his depravity nerved me to an act, which, though now necessary to my hopes, I should not otherwise, perhaps, have had the courage to attempt. I struck him down—it was a treacherous and unworthy blow, but I could not help it—I struck him down with a handspike, and while he lay stunned and powerless I bound his hands and feet with a rope I had prepared for the purpose, and secured a gag in his mouth, so that, although when he revived, as he presently did, he might watch my proceedings, he could neither impede me in my purpose, nor rouse the others by his cries. I then lashed the helm, so that the *Querida* might continue her course without interruption during the whole night.

All obstacles were now removed, and with a beating heart I completed my preparations by putting into the boat a pair of oars, (there was, it rejoiced me to find, a sail with its mast, wrapped up, already lying in her, and also a rudder, a compass, some provisions, and other things, which I had laid down in my mind as necessary to provide against every accident, and I was surprised at the apparent coolness and deliberation with which I collected them in different parts of the vessel, and carried them through the sleepers to the boat. I satisfied myself, by a trial at the pulleys, that I could, without much difficulty, let the boat down into the water by lowering a little at the bow, and then the stern, and then at the bow again, and so on, and that there was no danger of her filling with water in the act, because the wind was very light, and the brig was making headway but slowly; and besides, the sea was not rough.

I then stole back to the cabin, and found its inmates as I had left them half an hour before, *Hellcat* lying in a stupor on the floor, and *Isabel* on her knees, grasping the knife, and looking as if changed into a statue, her eyes alone retaining the mobility and wild vivacity of life.

"Fear nothing," I again muttered—"come with me; you are saved."

But she only stared at me more wildly than before, seeming to be unconscious of my meaning, and incapable of any exertion; until, at last, having given her my hand, and assisted her to rise, she suffered me to bear her from the cabin to the boat, in which I

placed her ; and then cautioning her not to be alarmed nor to lose her balance, I began to lower her into the water, a proceeding which, from the necessity of using a great deal of care, occupied me a considerable time. As soon as the boat reached the water, I slipped down by the ropes ; and separating the hooks by which she was suspended, we were in a moment floating free in the waves, the Querida sailing slowly away from us. I seized upon the oars, which I had previously wrapped around with bits of canvass, by way of muffles, and rowing in the opposite direction, the night being cloudy and very dark, had soon the satisfaction of losing sight both of the Querida and her consort the Viper.

And now, dropping the oars, I resolved to spread the sail, and take advantage of the little breeze that was blowing to get as far from the pirates as possible ; but before I did so I addressed myself to Isabel, who had not yet spoken a word, and indeed seemed to have had all her powers of mind frozen within her, and told her to be of good heart, for the pirates were now out of sight.

"God be praised !" she exclaimed, and fell upon her knees in the bottom of the boat, sobbing out an incoherent prayer ; which she interrupted to cry, wildly, "Are we safe then ? and shall we not again fall into their dreadful hands ?"

"We are safe for the present," I replied ; "and I hope, I trust—nay, I can almost believe—for Providence that has set us free will not abandon us—that we shall never see them more."

Upon this, the beautiful girl threw herself into my arms, and clasping me around the neck, exclaimed in tones of impassioned gratitude and devotion—"Señor, I will love you, and bey our slave ! Yes, yes ! Save me but again—God has sent you twice to rescue me from a villain—save me but again, and I am yours forever !"

Alas, poor Nanna ! How was it possible, at that moment, to remember that I had once fancied I adored her ? The beauty of the fair Spaniard, the romantic interest in which I had won a privilege to treasure her memory, the feelings she had so evidently cherished in my favor, at Pensacola, under her father's eyes, had more than half turned my heart and brain already : and it needed scarcely so devoted a proof of her regard to seal me to the slavery of affection she so wildly offered. "I will save you or die," I cried, folding her in my arms.

"I will die with you—or live to love you forever !" she mur-

mured in return : and there, upon the wild sea, in the midst of peril and distress, we plighted our faith with equal fervor and artlessness, and exchanged our vows of eternal affection. With all the misery of fear and degradation that had lately borne me to the earth ; with all the anxieties and doubts, the apprehensions of waves, and tempests, and pirates, which, however I might conceal them from Isabel, I could not but entertain, I felt, in that moment, the thrill of happiness, the exquisite elation that sublimates the lover beyond the low ambition and the pride of kings.

## CHAPTER LX.

*The voyage in the jolly-boat; in which Robin Day makes an interesting and surprising discovery.*

BUT the maid of my love was to be saved—she was to be borne, before day, long beyond the view, and, if possible, the reach of the pirates. I shipped the rudder, stepped the mast, and spread the little sail, of the management of which I had but little, if indeed, any knowledge; and the gentle breeze bore us softly onwards in a direction which I judged or hoped would be most likely to bring us by morning in sight of the long-boat; which gained, I reckoned upon the wisdom of the padre, or the counsels of the soldiers, to determine the best steps to be taken to secure the safety of us all. It was in deciding upon the direction I must steer to find the invalids, I discovered that the compass which I had taken, though it might prove an excellent guide by day, was but an indifferent one by night, when it was impossible to see it. But I was happy enough to get an occasional glimpse at the north star, by which I laid and maintained my course as well as I could.

As soon as the sail was set, I took my seat at the tiller; and there, with my dear Isabel at my side, maintained it through the best part of the night, having nothing to do but to steer, to encourage her spirits, to repeat my vows of love, and to enter into mutual explanations of the extraordinary circumstances by which we had been thus thrown together upon the solitary sea. I told her the story of my flight from the fortress; and she sobbed with joy to find it had been compulsory; that I had not voluntarily accompanied the detestable Brown.

"I told them so," said the ardent girl; "I told my father you could never have united in any enterprise with the wretch from whom you had saved me, and whom, therefore, you must hate as much as I did. But he was angry with me, and because you had pretended not to know the man when brought before him—because you did not immediately expose and denounce him. Ah! why did



you not so? If you loved me, why did you not say to my father 'This is the wretch who assailed my Isabel.'"

I replied that my reasons were, first, the fear of being made to appear as his accomplice in the burglary; that was a foolish fear, but the surprise and confusion I was in all the time prevented my thinking so; and, in the second place, because, notwithstanding my many reasons for hating Brown, he had actually saved my life, and endangered his own in doing so, among the Indians; and I therefore could not, without base ingratitude, have denounced him, when the denunciation would most certainly have been followed by the severest punishment.

This matter explained (and the beautiful girl accepted my excuses), I proceeded to relate the remainder of my adventures among the pirates up to the moment in which a cruel destiny had brought her into their hands. I then requested to know what causes had brought her to sea in her unfortunate namesake, the *Querida*.

"Alas," she replied, again throwing her arms around my neck, and sobbing on my bosom, "*you* are the cause—or rather, I am myself the cause; for it was not *your* fault if I loved you. My father is good and honorable, but proud, suspicious, quick in his anger, and stern in his resolutions; and he saw—indeed, I did not know it myself—that I was more than grateful for the service you had done me at Philadelphia; and then I had not told him *all*, and he thought I had deceived him; and, besides, appearances were against you, and he was angry I should think of one whom he thought badly of. But he will think better of you, *mi querido*," she sobbed, "when we go back to him again, and I tell him how you have saved me a second time."

After these preliminary expressions she gave me an account of the events that had followed, and some that preceded my flight from Pensacola.

As soon (after the Intendent had sent me off to the fortress) as his angry reproaches had allowed Isabel an opportunity to speak in my defense, she acquainted him with those particulars of my story which I had related to her, explaining the true nature of my connection with Helicat in the burglary; and by-and-by Captain Dicky, who presently made his appearance, and was called upon to speak on the subject, confirmed the account by telling my whole story up to the point of my capture by the Indians, with which I had made him well acquainted; and, as he did me the honor to

say, that, "although he considered me a very big goose, and especially too big one for a soldier, yet he would stand sponsor for my honor and integrity against the whole world," Colonel Aubrey was at last brought to believe his opinion had done me injustice; to repair which he dispatched a messenger to bring me from the fort to his house again. The messenger arrived just fifteen minutes too late; but he discovered the flight of the prisoners and gave the alarm; the forts were ordered to fire upon us to bring us to; which failing, the *Querida* was hastily despatched after us, and, as has been seen, to no other purpose than to witness at a distance the murderous attack upon the *Moro*, which she was not able to prevent.

My flight with Brown (which none but the warm-hearted Isabel could believe involuntary), and, worse than all, the act of piracy that so immediately succeeded it, had the natural effect of destroying every favorable impression in my behalf that had been made in Colonel Aubrey's mind; and the attempt of Isabel to advocate my cause only excited him to deeper indignation at the unworthy perversity of the maid, who could bestow her regard upon a wretch so degraded and abandoned as I. And in this feeling, a week after he placed her in the *Querida*, now ready for her voyage to the Havana, under the charge of the reverend padre, to be consigned to a convent until sufficiently punished for or cured of her romantic fancy.

I expressed my surprise that Colonel Aubrey, with all his anger, should have been willing to expose her in a vessel so insufficiently armed, with the full knowledge that a pirate like *Helicat* was now ranging the Gulf; but she replied that was an apprehension that had never entered his mind. No one doubted but that the desperado had hastened to join the outlaws at *Barrataria Bay*, and was, therefore, for the time at least, out of harm's way, and, besides, the *Querida* was considered very well armed and manned; and, being also a fast vessel, she might have beaten the corsair off, or escaped by superior sailing, had her crew been soon enough aware of the character of the *Viper*.

These explanations, with many a vow repeated over and over again with a fervor and tenderness which our desolate situation both prompted and excused, occupied us through half the night; during which our little bark skimmed her way easily and safely along the sea; when, on a sudden, a gust swept over us, whipped

the mast out of its step, and blew it with the sail entirely away, by which calamity we were doubtless saved from being instantly capsized, though we were left without any other assistance than the oars to help us along.

To the oars, therefore, I betook me, as soon as the gust had passed by, and I plied them diligently until morning, at which period I looked eagerly around to see if the Viper was yet in sight; but she had vanished, with her prize. I then looked as eagerly for the long-boat, but no long-boat was to be seen; the little jolly-boat and ourselves were the only objects that broke the wide-spread monotony and solitude of the sea.

My heart sunk, but I concealed my fears from Isabel, and plied the oars again, although well-nigh exhausted, until another gust swept the waves, by which I suffered the further misfortune of losing one of the oars, which was broken in my unskillful hands. Even the greatness of this calamity I disguised from Isabel, by assuring her I could use the remaining oar as a scull, and get along nearly as fast with it as with two. But my pride, or tender solicitude to keep Isabel from alarm, could hold me no longer against a discovery I now made, which was, that with all my pains to gather into the boat everything I could think of that could be serviceable to us on our voyage, I had forgotten the greatest necessary of all : bread and meat there were in abundance, but, ah me! not a single drop of water.

"But we shall soon find the long-boat," said Isabel, with equal simplicity and confidence in my nautical abilities; "and then we shall have water enough."

Alas ! I had now given up all hope of finding the long-boat ; my only trust was that Providence would direct some vessel in our way, that should pick us up. And with this forlorn expectation I was obliged to acquaint Isabel, when, long after mid-day, she began to express wonder at the non-appearance of the long-boat, asking me if I did not think we should find it.

Upon being made aware of our truly unhappy situation, she became greatly agitated and terrified, now throwing herself into my arms and telling me she would die with me, now dropping upon her knees and offering such wild and piteous supplications to Heaven as drew the tears from my eyes ; and then springing to me again, and striving to comfort me with assurances that she was not afraid, that she was not thirsty, and would not be, and

then again returning to her prayers. I did and said all I could to reassure her, and by and by she recovered her composure somewhat ; and, to fortify her spirits still further, she drew from her bosom a rosary, which she began to tell, like a good Catholic, and doubtless would have continued to do so, until she had gone through the whole circle of beads, had I not been suddenly impelled to interrupt her.

I have already observed that I was struck, in the portrait of the Spanish gentleman, the brother of Colonel Aubrey, with a rosary worn around his neck, because of a resemblance which I saw or fancied in the beads to those which my patron Dr. Howard had obtained from Mother Moll and preserved for me with great care, thinking they might, at some period, contribute to unravel the mystery of my birth and parentage. The beads which I now saw in the hands of Isabel were identical with those in the portrait ; and they were, as I could see, identical with my own, save that the great central bead or cross in Isabel's rosary was richly studded with gold and gems, of which the cross in mine was destitute ; although there were cavities on its surface in which such might have once existed.

The coincidence was remarkable, as the beads were of a singular kind of wood, and of strange fashion and carving ; and it was to me so much the greater and more interesting, as, to my awakened fancy, it seemed to foreshadow a connection in reality between my fate and that of the beautiful being to whom I had just sworn eternal attachment. My brain teemed with sudden recollections of the foundered schooner and the mysterious fate of her exiled passengers ; and, moved by an irresistible impulse, I caught the rosary from Isabel's hands, exclaiming, as well as my great agitation would permit me, "These beads, Isabel !—they belonged to the original of the picture—your father's brother, who was lost in that schooner of which Brown was the mate, and of which Colonel Aubrey spoke with Brown ?"

"Yes," replied Isabel, surprised out of both devotion and fear by the interruption, the question, and, above all, by my disturbed looks.

"And there was a fellow to it ?" I cried—"another similar rosary, of the same strange wood and fashioning ?"

"Yes," said she, with a sigh ; "it was on the neck of little Juan." How my heart leaped at the words ! "They were holy

beads from Jerusalem, consecrated on the sepulchre of our Lord ; and—but if you are not a Christain—that is, not a Catholic—you will smile at such things ; but we held them as a kind of talisman because of their being consecrated on the tomb of the Redeemer. But, alas ! they have proved no talisman to us yet !”

“ And you will know that other, its fellow ?” I cried, fumbling for the beads, which I had long since tied round my neck for safety, because my patron Dr. Howard had so earnestly charged me to preserve them, though I held them myself in so little estimation that it was seldom I ever thought of them. “ You will know it ?” I cried, loosening the string and putting the beads into her hand ; “ the jewels are gone, but are not the beads the same ?”

At the sight of them, Isabel’s agitation became nearly as great as my own ; she gave me a look full of wild inquiry, and then taking her own rosary into her hand, she faltered out, “ There is a way to prove whether they are fellows,” and with that, twisting the cross of the latter between her fingers, she showed me what I should never before have dreamed—that it consisted of two pieces that screwed together in the center, so as to make a little box, and that each piece contained, within the box, a little miniature, the one a likeness of Colonel Aubrey’s brother, as he was represented in the portrait, the other the semblance of a young and beautiful woman, somewhat resembling, as I thought, the dear Isabel herself.

“ If *this*,” said Isabel, placing my own between her trembling fingers—“ if this be indeed the fellow it must contain the same portraits.”

As she spoke, the cross, which, from the ingenuity of its construction, neither I nor any one else had ever supposed to be anything but solid wood, parted in twain and disclosed the same pair of visages concealed in the little box.

“ *Dios mio !*” cried Isabel, starting up wildly, “ how came you by this rosary ?”

I could scarcely articulate a reply : “ Seventeen years ago, a vessel from the West Indies was wrecked upon the coast of New Jersey, and I, a helpless infant, the only living thing on board, was taken from it by wreckers.”

“ And ?” cried Isabel, eagerly —

“ And this rosary was upon my neck ! Oh, my dear Isabel, it must be so ! Nature herself stirred up the affection that warms

our bosoms. It must be so ; that wreck—I can see it all now, and can almost prove it—that wreck could have been no other than the fatal schooner, and I, dearest Isabel—I am the little Juan you spoke of, and your cousin.”

“My cousin? O my God!” cried Isabel, “if it be so, you are my own brother! We were twin-born together!”

“How!” I cried, confounded by her words, “and Colonel Aubrey, your father.”

“My father in name and affection only,” said Isabel—“the father of my infancy and childhood, whom I have never called by any other name, who is, however, in reality, but my uncle, my father’s brother. My father, and *your* father, if you be Juan, perished in that dreadful schooner, the Sally Ann.”

“Yes!” I cried, struck by a sudden recollection ; “here is the very name scratched upon the cross, though by whom scratched I know not. Dr. Howard always thought it must be the name of my mother. And now, too,” I added, “I can understand the expressions of Duck, which I thought the mere ravings of delirium, that he could reward my humanity and make my fortune by the same act that should obtain him vengeance on Brown ; for it is certain—it was proved by Brown’s own admissions before Colonel Aubrey, when ignorant that Duck was in Pensacola, and confirmed by his direct confession to me afterwards, in the fort—that Duck was actually on board the Sally Ann, and had been his accomplice in a deed of villainy hitherto unsuspected ; for, Isabel, I know enough to convince me that our father, instead of being drowned by the foundering of the schooner, was murdered by her crew, and Brown at their head, for his money.”

“Yes,” said Isabel ; “and so thought my father—my uncle I can scarce call him ; and he was resolved, upon the arrival of a brig of war attached to the station, and therefore under his command, but then absent on a cruise, to dispatch her to Barrataria in pursuit of Brown, with orders to spare no means to ensure his capture, that his brother’s death might be fully avenged. But how is this, my brother—my heart tells me I must call you so!” said Isabel, anxiously : “how is it the schooner could have come ashore, and you in it, and yet my uncle, who had instituted inquiries in America, should hear nothing of it?”

“That,” I said, “was easily accounted for ;” and informed her that the knowledge of the wreck was, for a period of eleven or

twelve years, confined to the wreckers themselves ; and that, at the end of that time, Dr. Howard had in vain labored among my jealous preservers to learn even so much as her name, or the period of the wreck ; which latter he could only guess at by forming his own conclusions as to my age, and coupling with them the fact he had learned, that I was an infant too young to speak, when I came ashore.

In short, strange and wondrous as the circumstances all seemed, and imperfect as they were in the chain of connection, they bore with them such convincing evidence of my identity, that neither Isabel nor I could longer doubt we were brother and sister, the twin-born offspring of parents long since passed away to the world of death. We wept and embraced, and exchanged, by a natural transition, the fervor of lovers for the affection of brother and sister, which a romantic casuistry has pronounced to be the purest and heavenliest of all the bonds that connect the hearts of man and woman.

## CHAPTER LXI.

*Robin Day and Isabel are rescued from the jolly-boat by an American schooner, which is taken by the pirates, and Robin is again their prisoner.*

I LEARNED from Isabel, what I had in part been informed of—that my father, with his younger brother, the present Intendent, had emigrated from South Carolina in the war of the Revolution, being loyalists, whom the fall of the British power in the colonies reduced to ruin. They had entered the Spanish service in Cuba, where the elder brother acquired rank in the army, and rose to wealth by espousing a Spanish heiress, my mother and Isabel's, but, in an unfortunate moment, was drawn into some treasonable project or conspiracy to subvert the Spanish power in the island. The conspiracy was discovered, and my father escaped from the officers appointed to arrest him only through the instrumentality of the younger brother, who, faithful throughout to the Government he served, yet ardently attached to my father, procured him the means of flight in the fatal schooner. One boat carried to her my father and little Juan—myself—with a single attendant, and such valuables as he had time to collect; another following, with my mother and sister, was intercepted; and my father was compelled by extreme peril to set sail alone. Neither my father, nor the schooner, nor any of her crew were ever heard of afterwards, until Brown's sudden appearance in Pensacola. Grief for her husband's fate, which had been followed by the confiscation of his estates, drove my mother to the tomb. Isabel, a portionless orphan, was adopted by her uncle, whose own wife (for he also had married in the island) died in a few years, leaving him childless, and who, partly by purchase, and partly through the bounty of the Government which could thus reward his own long and faithful services, had effected the recovery of a great part of his brother's estates, which, with his own, were destined to swell the dowry, or inheritance, of his adopted daughter.



This discovery, brought about by a means so simple, and at a time so perilous, had the happiest effect on the spirits of Isabel, who declared with pious fervor that the Providence which had, in so extraordinary a manner, brought us together and revealed the secret of our relationship, could not have done so only to let us perish in each other's arms on the broad deep; and her confidence restored me in part to mine.

But, alas! the night came upon us and passed away without relief, and then another day and night, and yet another; in short, the third day passed away, and the fourth night was approaching, and we were yet upon the sea. My poor Isabel was dying in my arms—dying of the thirst, which, to lessen the misery of my self-accusing despair, she protested to the last she did not feel. At that time Heaven sent us relief. A vessel drew in sight, approached us, caught sight of us, dispatched a boat to our assistance, and, just as the sun sank at last into the ocean, I had the inexpressible happiness to find myself with Isabel in safety on board an American schooner, homeward bound from Jamaica, where she had been, under the protection of a British pass, with a cargo of supplies, which had been converted into money. I need not inform the historic reader that such passes were, in those days, granted by the British Admirals on the American coasts to such honest Americans as were willing for a price to supply the wants of their own national enemies; and that there were always to be found spirits sordid enough to accept the advantages and profits of such a trade, until a special Act of Congress, passed during that very year, put a sudden end to it.

It might be inferred from such a circumstance that Captain Galley of the *Fair American* (for such was the name of the commander and the vessel, of which he was also a part owner) was not exactly the person to whom I should have chosen to owe the obligations of life, or from whom the most hospitable or generous treatment was to be expected. Yet, sordid as he might be, I found him not deficient in good feeling; and his wife, a young woman whom he had married at Jamaica, and was taking home to America, displayed the warmest and kindest sympathy for the distresses of Isabel, which she immediately addressed herself to relieve.

I know not whether it was from an impulse of humanity infused into his breast by his warm-hearted wife, of whom he was exces-

sively fond, or from a coarser motive of gain, or from the two feelings combined, that Captain Galley, upon learning in what relationship Isabel stood to the rich Governor of Pensacola, began to express his regrets that that port was so very far out of his way, hinting that, if it were the Havana, from which, he said, having a fair wind, we were scarce distant twenty-four hours sail, he would not hesitate to carry her thither to her friends, without asking of them anything further in recompense than the payment of his expenses. His schooner was partly his own; he was his own insurer; his partners would not find fault with him; it would be a pity to carry the young lady so far from her friends, leaving them so long mourning for her supposed death.

Upon my informing Isabel of this, she eagerly entreated that he should carry her to the Havana, where there were many of her father's friends and her own, who would recompense him for his trouble and humanity; her father was rich, and would think no sum of money too great to reward the preserver and restorer of his Isabel.

Upon such assurances, Galley immediately put up his helm for the Havana, promising, if the wind held, we should see the harbor lights before midnight of the ensuing day.

But the wind did not hold, being, in a few hours, succeeded by calms and baffling breezes, that occupied us during two whole days, at the end of which we were no nearer to the Havana than before, and with so little prospect of reaching it that Captain Galley declared he must give it up and resume his voyage; a resolution that, however, yielded to the supplications of Isabel, and especially to her assurances that he should be munificently rewarded for every moment of delay, for, notwithstanding that he still said he desired nothing but his expenses, I could fancy he had some secret expectations of turning a pretty penny by his adventure.

But the Fair American was never destined to convey us to the Havana. That day, soon after noon, while we were vainly struggling against a southeast wind, which was directly in our teeth, two vessels—a brig and a schooner—came in sight, and when they had approached us sufficiently nigh to be made out with the glass, I was struck with horror to find they were nothing less than the Viper and her late prize the Querida.

Captain Galley, whom I immediately informed of their character, was greatly alarmed—although he had several times before

declared he was not afraid of pirates, because he relied upon the swiftness of his vessel, and had in her, moreover, a large eighteen-pound gun, with which he thought he could beat a single antagonist off. But two pirates together, one of them carrying a piece as heavy as his own, were enemies to awake the most serious fears; and these became agonized apprehensions when, the pirates immediately giving chase, it was found, after a little trial that they were actually gaining upon us, with every probability of overhauling us before night.

Upon this, Captain Galley asked me, with much agitation, if I thought the pirates would let him off, with his life and vessel provided he should give them up all his money, the proceeds of his cargo; and I saw by this that he already had thoughts of surrendering to them. I told him "No;" that I had no doubt every soul of us would be murdered except the poor women, whom I begged him to remember, and for whose sake I besought him to defend the schooner to the last drop of his blood; assuring him that, for my part, rather than fall again into their hands, I would immediately jump with my sister into the sea, and there perish with her. If we could but resist them until night, we might escape them in the darkness; and certainly we *might* keep them off until then. I begged him to observe that the Viper, which proved to be a faster sailer than the Querida, and was, for that reason, and because she carried an eighteen-pounder (the Querida's guns being light), our most dangerous enemy, was superior to us only in the numbers of her crew; that that superiority was of no account while she was so far off as to be able to fight us only with the great gun, because our crew of six men (which was the number, excluding ourselves) was as competent to the management of our piece of ordnance as thrice the number could be; and that it was not improper to hope we might cripple her by a lucky shot, in which case we could avoid the Querida until night, and thereby escape her altogether.

These representations had their effect upon Galley, as well as upon the crew, who, being driven into courage by sheer desperation, and further fortified by a glass of grog, that was served round to each man, swore they would stand by each other, their captain, their ship, and above all, the helpless women on board, to the last moment. And they immediately began their preparations for battle by bringing up shot

and cartridges from below, and changing the position of the cannon from the bow to the stern, where it was soon in readiness for the pursuers. Some muskets and cutlasses were also collected, to arm us against boarders, in case it should be our hard fate to be brought to close quarters.

While the men were engaged in these preliminaries, the captain took me aside to assist him in removing Isabel and his wife to a place of safety—that is, out of reach of the cannon shot. We carried them, both half dead with fright, into the lowest hold, where Galley knocked out the head of an empty puncheon, in which he placed them, having previously rolled it into a dark nook among the ballast; with which, and pieces of rubbish, he proceeded to cover it up, so that it might readily escape the eye of a careless searcher. But a moment's reflection convinced me such a device offered but an insufficient protection against pirates, who were accustomed to ransack every cranny and hole of a captured vessel in search of concealed valuables. Besides, if the schooner should be taken, the pirates would either carry her to their haunts or set fire to her, in either of which cases—supposing the women might escape immediate detection—one of two dreadful calamities must overtake them. In the one case, they must sooner or later be discovered; in the other, they must perish in the burning vessel. These considerations armed me for a desperate project, which I proposed to Captain Galley, who accepted it as the last refuge of despair. We placed a barrel of powder, laying a train from it to the cabin floor; and we agreed, should the pirates succeed in boarding the schooner, that either of us who might be alive should set fire to the train and blow up the vessel; whereby, if we destroyed with our own hands those we would have died to protect, we, at the worst, only accelerated their death, while defending them from the possibility of a yet more dreadful fate.

Nor was this horrible device without another favorable effect. Captain Galley, the moment we returned upon deck, informed the sailors of what he had done, avowing a solemn determination, the moment he observed any signs of cowardice, or heard any talk of surrendering among them, to blow up the schooner with all on board; so that the sailors perceived they must fight bravely, whether they would or not; and thereupon they called for more liquor, and swore, one and all, if they must die, they would die fighting.

The contest now soon began, and was opened by ourselves letting fly at the schooner, which was thought to be within reach of the gun, and was approaching in her usual insidious way, although she must have seen, from our efforts to escape, that we understood or suspected her character. Our first shot had no other effect than to make her run up a black flag and display her crew, which, though more than half of them were, as I supposed with truth, on board the *Querida*, was still pretty numerous ; but, by and by, she brought the long tom to bear upon us, and the battle was begun in earnest. At first, both the vessels fired without doing any injury to each other, being too distant for accurate aim ; but presently, as the *Viper* drew nearer, the shots began to tell, and we had, after a while, the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing the foremast of the *Viper* go tumbling over her side.

It was now plain she could follow us no longer, and we set up a shout of mingled joy and defiance. But alas! in the midst of our exultation, she sent a return ball, by which her injury was avenged upon the *Fair American*, the latter being almost as seriously crippled as herself. The consequence of this was, that, although we had no more to fear from the *Viper*, whom we found, notwithstanding our injury, we could now outsail, we were brought within the danger of the *Querida*, which came bearing down upon us, assisted by a change of the wind, of which she could reap all the benefit and we none. It is true our eighteen pounder gave us a great advantage over her, which Captain Galley endeavored to make the subject of encouragement to the men, who were still further animated by the appearance of a strange sail, that seemed to have been attracted by the sound of our firing, was evidently doing her best to approach us, and was pronounced, while still at a great distance, a ship of war by our sailors, who burst into shouts of joy at sight of her, resolving, at all extremities, to keep up the fight until she had arrived to our assistance.

But our courage was not seconded by good fortune. It was in vain we fired shot after shot at the *Querida*, with the hope of crippling her; several of them struck her in the hull, and even killed some of her men, but masts, spars and rigging all escaped, and, finally, opening her own batteries upon us, by which half of our men were slain, she succeeded at last in closing and grappling with us, and then, with yells of vengeance, and Hellcat himself

at their head, thirty pirates leaped on board, and it was all over with us in a moment.

Galley, giving me a look of horror and despair, ran down into the cabin to fire the train. A musket shot struck him at the head of the companion way and he fell headlong on the floor; but gathering strength for an effort, he raised himself upon his arms, and flashed a pistol on the powder. It was soaked with his own blood, and his life and the ineffectual flash were extinguished together. I would have rushed after him to complete the design, but it was too late; the path was intercepted, and I was surrounded by pirates, from whom I expected immediate death, being at a single blow disarmed and wounded, when some of them recognised me, and called out my name; and Brown himself saved me from their vindictive fury, though not with a purpose of mercy.

"You shall feed the sharks, d—n my blood!" he cried, with furious exultation, taking me by the throat, and demanding eagerly, "where was the girl?" while, in the same breath, he ordered his men to "look her up," as if taking it for granted she was concealed somewhere in the vessel. I could make but one effort to save her from his brutal arms. "They will look in vain," I cried, "unless they look at the bottom of the sea, to which your cruelty consigned her."

"How! drowned?" cried Brown.

"Yes, drowned," I replied; whereat he made a furious blow at me with a cutlass, from which I was saved by one of the men jerking me away, saying, "that was not the way to end a deserter!" "Ay, sink me to h—, he shall die like a dog!" said Brown, and I was immediately dragged into the *Querida*, and there secured by being tied to one of the guns, while the pirates searched the *Fair American* for the spoils of victory.

But the search was conducted in the utmost hurry and confusion. The strange sail was now seen approaching the *Viper*, making demonstrations of hostility, which alarmed the pirates of the *Querida* for the safety of their consort, now left far behind, and perhaps for their own. A few moments served to bring to light poor Galley's money, the proceeds of his cargo; a few moments more, to show they had, in this lucky windfall, secured the chief profits of the voyage, with which they hastened back to their own vessel, leaving Isabel and her companion undis-

covered; and then the *Querida*, crowding on all sail, stood away from her prize, leaving her, as I anticipated—nay, as I had hoped—in flames. As I raised my head from the gun to which I was tied, and perceived the fire running up her rigging and seizing upon her sails, I could thank God that my sister had thus escaped the malice of the pirates. But I could not look a second time upon her funeral pile.

I dropped my head upon the gun, and closed my eyes, until a sudden cannonading in the direction of the *Viper*, and exclamations of alarm from the pirates, awoke me to life and the desire of vengeance. The strange vessel, which I could now see was a large brig of war, had overtaken the crippled *Viper*, and was pouring into her a heavy and continuous fire, which the *Viper* returned manfully with her great gun, as if relying upon speedy assistance from the *Querida*. But this assistance there was no one in the *Querida* disposed to render. It was manifest the brig was superior in strength to both the corsairs together; and I understood from the expression of *Helicat's* crew that she was recognised by some of them to be the *Vengador*, the Spanish brig of war attached to the Pensacola station—that very vessel of which Isabel had spoken as designed by Colonel Aubrey to be sent in pursuit of the pirates. Alas! had she but come a few hours—nay, but an hour sooner! I looked back to the *Fair American*; one of her masts had fallen over her side, and the flames were fast sapping the strength of the other.

I turned away, looking again to the *Viper*; the *Vengador* had closed with her; the black flag, which had been, a little before, run up in defiance, was now sinking to the deck; she was conquered; the *Querida* had deserted her, and nothing remained for her abandoned crew but to surrender at discretion, or die fighting upon their own decks.

## CHAPTER LXII.

*The pirates are chased by the armed brig Vengador, and, in the pursuit both vessels are driven ashore.*

THE pirates of the Querida took advantage of the fall of their comrades to secure their own escape. The night was fast approaching and closing in with the appearance of a storm : a few moments, and darkness must separate the corsair and her too powerful foe. Yet before the darkness had wholly invested the ocean, the Vengador was seen to leave her prize, and set her sails in pursuit of the Querida.

But the pirates were confident of escape, and they laughed her hostile intentions to scorn ; and they turned to vent their exasperated feelings, their passions, always infuriated by battle, and now more than usually excited by the loss of the schooner and her crew, upon me, their ready victim, guilty of the crime of desertion, of attempting to poison them—and, still worse, of robbing them of the rich ransom they expected to obtain for the Intendent's daughter ; and they called upon their captain to do justice upon me, according to the laws of the sea—that is, I presume pirate's law, for I know no other which they acknowledged.

"Ay, ay," said Captain Brown, with his usual oaths, "I have not forgotten him."

And with that I was taken from the gun and carried to where he stood on the quarter deck, expecting nothing but instant death, and now indifferent to it, only that my flesh crept at the thought of the tortures with which it might be accompanied. But the fury had departed from the capricious breast of Hellcat ; he gave me a stare expressive rather of humorous approbation than anger, and then burst into a horse-laugh, still more strongly indicative of his change of feelings.

"Well done, d—n my blood, my skilligallee !" he cried ; "and so you've set up for yourself at last, sink me ! poisoned a whole ship's company, captain and all—carried away my wife, and drowned her—robbed my honest hell's kittens of their money !



Well, I'll be curst if this isn't a touch of the hellcat in you, after all, for all I took you for no more than a green gosling ; and, shiver me, but I love you for it." And, with that, he asked me, with a facetious affectation of anger, that proved how little he really cared for the crime, or for the fate of Isabel, what put me upon running away with her, demanding, however, with more earnestness, if I had received assistance in my project from any of his crew.

I was too well acquainted with the brutal whimsicalities of Captain Brown's temper to found any hope of escaping death upon his apparent good humor. I knew he could murder in cold blood, as well as in hot ; and I still expected he would condemn me to death as soon as he had sufficiently amused himself by examining me. This assurance, together with despair of mind and anguish of body (for I had received a wound from a cutlass on my right arm, which gave me inexpressible pain), enabled me to answer his questions with a boldness that disregarded his anger. I told him I had fled with Isabel to save her from his villany ; that I had poisoned his drink to facilitate the design, indifferent if the drug should have killed him, whom I thought a monster too great to live ; and I was almost tempted to play the part of the Athenian Aristogiton, and accuse his worthiest followers as my assistants, with the hope of bringing them also to execution. But I could not die with a lie of malice in my mouth, and I therefore confessed I had effected my escape without any assistance whatever.

He then asked after my adventures in the boat, and how it was my companion had been drowned, and I saved. Upon this subject I could now safely speak the truth, and I felt a kind of vindictive triumph in admitting that I had snatched Isabel a third time from his grasp, that I had concealed her in the schooner, in which he had left her to perish in flames, applied, perhaps, by his own hands.

Up to this moment, he had laughed very heartily both at my adventures and invectives ; but he was furiously incensed at finding how grossly he had been outwitted and robbed of his prey, thus brought again within his grasp, and with a volley of execrations, and a ferocious aspect, he asked me "what I expected would come of my dog's tricks?" and he made a sign to one of the sailors, who threw a noosed rope round my neck, while a second one ran up aloft to pass its other end through a block on the yard-arm. "I expect," replied I, not intimidated by the prospect of a

death so much less cruel than any I had expected, "that you will murder me, as you murdered my father before me."

"*I* murder your father, shiver my topsails!" cried Brown, with surprise; "and who was he?"

"He was John Aubrey," I replied boldly, "whom you killed in the schooner Sally Ann, when I, a little infant, was left alone in her to perish."

The reader will perceive how far my ingenuity or imagination supplied the gaps in that story of grief and mystery, But Hell-cat's countenance proved that I had supplied them correctly. He looked confounded, and hastily exclaimed: "That blasted Duck! he has been 'peaching then?"

"You impeached yourself," I cried, "when you admitted both that your story to Colonel Aubrey was false and that you began the world by shedding the blood of his family."

"And so I did, d—n my heart," said the hardened ruffian. "I cut his throat while he was asleep in his berth, and I should have served the baby the same way, but, as soon as I killed his father, the blasted brat turned right up and hugged me. And so I gave him his life, and was for carrying him off in the boat, but the others said no; and so we left him in the schooner, to go down with her. And, hang me! now I think of it, she *did* go down, for we scuttled her, and the boy sunk with her."

"Scuttled or not," I replied, "the schooner drove ashore on the coast of New Jersey, and the boy—I myself—was taken alive from her. And if Duck is ever able to speak again, he can tell you so, for he knows all the circumstances."

"Duck be d—d!" said the murderer; "if you be the boy, there was a chain on your neck——"

"A chain of beads," said I; "it is on my neck still, with the name of Sally Ann scratched on it."

"I scratched it there myself," said Brown, "one day, with a jackknife; and Aubrey, he railed at me for spoiling the trinket. But I spoil'd it more before I was done with it, for it was stuck all over with gold and diamonds, and I scraped them off, for where was the use of leaving them, when the beads were good enough for the boy without them? and, blast me, I sold them to a jeweler for something handsome. And so *you* are my lad of the Sally Ann? Curse me, but it is a very strange piece of business!"

And that was all the emotion expressed by the blood-stained

caitiff, who spoke to me of the murder of my father without so much as a look of shame or compunction, which in truth he seemed to have long lost the power of feeling. Yet some feeling, perhaps, he showed by giving over, as he immediately did, his purpose of hanging me up like a dog, and some glimmering suspicion that what he had done was not the best thing in the world to commend him to my friendship and gratitude, he indicated by asking me "what I would do, if he should cut me loose and forgive me the tricks I had played him."

"I would kill you as you killed my father!" I cried, driven by a feeling of vindictive hatred which I was neither able nor willing to conceal.

"In that case," said Brown, laughing as if he thought my hostility an excellent jest, "you may just lick the mainmast until you are in a better humor."

And, with that, he ordered his crew to tie me to the mast, which they did, grumbling at the respite, but not daring to resist the mandate of their leader. And there, I may add, I remained bound during the whole of the night, which had by this time gathered around us, so that we could no longer see the Vengador or her prize. The Fair American had also vanished. I cast my eye along the horizon in search of the light, which I supposed would betray the position of the burning schooner, but none was to be seen, and I doubted not she had already burnt to the water's edge, and gone, with my poor sister and her companion, to the bottom.

The night closed in very dark and cloudy, and, by and by, gusts began to sweep the sea, increasing in frequency and force until about midnight, when there arose a furious storm from the north, which obliged us to lie to, the pirates being alarmed both at the violence of the winds and our position, which was not so far from the coast of Cuba but that we were in some danger of being blown on shore. It was, in truth, a terrible storm, the sea, in a short time, running mountains high, the winds piping and howling through the ropes and spars; and the horror of our situation was increased by the pitchy darkness that prevailed during the first two hours after midnight, at which the storm was at its height, and still more by the terror of the pirates, most of whom were Spaniards indifferently acquainted with the sea, who fell to invoking all the saints of the calendar for assistance and protection, and offering up vows, some to perform pilgrimages to their favorite shrines, some to make presents to chapels and convents, some to

fast so many days in a month, to say an unusual number of prayers, to scourge themselves at certain stated periods—in short, to do a great many things, except to repent of their sins and give up their lives of plunder and murder, none of them whom I could hear making any promises on that score. The only person besides myself, whom misery rendered indifferent how soon the storm might overwhelm us, that seemed to preserve his courage, was Brown, who vented continual execrations against the pusillanimity of his men, by which the safety of the vessel was jeopardized, for he could scarce prevail upon them to perform the duties necessary to their own preservation.

About two hours after midnight there began to be much thunder, with extremely vivid, and sometimes very long continued, flashes of lightning, in the midst of which we suddenly descried another vessel lying to in the storm like ourselves, and scarce half a mile distant. It was, as we soon saw, the *Vengador*, which accident, or an overruling fate, had brought after us as accurately and successfully as if she had followed in our wake by daylight; and, to prove how furiously hostile and determined was the spirit that governed her motives against us, she no sooner caught sight of us than she began to fire on us, taking advantage of the flashes of lightning to aim her guns. There was little danger to be apprehended from such a cannonade in such a storm, but it made a terrible addition to the horrors of the tempest, the sound of the ordnance contending with the peals of thunder, their lurid burst of flame succeeding and rivaling the flashes from the clouds; it seemed as if the spirits of the air had taken upon them visible shapes, to wage, with more than ordinary din and fury, the battle of the elements.

The crew of the *Vengador* perceived that their fire was ineffectual, when, in the eagerness of their animosity, disregarding the tempest and the dangers of such a manœuvre, they suddenly changed their helm and bore toward us to engage us nearer at hand, or, perhaps, as the pirates apprehended, to run us down. The terror of such a catastrophe prevailed over their fears of the storm; the *Querida's* helm was also turned, and the flight and pursuit were immediately renewed, continued for an hour or more with equal spirit and at equal risk, and calamitously terminated by both vessels suddenly going ashore upon a reef of rocks that was seen too late be avoided.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

*The battle between the wrecked pirates and their wrecked enemies,  
and what happened therein to Robin Day.*

I HAVE no words to express the awful situation in which we were now placed, stranded among breakers that went roaring over us, lifting the brig from one rock only to dash her against another, until we were at last wedged tight among them ; still less am I able to describe the confusion and dismay, the prayers and shrieks of the pirates, some of whom were washed overboard and drowned, whilst others lashed themselves to different parts of the vessel for safety.

Brown alone maintained his courage, and continued his oaths and maledictions, calling vociferously for help to cut away the masts ; which, at last, he attempted himself ; at least, he began to hack away with an axe at the shrouds of the mainmast, to which I was still tied, with the expectation that it would then fall over by its own weight. I called to him—for the love of life was not yet so completely extinguished as I thought—begging him to release me before he cut away, lest I should be killed by the fall of the mast ; but he replied only with a horrid oath of disregard and indifference, and proceeded in his work. The shrouds were cut, and the mast fell, but it broke off above my head, and I was not hurt by it, although injured by some of the ropes, which, as it washed overboard, lashed violently against my body.

We remained in this condition until the dawn of day ; by which time the storm had greatly abated, although the breakers still ran very high ; and finding that the land, which was very high, rocky and desolate, was but a mile off, and that the brig was fast going to pieces, the despairing crew listened to Brown's commands, and constructed hasty rafts, which were our only means of reaching the shore, the boats having been long since stove or washed away.

Upon these perilous floats, in parties of five or six, they launched themselves among the waves, one party after another ; and I

thought they would have abandoned me to perish alone ; but presently Brown came and cut me loose, saying I should have as good a chance for my life as another ; and almost before I knew what had happened I found myself in the surf, clinging to the same raft on which he had taken refuge.

We reached the shore in safety, with fourteen others, the only survivors out of a crew of thirty-five or six ; and we reached it to find a peril staring us in the face greater than we had left behind us on the wreck.

The *Vengador*, whose disaster, similar to our own, we had rather inferred than known, for none had actually seen her go ashore, had struck upon the reef scarce a quarter of a mile distant, where she was still lying, but deserted by her crew, who had left her, some on rafts like ourselves, but the greater number in the long boat, which had survived the shocks of the night. In this manner some twenty or twenty-five of them reached the land at the same time with ourselves ; and no sooner had they done so, than, with a fury which the horrors of shipwreck had not quelled, they rushed upon the pirates, with such arms as they had preserved, calling to one another to "give no quarter, nor let a dog of them escape." Escape, indeed, was impossible : we had landed upon a little cove scooped in a wall of precipices, which, on one hand, ran out into the sea, preventing flight in that direction ; while, on the other, the path was intercepted by the enemy.

Flight was impossible, surrender equally so ; the pirates were armed only with their knives, and some few with cutlasses, but if the enemy displayed muskets and pistols, it scarcely needed the encouraging assurance of Brown that "no gun ever blew out a man's brains when full of salt water," to convince the desperadoes their enemy could boast no actual superiority over them but in numbers.

Unfortunately for the pirates, who prepared to meet the assailants with all the rancorous courage of despair, the assurance that they had little to fear from the firearms was disproved by a sudden volley from six or seven guns, that sent among us as many bullets, by one of which I was struck down, without, at the time, knowing that I was hurt by it. I had reached the shore benumbed and exhausted, and was scarcely able to stand erect ; and my feebleness was increased by the agitation of mind I was thrown into by the unexpected prospect of deliverance. I summoned, or

endeavored to summon, strength for an effort which I was resolved to make ; and I was on the very point of running from the pirates to their enemies, when I sank upon the beach, sick, giddy, and powerless, and attributing my fall only to the impotence of exhaustion.

My eyes closed, or my mind wandered for an instant : I was recalled to my senses by the shrill tones of a well-known voice crying above the roar of the breakers—

“Bloody Volunteers ! if there are any of you with the enemy, step forward and join your captain !”

It was the voice of Dicky Dare ; and as I raised upon an elbow—for I could do no more—and looked around for him, I beheld him at the head of the Vengadores, marching among several officers who led them on against the pirates. At the same moment four of the latter suddenly parted from their comrades and ran towards the assailants ; they were all that remained of the Bloody Volunteers, of whom four others had been drowned in the wreck.

The next moment the assailants came rushing on, charging the pirates with their cutlasses. The latter yielded to the fury of the attack, which was, indeed, irresistible ; but though broken, and reduced to contend singly, sometimes each man with several antagonists, each better armed than himself, they fought desperately, selling their lives only at the price of lives.

Among others my eye was attracted by the appearance of Brown, who was pressed by three enemies, one of them an officer, and that so warmly that he was obliged to give back, approaching very near where I lay ; but he wielded his cutlass with astonishing address, defending himself from the blows of his antagonists, inflicting others, in fact many more, than he himself received. One dexterous thrust rid him of the officer, who fell at his feet, mortally wounded ; but his place was immediately supplied by another officer in military garb, who sprang forward, crying, with a voice of thunder, in the Spanish tongue—“I have found the miscreant—leave him to me !”

It was the Intendent, Colonel Aubrey, my uncle—the avenger of his brother and of Isabel.

“Ready for all of you, d—n my blood !” cried Hellcat, meeting the new assailant with the greater intrepidity, as the two others, obeying my uncle's furious injunction, stepped back, leaving him to subdue the outlaw alone. A few ferocious blows were ex-

changed between them ; but the advantage of skill, and the energy that arises from deep passion and determination, were on the side of my kinsman, who, with one savage blow, wounded and well nigh disabled his antagonist, and with another would have slain him, but that the treacherous steel fell to pieces in his hand. "It is *my* turn now, sink me to h—!" cried Brown, rushing forward and putting all his remaining strength into an effort meant to dispatch his enemy ; but was arrested by yet another antagonist, no less a person, indeed, than the gallant Captain Dare, who, running suddenly up, struck Brown at unawares under the sword-arm, and ran him through the body.

"You have robbed me of my vengeance, but you have saved my life!" cried Colonel Aubrey, as Brown measured his length on the sands ; and then, catching up the wounded officer's sword, my kinsman sprang forward to seek other objects of vengeance. His eye fell upon me, and it was burning with unsated lust of blood ; I had raised myself again upon my elbow, and strove to rise to my feet, but could not ; I endeavored to speak, to call him by name, to avert, by a single word, the wrath that seemed about to destroy me ; but nothing came from my lips but a gush of bloody foam, and I fell down upon my face without sense or motion.



## CHAPTER LXIV.

*In which Robin Day meets with many delightful surprises, takes a new name, and explains such circumstances as require explanation.*

It was many, many days before I awoke again to life. In truth, that unlucky musket bullet, by which I had been prostrated, without much suspecting its agency in my downfall, had passed through my body, inflicting desperate mischief in its way, from which I never could have recovered, had not Heaven sent me such assistance as could only be found in a skillful and devoted physician, and endowed me with a constitution capable of withstanding the severest shocks and injuries.

I opened my eyes in a strange room, to look upon a stranger sight; it was my friend and patron, Dr. Howard, who was bending over me with looks of deep anxiety, one hand lying upon my breast, as if feeling whether life was yet beating at my heart, the other holding a cup from which he had just poured some hot and pungent liquid between my lips. I could express the sense of pleasure mingled with surprise, which I felt at sight of him, only by a faint smile, being incapable of any speech or motion; but the look was perceived, and drew from him an exclamation—"God be praised! he is yet alive!" and I then saw other countenances bending over me, that filled me with still greater delight, though it was like the delight of a dream, vague, confused and confusing. The first was that of my sister Isabel: I thought I was in heaven with her; but she was sobbing over me, and by her side was Colonel Aubrey, looking haggard with grief; and I knew that such feelings belonged not to heaven, but to earth. Was I not dreaming? I was sure I must be; for the next visage that met my eyes was that of Nanna Howard. Yes, it was Nanna herself, but pale and wasted, and with the look that spoke of the canker-worm preying on the heart. There were still others about me—shadowy forms, in which I might dimly trace, or fancy, the

lineaments of other friends—my friend Dicky Dare, little Tommy, the priest and the *caséra*; but they soon vanished away, with all the former ones, excepting Dr. Howard and Isabel, who still remained at my side. In fact, as I afterwards understood, they had been summoned together to see me die, and were only dismissed from the room when it was discovered I had taken a new lease of existence.

The powers of life rallied at the last gasp; gathered, after a day or two of uncertainty, fresh strength; and in a week more I was out of danger, rejoicing, in the arms of my sister and uncle (for my claims to the relationship were now established upon evidence much stronger than my own eager belief), and in the society of Nanna and her father, over those wonderful circumstances to which we owed the happiness of our meeting.

But let me take up the story of explanation at the period when the invalids of the *Querida*, with the priest and the *caséra*, were committed to the sea in the long-boat, and left to perish. Happier than I, who sought so vainly, and indeed foolishly, to join them, they had the good fortune to be discovered, early the next morning, by a Spanish vessel bound to the port they had left, and which they returned to with the dismal story of the capture of the brig, the murder of her crew, the fate of the hapless Isabel. The *Vengador* was then in the bay; in two hours she was under sail with the *Intendent* on board, in pursuit of the *Viper*, though with little hope of overtaking her. Captain Dicky, always ready to volunteer where there was a prospect of fighting, was also on board; and he was the more anxious to accompany the expedition, as he hoped to reclaim his unfortunate followers, seduced by a strange error and misfortune from the path of their duty—and perhaps, also, to save their necks from the halter.

Little Tommy was also carried with them, as it was thought his acquaintance with a portion of *Hellcat's* followers, the original crew of the *Jumping Jenny*, might be productive of useful testimony against them.

The pirates had lost several days cruising up and down in search of the fugitive jolly boat; they were returning, in all the ill humor of disappointment, to their accustomed harbor, when accident threw in their way another prize, the *Fair American*; the reports of the guns, heard at a great distance, brought the *Vengador* to the scene of battle.

The Viper was immediately captured, and a prize-crew put on board, with orders to dispatch a boat to the Fair American, to rescue, perhaps, some of her mangled crew who might be still living, and could be easily saved; for, in reality, the torch had been hurriedly applied to some of the sails, which, with the rigging, had been consumed, leaving the hull of the vessel almost unharmed; while the Vengador gave immediate chase to the Querida.

The result of the pursuit has been already seen. From one of the few pirates taken alive from the Viper Colonel Aubrey learned the escape of his adopted daughter; but he could well believe, with his informant, she had fled from the Querida only to perish with her deliverer. And the assurance that she had thus been driven to an untimely grave among the waves of ocean did not abate the feeling of rancorous revenge which impelled him to attack the pirate amid the horrors of the tempest which carried him with her among the breakers, and was not sated until the last of the freebooters had been cut to pieces on the strand.

Then, indeed, his fury relented, and such of the wretches as still survived were collected, and, with his own wounded, carried to a distant *hacienda*, or plantation, where such assistance was given them as could be obtained; and hearing that a foreign physician, an American, who had visited the island with a sick daughter, to enjoy the benefit of the tropical air, was at another plantation, some miles off, he dispatched a messenger to solicit his attendance upon the wounded.

That stranger physician was my patron, Dr. Howard; and I was the first patient whom Colonel Aubrey besought him to take in charge.

The account of my instrumentality in saving Isabel, which he had received from the captive pirate, after the previous stories told him by the chaplain and *casera* of the attempt I had made in her favor at the moment of capture, had long since driven suspicion and anger from my uncle's mind, and I had greatly mistaken his feelings, when, approaching me as I lay wounded on the strand, I fancied I beheld fury and vengeance in his aspect. They were feelings of amazement at my appearance, whom he thought buried with Isabel in the sea, and, still more, of sudden hope, of eager curiosity, of anxious solicitude on her account, for from me perhaps he might learn the secret of her fate.

This secret he was destined soon to learn from others. The

boat from the *Viper* had reached the *Fair American* ; Isabel and the captain's wife were discovered and released ; the *Viper*, though crippled, stood out the gale, and in the morning made a harbor at no great distance from the scene of shipwreck and battle. The messenger dispatched for Dr. Howard found him already engaged in the duties of humanity among the wounded of the *Viper* ; he obeyed the summons, and Isabel attended him to her amazed and rejoicing uncle.

The story of the rosary was soon told ; it was found upon my neck, and identified both by Dr. Howard and my uncle ; and, while I still lay unconscious, hovering between life and death, the evidence of two living witnesses of my father's death, Captain Brown and the miserable Skipper Duck, had established my identity with the "little Juan" beyond the possibility of doubt.

Brown survived his wounds three days and died the hardened villain he had lived ; but, being appealed to my uncle, he readily confessed the truth in regard to the fate of my father. The wealth of the unhappy exile was a temptation Brown, a dissolute and unprincipled fellow, although not then a pirate, could not resist. The crew of the *Sally Ann* were one by one gained over to his purpose ; they rose in the night, killed the master, my father, and his attendants, and then, scuttling the vessel, betook them to a boat, and reached the land, some thirty or forty miles off, the following day. Brown insisted to the last that he wanted to save the baby—that is, myself—but that the others objected, lest it should lead to a discovery of their villainy ; and all he could obtain for me was the privilege of being left to go down with the schooner alive. He did not know, and could not understand, why the schooner did *not* go down, as he bored the holes through her bottom himself ; but he supposed it was all owing to *me*, he said ending his confession with a brutal jest, "because them that was born to be hanged, d—n his blood, they couldn't be drowned."

Skipper Duck was captured on board the *Viper*, where his miserable condition procured him quarter and even pity. I have sometimes suspected it was owing to his having been for so many days deprived of my medical attentions, but he had grown much better in the interim, and recovered his senses, and Dr. Howard thought, at first, that he would recover. In consideration of his not having taken, as, indeed, he could not, any part in Brown's late atrocities (excepting the capture of the *Viper* alone),

and of the importance of his testimony to my interests, Colonel Aubrey pledged his influence to procure him a free pardon, upon condition of his also making a confession of all the circumstances attending the catastrophe of the Sally Ann, which he immediately did. He confirmed Brown's story in nearly all its parts, and confessed that he had purchased his vessel, the *Jumping Jenny*, out of his share of the plunder, intending to live an honest life for the future, and declared he *had* lived as honest a one as he could. He insisted, however, that it was *he* who saved my life, and not Brown; and that he had bought me of old Mother Moll for the purpose of befriending me, a pious intention which he admitted he had not fulfilled, and could not, "because the devil was in him, and he never looked at me without hating me." His malice, I fancy, may be explained by the maxim of the philosopher that he is our bitterest enemy who is conscious he has done us the deepest wrong. The poor wretch did not live to enjoy the offered pardon; his delirium returned after a few days, and before I had recovered strength to leave my bed he expired miserably of gangrene, the consequence of the terrible scourging he had received.

He made, before he died, another confession, by which little Tommy's claims were as satisfactorily established as my own. He admitted that the boy was Dr. Howard's lost son, that he had kidnapped him out of revenge against his father, to whose efforts to bring him to justice for his barbarity to me he properly attributed all the punishments that followed—the imprisonment, the heavy fine by which he was robbed of all the gaining of years, and the lynching that ended the chapter of retributions, not to speak of the loss of so valuable a slave as I had been. Accident brought little Tommy into his power, for having swam ambitiously into the river among the vessels lying at anchor, fatigue compelled him to take refuge for a while in the one nearest him, which unfortunately proved to be the *Jumping Jenny*, then making her last visit to the town. Upon being roughly questioned, he told his name to Duck, who immediately thrust him into the hold, and, soon after, setting sail, carried him off, leaving his parents mourning for his supposed death. From that moment the unfortunate lad became the object upon which he vented all the fury of his brutality and revenge; and it is not wonderful that five years of cruelty had changed him from a bright and

generous boy into the stupid, vindictive cub I had found him. Alas ! his restoration to the arms of his father and sister produced less of rapture than pain and humiliation ; but they remembered that *I* had been rescued from degradation as deep and unpromising, and they hoped a similar happy resurrection for him.

But what had brought them—my benefactor and Nanna—thus so opportunely to the island ? It was an expedient adopted to save the life of Nanna, who, while I was so ready to forget my allegiance, to forget *her*, and fall so violently in love with my own sister (but that, after all, was mere nature and instinct, a burst of preordained fraternal affection, which a boy of nineteen, or rather less, might naturally mistake for love of another kind), was remembering me in tears, and pining away with grief over the supposed fall and ruin of one she loved better than she, or I, or any one else suspected.

The affair of M'Goggin, who was for more than twenty-four hours supposed to be dying, though he suddenly remitted and got well in a very few days, was of itself such a shock to Nanna's spirits and health that her father was doubly rejoiced upon *her* account, when the favorable change in M'Goggin's symptoms allowed him to dispatch a messenger with a permission or command for my immediate return. The reader has seen how my return was prevented by my suspicions of the messenger. The news of the trick by which I effected my escape from Mr. John Dabs reached my benefactor at the same moment that he was made acquainted with my midnight visit to the house of Mr. Blood-money ; not to speak of the rumors of the highway robbery, which had also been brought to his ears. And, soon after, there came an account—I know not how such an unlucky truth could reach him—that I had entered the British service, and, of course, turned traitor to my country. The effect of these unlucky stories, it may be imagined, had the unhappiest effect upon the little reputation I had left behind me, and upon the minds of my friends. It was in vain Dr. Howard strove to make others believe, and to believe himself, that there was some inexplicable error and illusion at the bottom of the affair ; that it was impossible I could so suddenly have been transformed from a thoughtless, innocent boy, into a desperate and accomplished rogue ; his visit to Mr. Blood-money proved my share in the burglary beyond question. My hat and knapsack, the latter full of Mr. Bloodmoney's plate, were evi-

dence too strong to be resisted ; and nothing spoke in my favor except my parting asseveration to Isabel that I was no robber or villain, and this spoke but faintly, as my actions seemed so clearly to establish the contrary.

A letter from me might have cleared up the whole mystery, and one was long impatiently expected, but expected in vain. It was many weeks before I had an opportunity to write; and it was some months before my letter, committed to a provincial post-office, and exposed to all the irregularities and accidents of a period of war, reached its destination. It cleared up my character, indeed, at least to my patron's mind ; but it came too late to repair the mischief inflicted upon poor Nanna's health. She was rapidly sinking into a decline, and the distracted father, doubly distracted in consequence of the wonderful story of little Tommy told in the letter, leaving to others the task of recovering his lost son, was glad to embrace the opportunity of a Spanish vessel sailing to Cuba to carry his daughter thither as the only means left of arresting a malady that was fast threatening to become fatal.

A pleasant situation on a lonely plantation near the coast, the benignant air, and the explanations in my letter, with the hope which never abandons the youthful spirit, had already produced a favorable change in the maiden's health, which, notwithstanding the shock of my sudden and lamentable appearance, wounded almost to death, was gradually confirmed, and, indeed, thoroughly re-established, before I myself was entirely restored to my wonted strength.

## CHAPTER LXV.

*In which Robin Day takes leave of his adventures and the reader.*

WITH the explanations contained in the preceding chapter, I might terminate my narrative, as there is nothing to follow which might not be readily imagined. Yet as a few words will complete the story, it is but proper I should write them.

As soon as I was well enough to be removed, the whole party of friends whom destiny had thus so strangely brought together were carried by my uncle to one of his estates, which, being near the coast, we reached by water in a single day; and there we all passed a very happy Winter, my uncle having resigned his Intendency at Pensacola that he might watch over my recovery and repay by hospitable attentions, and his warmest friendship, the debt of gratitude he professed to owe the protector of my friendless youth.

The Spring saw Nanna restored to health, as blooming and as joyous as my sister, who, with the enthusiasm of her nature, soon became her warm and devoted friend.

But the Spring did not see her removed from us. Dr. Howard had experienced the happy effects of the tropical air upon the maiden's health, and was easily seduced to prolong his stay—to talk even of purchasing an estate and submitting to an exile of an indefinite period in a climate so auspicious to the life of his dearest child! And, besides, after a great deal of discussion on the subject between my uncle and him, between Isabel and Nanna, and between Nanna and me, it was at last unanimously decided that there was no reason why they should ever leave the island at all, or, at least, no reason why Nanna should. In short, it was agreed, with the full consent of Isabel, who merrily absolved me of all the vows I had made her, that a match should be made between Nanna and myself, and a year afterwards I had the happiness of leading her to the altar, little Tommy, who, by this time, was converted into a Christian and a gentleman, although a young one, playing



the part of paranymp, while Isabel, who had trained him with great care for the purpose, appeared the happiest and most beautiful of bridesmaids.

If I had had my will in the premises we should have had a second wedding the same day. My sister was not more anxious to make a match between me and *her* friend, than I was, or would have been, to make another between her and mine. I should have been glad to bestow her upon my friend Dicky; and I have no doubt she would have fallen heartily in love with him, had he asked her, because Dicky was, in reality, a very handsome fellow, and what maiden could have resisted so gallant a soldier? But Dicky was wedded to glory; he was as ready as Othello to recount to Isabel the histories of his wars, but he never cared to take her in the pliant hour, like that worthy blackamoor; and, in fact, I doubt greatly whether any, the remotest, idea of love and matrimony ever entered his warlike brain. He was never truly content until my uncle had packed him off, with his four volunteers, the poor wreck of his company, and with some valuable presents of horses and arms, which I was now able to make him, to Mobile, after which, we lost sight of him, though we heard he rejoined the American army, and fought through the whole of the campaign that terminated in the brilliant victory at New Orleans. The next year—a year, in the United States, of peace, of which Captain Dicky soon grew sick—fortune opened to him a new field of combat; he went to Mexico with the celebrated Mina, with whom he might have had the honor of being shot as a heroic freebooter, with a bandage round his eyes, had not ambition conducted him to an earlier and more glorious grave. The same great spirit which carried him, with a single company, into the heart of the Creek nation, to snatch the conquest out of the hands of his brigadier, was revived in Mexico. He took an opportunity one day to separate himself from his commander, and set out with a force of fifty men, and the commission, or title, of Colonel, which Mina had conferred on him, to liberate the Mexican nation on his own account. He doubtless calculated upon receiving great assistance from the Mexican nation itself, and having his command swelled by successive patriots into a countless army; but before any reinforcements appeared he had the misfortune to be attacked by vastly superior numbers, and was, with his whole company, cut to pieces.

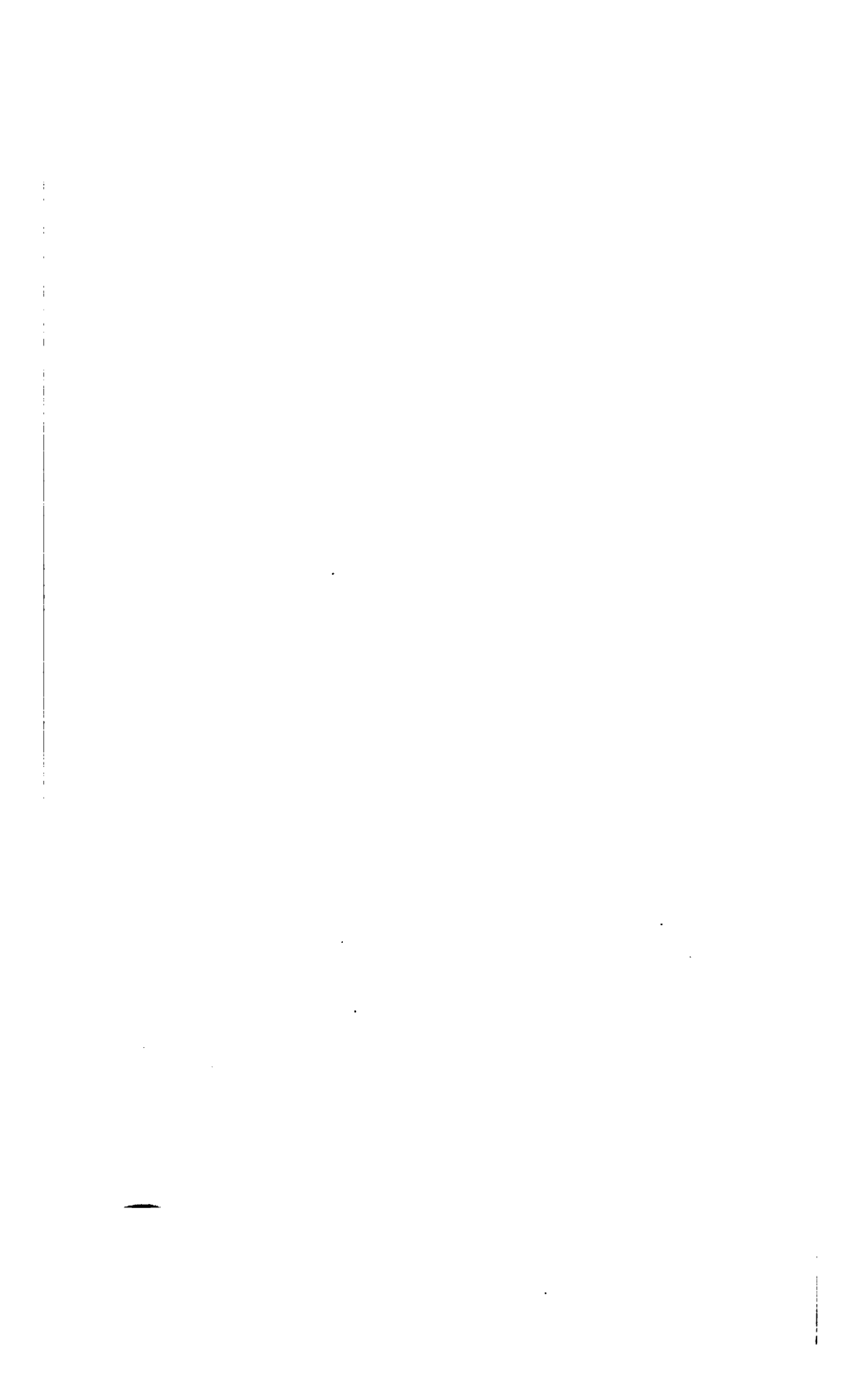
My brother Tommy, who, as his mind re-expanded, betrayed a somewhat similar inclination for a life of glory, has had a happier fate, but on another element, for which, unlike me, he contracted a passion, even under the rough tutelage of Skipper Duck. His father, at his earnest desire, placed him in the American navy, in which he is now a distinguished officer.

Years have since passed away and effected other changes in the circle of friends that originally graced and gladdened my island home. My uncle and father-in-law have vanished away ; but they vanished away in the fullness of years, and their places have been filled by young strangers, who bear their names and the names of Nanna and Isabel.

With these around me, a loving wife and devoted sister at my side, with peace, and affluence, and happiness under my roof, and the wisdom of advancing years stealing into my head, I can look back without regret and review with smiles the tissue of misfortunes by which I was led to such enviable possessions ; and Juan Aubrey can attribute his felicity to the schoolboy follies and adventures of ROBIN DAY.

THE END.







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